* Feb. 8, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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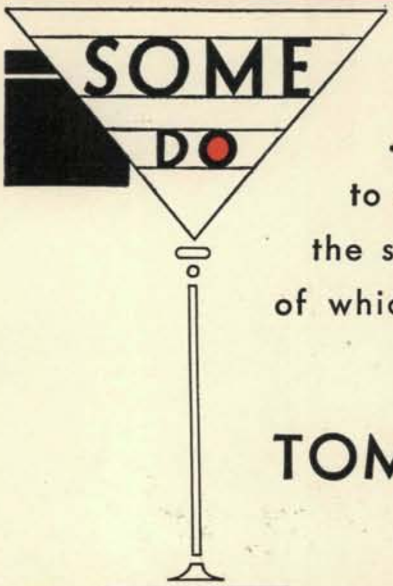

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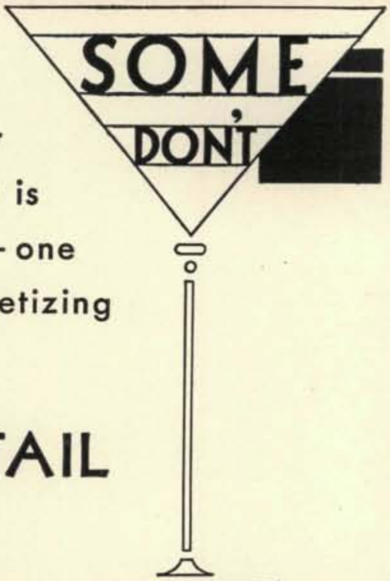

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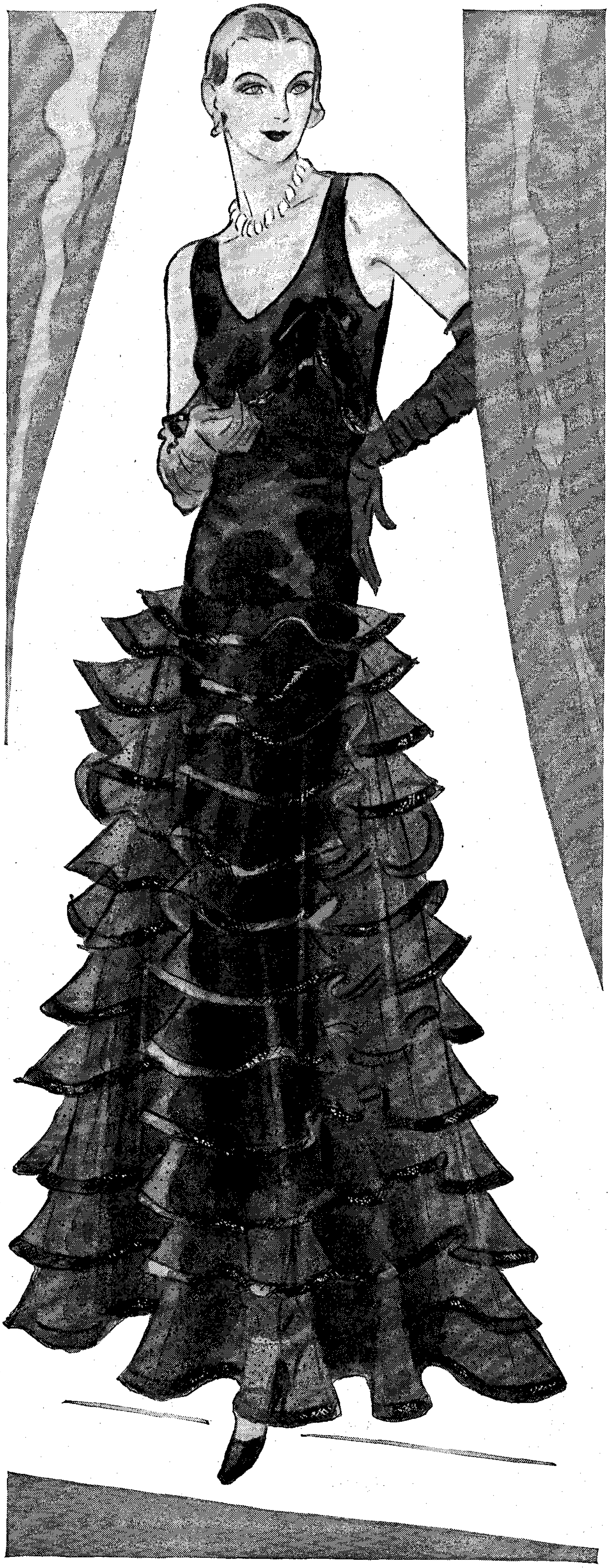

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 51, February 8, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Are you an INITIATE?

THAT captivating creature, the feminine woman, knows where the essence of femininity lies. She senses the appeal of a tastefully gloved hand . . . the seductiveness of a stocking delicately tinted and finely spun. She knows that underthings have a more important reason for being than mere protection or glamorous beauty. ✲ If it is to be the success it deserves to be, that sleek clinging gown must have a sleek trim foundation underneath. A foundation encouraging curves where curves should be, insisting firmly on flatness where flatness is imperative. . . . A foundation preserving, at the same time, the soft feminine contour which is one of the most delightful edicts of the new fashion. ✲ To such an extent does the house of Van Raalte keep abreast of the fashion that almost with the first whisper of the coming mode it has perfected those details that are so essential to the peace of mind of the wearer and the felicity of the ensemble. ✲ So rest your pretty head. If you are too busy to research in the mysteries of current feminine lore, you may trustfully allow Van Raalte to assume your glove, hosiery and underdress problems. . . . And to the initiate, Van Raalte offers such a variety of the beautiful practicalities she has been looking for, that she need only luxuriously indulge her individual taste. Van Raalte products can be purchased at all good retail shops.

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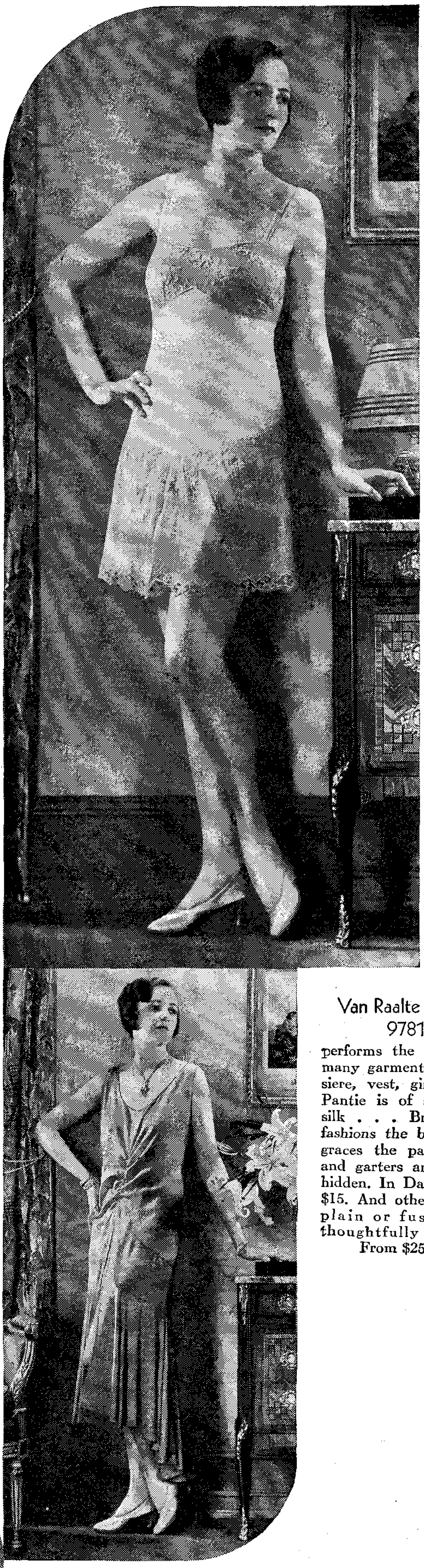

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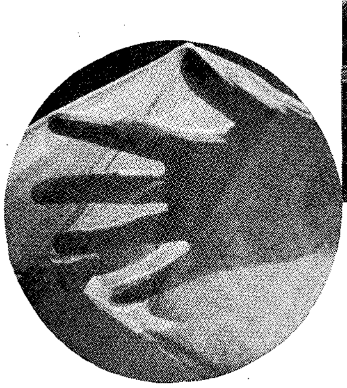
performs the functions of many garments . . . brassiere, vest, girdle, pantie. Pantie is of soft Illusion silk . . . Bretonne lace fashions the brassiere and graces the pantie. Girdle and garters are cunningly hidden. In Dawn Glow at $15. And other Singlettes, plain or fussy, all as thoughtfully fashioned. From $25 to $3.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Lincoln's Birthday, Wed., Feb. 12. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

At the Bottom—Gorki's "Lower Depths" done more in the American fashion than usual. Nothing that will revolutionize Gorki, but worth trying. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Berkeley Square—Leslie Howard at his best (or anybody else's) in a ghost story with a metaphysical twist. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Bird in Hand—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Forrest, 49, W.)

Broken Dishes—A modest little comedy of the revolt of a down-trodden husband. Donald Meek makes it worth seeing. (Masque, 45, W.)

Children of Darkness—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in a finely written and bawdy comedy about Newgate Prison in 1725. (Biltmore, 47, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Women Have Their Way," by the Brothers Quintero, preceded by Sutro's "The Open Door." (Fri. Eve., Feb. 7; Wed. Eve., Feb. 12.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Feb. 8 and 15; Wed. Mat., Feb. 12.) . . . "The Sea Gull," Tchekov's moving play. (Sat., Mon., and Thurs. Eves., Feb. 8, 10, and 13.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoian drama, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Tues. Eve., Feb. 11.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 14.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Feb. 15.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

The Criminal Code—A powerful drama showing the inexorable workings of criminal law, with a splendid performance by Arthur Byron. (National, 41, W.)

Death Takes a Holiday—Philip Merivale personifying a character named "Death" who mixes with mortals and finds out what it is like to have to die. Not quite as effective as it might have been. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

Everything's Jake!—Don Marquis takes the Old Soak and Al to Paris, with several resultant comedy scenes which make up for the plot. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M. Mat. Tues. 3 P.M.)

The First Mrs. Fraser—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with the wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

It's a Wise Child—Comedy of small-town life crowded with amusing character and incident. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Josef Suss—Maurice Moscovitch as the Jewish financial genius of Feuchtwanger's "Power," effective in a theatrical way. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Journey's End—The war as seen from a British officers' dugout. A singularly beautiful and moving play. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

June Moon—This play of Tin Pan Alley by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman has more laughs in it than all the other shows in New York put together. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Meteor—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne back again, this time in a highly interesting play dealing with a superman married to a woman who wishes he wasn't. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Michael and Mary—A. A. Milne, having dropped winnying and poohing, writes a straightforward play which involves a man and his wife who unwittingly kill somebody. With Henry Hull and Edith Barrett. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15]

Street Scene—Magnificent objective study of a *crime passionnel* in a New York tenement. Now in its second year. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Strictly Dishonorable—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

Subway Express—More fun than you ever had in the subway. Murder before your very eyes. (Republic, 42, W.)

Waterloo Bridge—The old story of boyish virtue triumphant over the sins of the flesh, but handled by Robert E. Sherwood with disarming tenderness, and interlarded with bursting bombs from German planes. June Walker and Glenn Hunter at their respective bests. (Fulton, 46, W.)

WITH MUSIC

Bitter Sweet—Miss Evelyn Laye as the charming heroine of an "operette" which sounds nothing like Noel Coward, who wrote it. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

The Chocolate Soldier—Popular revival of Oscar Straus' operetta. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. Closes Sat., Feb. 15.)

Earl Carroll Sketch Book—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (44th Street, 44, W.)

Fifty Million Frenchmen—Americans in Paris going at a great rate between the Ritz Bar and the American Express. Comical, with occasional raw spots. William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Broderick, and Cole Porter music. (Lyric, 42, W.)

George White's Scandals—Willie Howard and Frances Williams doing their best to make up for the old crew who aren't in it this year, and doing very well. Last two days. (Apollo, 42, W. Closes Sat., Feb. 8.)

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Heads Up!—Victor Moore at his funniest as a cooking-inventor, in a regulation musical comedy with a Rodgers-and-Hart score. Assisted by Barbara Newberry, Jack Whiting, and Betty Starbuck. (Alvin, 52, W.)

Sons o' Guns—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

Strike Up the Band—Clark and McCullough, Blanche Ring, and a fine Gershwin score, making the only satirical musical comedy in town also one of the funniest. (Times Square, 42, W.)

Sweet Adeline—One of the season's biggest hits, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, and Charles Butterworth all dressed up in 1898 costumes. Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

Top Speed—Fast-moving musical containing many of the jokes which you have heard before, but also Lester Allen, Irene Delroy, and Ginger Rogers. (46th Street, 46, W.)

Wake Up and Dream—A strictly British revue, with Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch. Its chief asset is its dancing. (Selwyn, 42, W.)

A Wonderful Night—The score of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," which is delightful, a production which is novel, and some dialogue which doesn't matter. (Majestic, 44, W.)

●

Ruth Draper—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve., except Mon. and Thurs., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Phil Baker and Lita Grey Chaplin are at the Palace Fri., Feb. 7. Fannie Brice and Phil Baker will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Feb. 8. (Palace, B'way at 47; 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

For Children—The Juvenile Players in "The Land of Oz," Sat. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

It's a Grand Life—Mrs. Fiske in a new comedy by Hatcher Hughes and Alan Williams. Opens Mon., Feb. 10. (Cort, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

Ritzy—Ernest Truex in a play by Viva Tattersall and Sidney Toler, with Miriam Hopkins. Opens Mon., Feb. 10. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Ripples—A musical comedy with Fred Stone, Mrs. Stone, Dorothy and Paula Stone. Opens Tues., Feb. 11. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Joseph—A comedy by Bertram Bloch, with George Jessel. Opens Wed., Feb. 12. (Golden, 58, E. 8:40 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

The Boundary Line—A play by Dana Burnet, with Otto Kruger, Winifred Lenihan, and Katherine Alexander. (48th Street, 48, E.)

Dishonored Lady—Katharine Cornell in a play by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

Out of a Blue Sky—A comedy from the German of Hans Schlumberg adapted by Leslie Howard, with Katherine Wilson and Reginald Owen. (Booth, 45, W.)

Rebound—A play by Donald Ogden Stewart, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue atmosphere, with this season's débutantes.*

Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893)—Where you will find Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Harry Rosenthal's orchestra. Must dress.

(Continued on page 6)

A NEW Collection of Bridal Gowns is Now Ready. Made to Individual order including train $165 to $395.

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IN PARIS you will find little shops like this ...shops that do more than sell things...shops that give you a real and restful interested personal service. It is this Paris service — unique in New York—that causes smart brides to come to the Paris Trousseau Shop to order their bridal gowns, to have their veils draped, to choose their lingerie and have it monogrammed and to select their bridesmaid's frocks.

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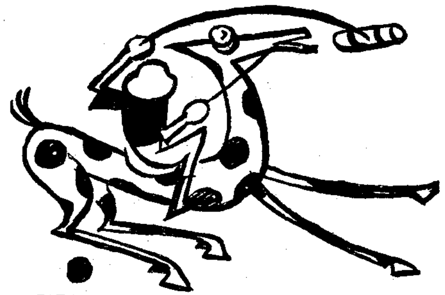

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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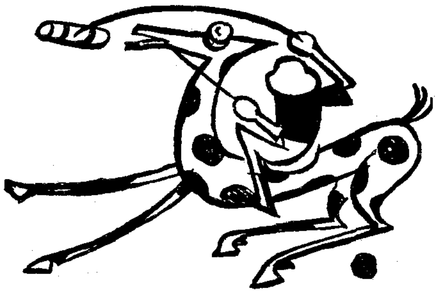


(Continued from page 4)

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra; with dances by Tina Meller, and Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon. Must dress.

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by the inimitable Beatrice Lillie. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Topnotch as usual; Larry Siry's orchestra, with Murphy and Johnson dancing. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—High-hat Broadway; with Harry Richman, Ann Pennington, Norma Terriss, and Medrano and Donna.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

Broadway Atmosphere—Among the more interesting night clubs of this type: Les Ambassadeurs, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough and elaborate revue. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence of Paris.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an attractive new place, with the California Collegians providing the music. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, is enlivened by Sealtiel, the magician. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

Russian Motif—Russiana, 216 W. 44, has Kosloff and an entertaining show. . . . Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is another amusing place. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson—This nomadic couple have brought back some good pictures of South Sea and Congo natives. (Cohan, B'way at 43; through Sun., Feb. 9; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M.)

Condemned—Riviera romance transplanted to Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss reproduces his famous characterization on the screen. Should please even the most fastidious. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Hit the Deck—"Hallelujah" and Jack Oakie make this fairly good entertainment. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Love Parade—A comedy with music and Chevalier, and altogether very pleasant. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Mighty—Thanks to George Bancroft this mediocre story of war and underworld is worth seeing. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; starting Sat., Feb. 15; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Navy Blues—An active comedy with William Haines as a sailor on liberty. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 8-10; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Rogue Song—Bandits, gypsies, and Lawrence Tibbett, in a Lehar operetta. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Sally—A little too much talk and fuss in this operetta, but some charming moments with Marilyn Miller. All in color. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

Street of Chance—Stud poker and a shooting in a Broadway hotel, with William Powell as a cool-headed big-time gambler. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

The Taming of the Shrew—With Douglas Fairbanks as Petruchio and Mary Pickford as a very pretty Kate. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Feb. 8-11; performances continuous from noon; extra midnight show Sat. only.)

The Virginian—Owen Wister's famous old novel of the West, with Gary Cooper. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 8-10; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—A potpourri of current events, without the interruption of plots or song numbers. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Bishop Murder Case," the Van Dine mystery of murder and nursery rhymes very well handled; "Devil May Care," Ramon Novarro in a romance of Napoleon's day; "Men Without Women," interesting story of men trapped in a submarine at the bottom of the sea; "Seven Days Leave," from Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," with Gary Cooper and Beryl Mercer.

ART

Blume—One of the brilliant and promising young men who may go far: Daniel, 600 Madison Ave., above 57. Open 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Brook—A former member of the Daniel group with a full show of his things. A lusty painter who has begun to take prizes, which may or may not ruin him: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Contemporary French—The third engagement on the new battleground known as the Museum of Modern Art. "Painting in Paris," a thrilling show of the best moderns: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Modern—The Downtown Gallery has sneaked into an old stronghold of the mediocre, and is showing its idea of modern Americans: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. (atop Grand Central Sta.). Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 15.

New Yorker Artists—Exhibition and sale of original drawings which have appeared in your favorite magazine: S.P.R. Galleries, penthouse of 40 E. 49. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 15.

O'Keeffe—Annual show of latest work by one of our great individualists; An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison Ave., at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Picasso—Retrospective show of this master and Derain: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Rodin—Sculptures by one who is the layman's symbol for good stuff: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 8.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

John Powell—An American joins in the procession of fine pianism. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 8.

Andres Segovia—He makes the guitar musical. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 9.

Copland-Sessions Concert—New music, confidentially presented. Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9.

Tito Schipa—One of the best of current tenors. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 10.

Alton Jones—A young pianist of uncommon gifts. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 11.

Frieda Hempel—The whilom opera star in recital. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 14.

Sergei Rachmaninoff—Composer of "It," and a superlative pianist. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 15.

Harold Bauer—Another recital by this maestro of the keyboard. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 15.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Molinari conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Feb. 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Feb. 9; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 14, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 15, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Feb. 8, at 11.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2:30.

Friends of Music—Bach programme, Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Feb. 9, at 4.

International Symphony—Introductory concert, Savadsky conducting: Forrest Theatre, 49, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45.

Manhattan Symphony—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 9.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:45.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Die Meistersinger," Fri. Aft., Feb. 7, at 1:30; "Carmen," Fri. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8; "Fidelio," Sat. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2; "Manon Lescaut," Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30; "Carmen," Mon. Eve., Feb. 10, at 8; "Romeo et Juliette," Wed. Aft., Feb. 12, at 2; "Aïda," Wed. Eve., Feb. 12, at 8; "Lohengrin," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 13, at 1:45; "Faust," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Feb. 7 and 14, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Feb. 8 and 15, at 9, over WEAF.

Rochester Symphony—Goossens conducting: Fri. Afts., Feb. 7 and 14, at 3:15, over WJZ.

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Feb. 7 and 14, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Feb. 8, at 11, over WOR. . . . Molinari conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 9, at 3, over WOR.

Light Opera—"Iolanthe," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Sun. Aft., Feb. 9, at 1, over WJZ.

Nina Koshetz—Russian soprano, with George Cehanovsky, baritone, and Eugene Goossens conducting orchestra: Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Hockey—N. Y. Americans vs. Toronto, from Madison Square Garden: Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 10, over WMCA.

Manhattan Symphony—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 9, over WOR.

John Charles Thomas—Baritone soloist: Mon. Eve., Feb. 10, at 9:30, over WEAF.

Brahms Quartette—Tues. Eve., Feb. 11, at 8:30, over WJZ.

Richard Rodgers—Popular composer as piano soloist: Tues. Eve., Feb. 11, at 9:30, over WEAF.

Paul Althouse—Tenor, and Rudolph Gruen, pianist: Wed. Eve., Feb. 12, at 9, over WOR.

Fannie Brice—With Rudy Vallée and orchestra: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13, at 8, over WEAF.

Grand Opera—Verdi's "La Forza del Destino:" Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13, at 11, over WEAF. . . . Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," with Alda, Amato, Chamlee, and Alcock: Sat. Eve., Feb. 15, at 7, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Ace Hudkins vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, Fri. Eve., Feb. 14; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Hockey—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Toronto, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9; N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 13.

Indoor Polo—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Feb. 8: Squadron A vs. Hartford, at 7:30; The Riding Club vs. N.Y.A.C., at 8:30; Squadron A vs. West Point Officers, at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Feb. 15: Squadron A vs. Boulder Brook, at 7:30; The Riding Club vs. Governors Island, at 8:30; Optimists vs. N.Y.A.C., at 9:30.

Indoor Track—Millrose A. A. meet: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Feb. 8, at 8:15.

OTHER EVENTS

Architectural Show—Annual exhibit by the Architectural League of New York: 215 W. 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10:30 P.M.

Aviation Show—At Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 15.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club annual show: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Wed., Feb. 10-12.

Public Ball—Liberty Ball, Park Lane, Fri. Eve., Feb. 7.

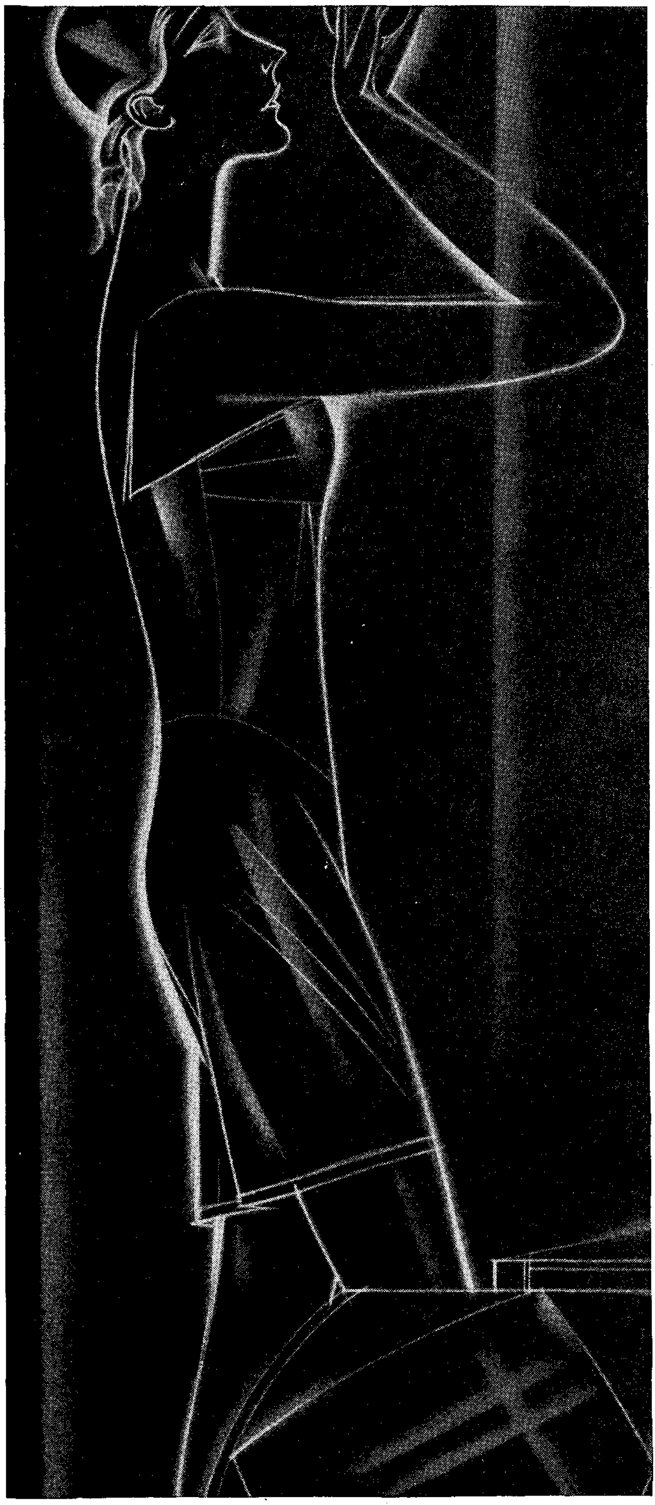
Ted Shawn—In a lecture-recital, "Costumes and Fabrics of the Orient," illustrated by a group of Denishawn Dancers: Town Hall, Mon. Aft., Feb. 10, at 3.

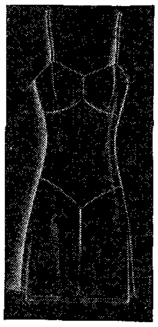
Walter Damrosch—Lecture-recital, Wagner's "Rheingold:" Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Feb. 11, at 3.

Burton Holmes—"Venice and North Italy:" Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:30 and Mon. Aft., Feb. 10, at 3.

Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Lee Van Ching collection of rare Chinese art: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 7 and 8, at 2:15, and Fri. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:15. . . . Antique furniture, decorations, and art objects from the collections of Charles A. Gould and Mrs. V. M. Jourdain: Wed. through Sat. Afts., Feb. 12-15, at 2:15.

Notes—Lincoln's Birthday is Wed., Feb. 12. . . . Valentine Day is Fri., Feb. 14.





For the svelt, lithe figure of the contemporary mode... with the tapering princess waistline...under the soft lames, satins and silks...the perfect foundation is the Kayser Solo.* This is the smart underthing that combines three in one...a vest, brassiere and pantie. It is ever so deftly styled to conform to the flowing, graceful contours of the figure. Exclusively Kayser, it has all the notable Kayser qualities of durability...fineness...and perfection of fashioning. A boon to the economy-minded, for it costs little.

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Artistry consorts with versatility in this exquisite, round diamond choker that divides into two bracelets, $3,800. The earrings . . . baguette and round diamonds . . . with pear-shaped emerald drops, $3,500 the pair.

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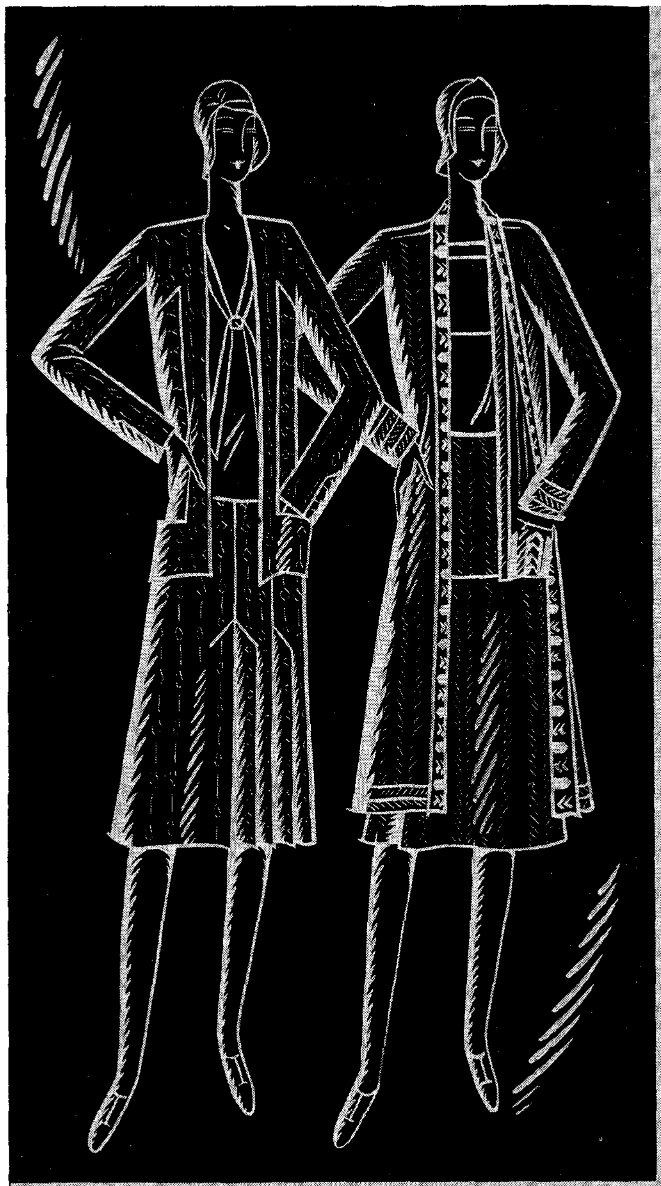

Fashion Knits The Feminine Into Sports Clothes

For Knit Clothes Are So Soft That They Suit The Spirit Of The New Mode

There are so many interesting reasons why knit costumes are transcending even tweeds for travel or sports or resort wear . . .

The one piece knit frock provides a touch of colour under the winter coat.

The three piece knit suit is smart about town, with its blouse tucked jauntily inside . . . and then jogs off for a round of golf with its blouse outside.

Or one tops a three piece suit with a coat in a bolder weave for cooler days on deck.

Unpressed pleats and slightly draped lines are carried out so effectively.

The subtle pastels and the striking shades have a new depth in knitted wool.

The vogue for prints can be smartly simulated in the new weaves and patterns of the knitted wool fabrics.

Obviously knitted wool is smart . . . and of course, Stewart knows all the newer wrinkles.

A three piece suit, imported, in a striking pastel weave, with a blouse that tucks in or can be worn outside . 89.50

A four piece suit, also imported, is in red or navy with a coat which is in the same herringbone weave. The suit, 85.00. The coat, 59.50

Knitted Sports Clothes,
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FIFTH AVENUE AT
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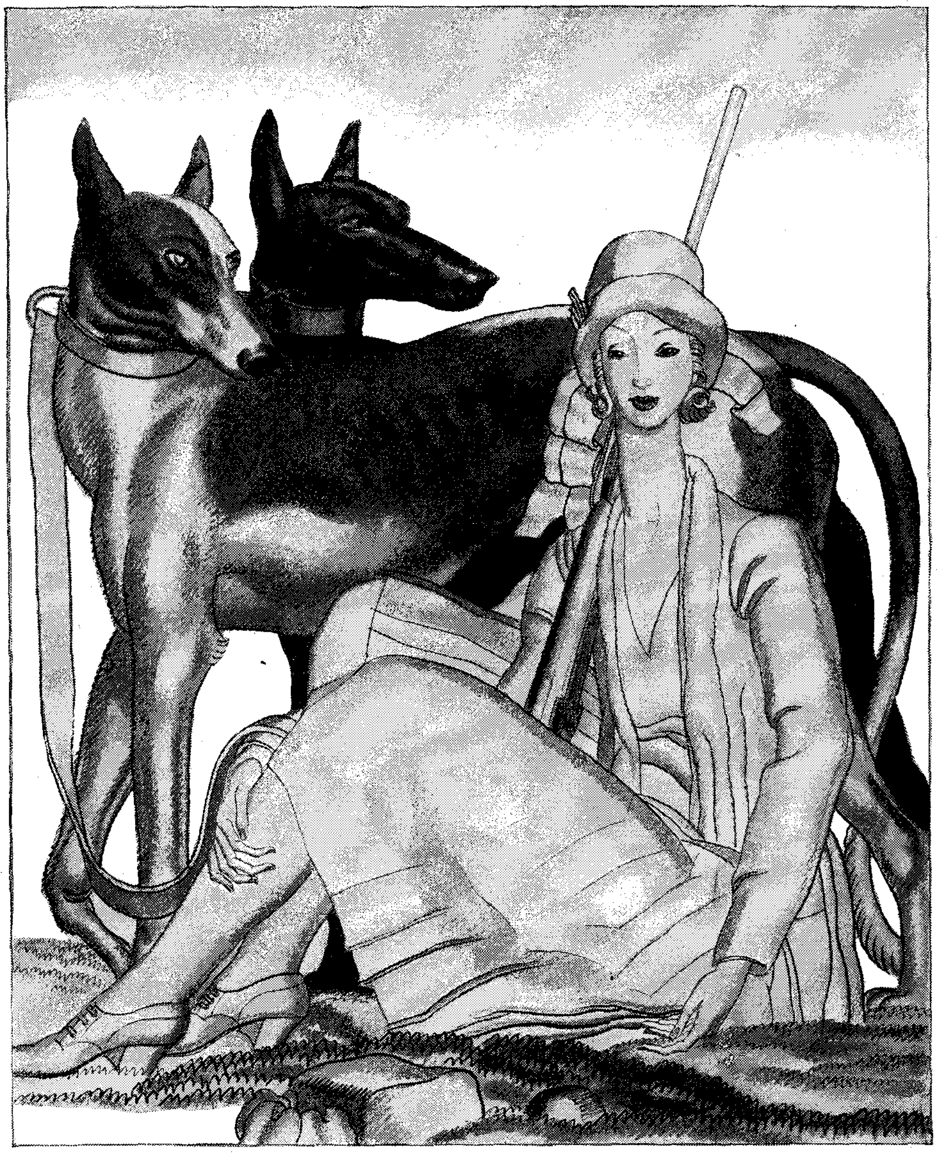

The Classic Tailored Suit of 1930

With modern padded shoulders . . . it is undoubtedly the most important spring costume . . . made of men's suiting . . . with the markedly nipped-in waistline . . . perfectly tailored.

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Women's and Misses' Suits—Fifth Floor

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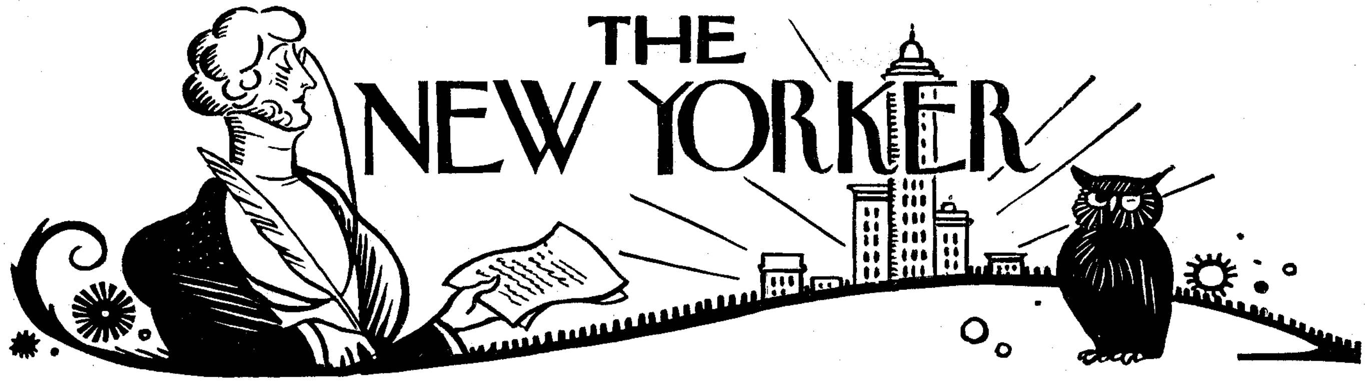
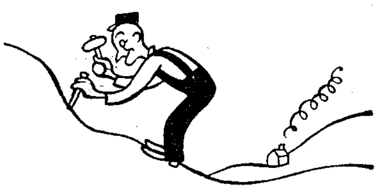


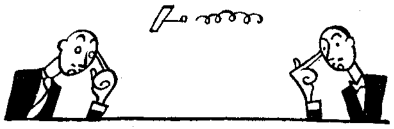
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A DWELLER in Tudor City has begun already to worry about Coolidge's five-hundred-word history, which is to be inscribed on a mountainside. What, he asks, about the people who live in the valley below that sign? He himself lives with the Tudor City sign, and he knows what that kind of existence does to one's character. Twenty four-letter words can be made from the words "Tudor City." "Tort," "dour," "duty," etc. He makes words all the time, while dressing and undressing, and he now fears for his compatriots in the valley below the Coolidge inscription. Those people will not only live in the shadow of the thing themselves, but their children and grandchildren—for half a million years. The Tudor man thinks two things can happen. They may develop a protective unconsciousness of Mr. Coolidge's chronicle and the words will stop meaning anything, or the reverse may take place—the history may take on a feverish significance. The inscription, of course, will be a pretty prim narrative, stressing continence, thrift, hard work, and crucifixion of the flesh in the making of a great nation. It's not unlikely that the people who spend their lives looking at it will turn into a bad lot—drinking hard, riding hard, seducing the peasants, always trying to forget.



ONE of the exhibitors at the Aviation Show has written us, requesting that we tell him just what our editorial policy is in the matter of aviation. He seemed anxious. It's really pretty hard to say just what we think about aviation, although there's nothing we'd rather have than a clear, well-defined aviation policy; it would increase our prestige and strengthen our position with our readers, who go through hell every week trying to find out what's on our mind. It happens that flying is almost our favorite diversion, second only to badminton. We have done as much flying as the next man, in various types of planes, in various countries. We have flown the Mediterranean, the English Channel, the Alleghenies, and Central Park. In every case we enjoyed ourself. All the planes we flew in worked well except three—one of them refused to rise from the water till somebody got out and jumped up and down on its nose, one of them developed a faulty generator over Holland, and one of them ran out of gas over the Alleghenies. Things like that don't particularly annoy us, but we have to keep them in mind in forming a well-defined aviation policy.



Lindbergh is still our personal hero, and the attempt we made to land on a golf course in a snowstorm is still our personal Gethsemane. As for the statement we recently made about the possibility of aviation developing eventually along some other principle than the one on which planes are now built, we suspect there may be something in it. Flying is a celestial experience, and one of the really cloud-draped adventures open to man; but one only need listen to the noise that a plane makes to realize what a feverish contrivance it is. What we want (and what Thomas Edison wants, too) is a plane that we can park within three blocks of our apartment, and that we can throttle down to four miles an hour—so we can land on Aunt Nellie's lawn in Scarsdale without disturbing the portulaca plants.

IT has been a garish decade, without half-lights or overtones. The talk about long skirts for spring reminds us of it again. We hope they lengthen. Bustles would be better and hoop skirts best of all. Everything is too obvious. There ought to be more mystery in life. Between fashions and manners and books and psychiatry there hasn't been an enigma since the war. Everybody knows everything about everybody else. We long to pick up a publisher's blurb and read something like this, which we came across in an advertisement from 1896: "In spite of the plot the tone of the story is moral. Vice is never planted [*sic*] before one in gay colors. When it stalks into a chapter it is sombre, sad, and foreboding. The sins are lost in obscurity, covered over in mystery." A little more of that, please!

Cacophony

TO come right out with it, the story behind the Mengelberg-Philharmonic situation seems to be this: Whereas the Hollander and Toscanini divided leadership of the orchestra about equally last year, this season the former was relegated definitely to second place. He bore up under it badly. Real trouble began last November, when he came back to this country to take his turn with the baton. At his first rehearsal he told the orchestra it had markedly deteriorated during his absence, asked the trombones if they thought they were penny whistles. Now you can't say things like that without their getting around. They did, to the discomfiture of the management of the orchestra, always edgy through having to deal so much with people who throw up jobs at the drop of a nasty remark. Mr. Mackay and his associates had always found Toscanini a man not easily piqued and one simple to deal with, but they knew, nevertheless, that he is wealthy and doesn't have to bother about any particular job—and here he was threatened with acute embarrassment. Right at this point things began to look black for Mengelberg. Then he astonished all by playing the César Franck Symphony and the Tschaikowski "Romeo and Juliet Overture" with a rougher quality of tone than had been bestowed upon these works in many years. This was probably due to an overwrought state of mind, but it was a catastrophe. Such criticism and muttering ensued that the conductor's friends had difficulty defending him. At the end he left the country without a contract for his services next season. Some of his supporters felt that at least he should take part in the forthcoming European trip of the Philharmonic, especially as he had done so much for the orchestra in earlier seasons, and it was proposed to extend the tour and thus allow him a few concerts. It appears now that nothing will come of this. Too much antagonism.

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THERE are still a few "L" stations where you buy a green ticket for your nickel and then drop it in a box. A young woman was seen to approach the ticket window at such a place one afternoon and shove a nickel at the attendant there. Heaven knows, he probably has little enough fun and so may be excused for asking her, archly, "How many?" Not to be outdone, she said, "Two." He calmly tore one ticket in two pieces and handed them to her. She silently dropped them into the box, smiling.

Soup of the Evening

WHEN the late August Belmont felt particularly expansive, he would drop in at Walter T. Smith's turtle shop in Front Street near the Fulton Market, pick out a few hundred terrapin from the tanks, and send them to his friends, the Rothschilds. That was in the turtle's heyday. Every hotel featured green-turtle soup; no banquet was complete without terrapin. Mr. Smith supplied them all—the famous Bradley Martin ball, the Waldorf opening, Delmonico's, Sherry's. Nowadays, Mr. Smith feels, much of the old epicurean gusto has departed; though he still handles more than half a million pounds of turtles a year, he thinks it is nowhere near enough for a city the size of this. In proportion to population, it is far less than when he started business, fifty-two years ago.

Prohibition is largely responsible. Both terrapin and green turtle must be cooked in sherry, and this has wiped them off most menus. They are still, however, much in demand for banquets, and he sells a good deal to clubs: the Metropolitan, the University, the Racquet and Tennis, as well as the Brook, which makes a specialty of terrapin, and the Union Club, to which he has furnished turtles for forty years. He still has a few private customers, gourmets all, who come down to the shop and pick out their turtles themselves. The terrapin are caught in the marshes along the coast from Long Island to Georgia, shipped in water, and kept in tanks in the shop. Green turtles come from the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. They are caught along the shore when they come in to lay their eggs in the sand, or in nets anchored over their feeding beds. They can live a long time out of water, however. In the shop, they are laid in rows, on their backs, in a large room where the dealers can inspect them. The best ones range from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty pounds. Really big ones he sends to the Aquarium. Once he got a rare albino terrapin from Louisiana, with pink eyes and a gleaming white shell. He sent it to the Zoölogical Garden in San Diego. He enjoys his business, and, though now he no longer follows it actively, he often comes in from Long Island to look things over and finger a turtle's flipper. He loves a good terrapin stew, and considers green-turtle soup, properly prepared, the king of all soups. You can feed it to a three-months-old baby, he says.

Chinese customers are numerous at Mr. Smith's, buying diamond-back terrapin which, it seems, the Chinese pharmacopoeia has down as a cure for all ailments from sore tooth to lung trouble. Before the shop a sign dangles incongruously, advertising terrapin in Chinese characters—pronounced "gim ten guoy."

Unexpected Kindness

EARLY one Sunday morning recently a fair lady received, to her surprise, a telephone call from a post-office clerk. His voice came softly over the wire: "Lady, we got a parcel-post package here for you, wit 'Flowers' marked on it." He went on to explain that he was worried, because there was no regular parcel-post delivery until Monday morning, and by that time the flowers would have wilted, and what good would they be? Now, if she wanted him to, he could put on a special-delivery stamp for her, and send up the package immediately—only, she would have to promise solemnly to pay the postman ten cents when he arrived. The lady gratefully assented. Somewhere in the caverns of the Post Office Building, a clerk bought himself a stamp, licked, affixed, and cancelled it. The package was rushed uptown by swift messenger. The lady paid the ten cents, and long before tea time had her flowers distributed about the living-room.

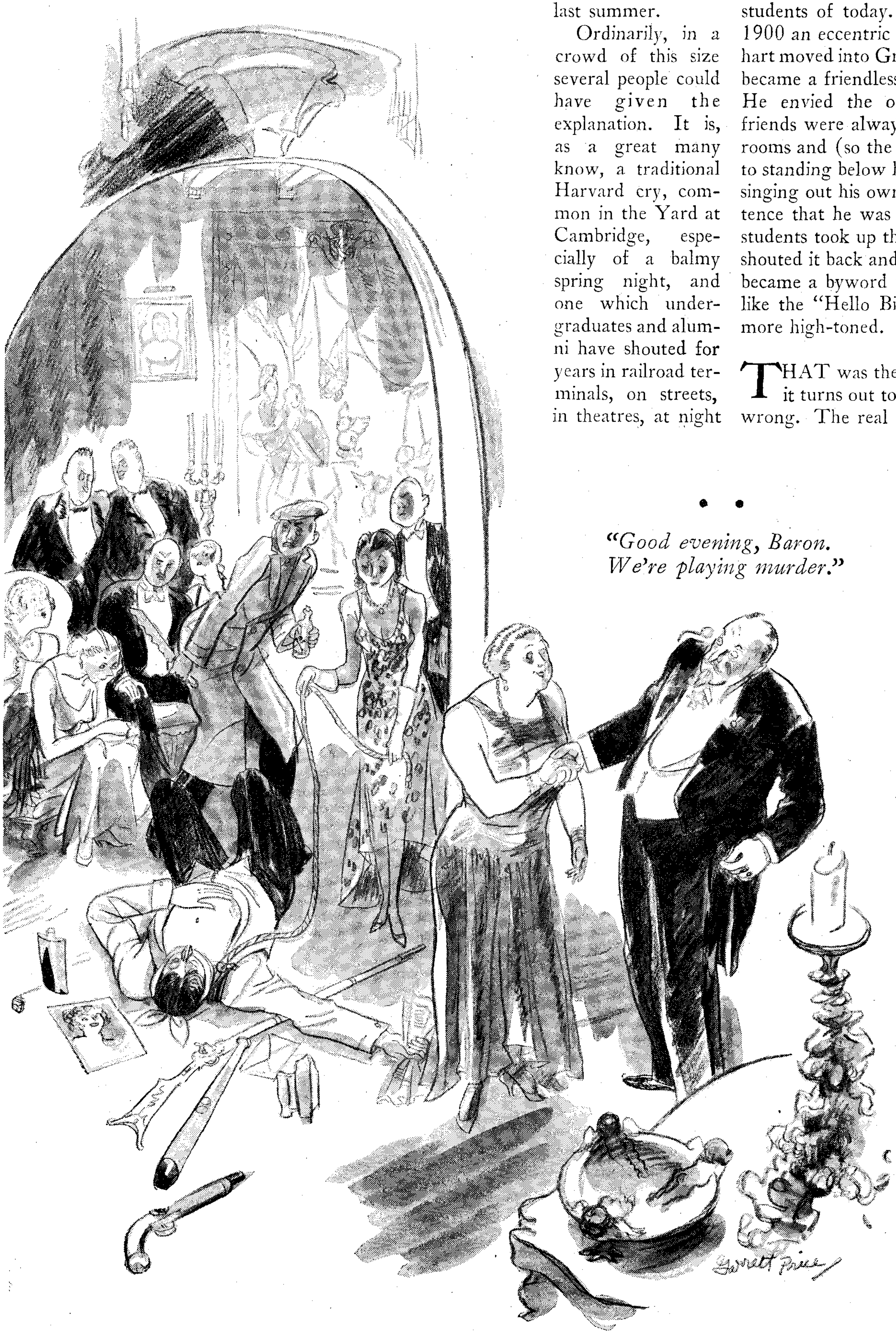
Rinehart!

A CLUMP of sagging commuters were clustered around their gate, waiting for it to open, after the theatre a few nights ago when a long-drawn-out cry "R-i-i-ne-hart!" rang out across the upper level of Grand Central Terminal and reverberated all about. Most of them were startled and appeared puzzled. One man remarked to his wife that it was funny, he had heard the cry bawled across the midnight darkness of a boulevard in Paris last summer.

Ordinarily, in a crowd of this size several people could have given the explanation. It is, as a great many know, a traditional Harvard cry, common in the Yard at Cambridge, especially of a balmy spring night, and one which undergraduates and alumni have shouted for years in railroad terminals, on streets, in theatres, at night clubs—in Paris, Japan, Cairo, and probably Tasmania. The cry in the Grand Central, which served to set us on one of our investigations, undoubtedly issued from an exuberant Harvard man about to board a Boston train.

We had once been told a story of the origin of the tradition, one which seems to be accepted by the Harvard students of today. It was that about 1900 an eccentric fellow named Rinehart moved into Gray's Hall and that he became a friendless and lonely student. He envied the other fellows whose friends were always yelling up at their rooms and (so the story went) he took to standing below his own window and singing out his own name in a sad pretence that he was popular too. Other students took up the oft-reiterated call, shouted it back and forth, and finally it became a byword for Harvard men—like the "Hello Bill" of the Elks, but more high-toned.

THAT was the story we heard, but it turns out to have been nearly all wrong. The real facts, we have it on excellent authority, are these: About the beginning of the present century a student named Rinehart — John Brice Gordon Rinehart—was living on the top floor of Gray's Hall. He wasn't eccentric and friendless but, to all appearances, a rather normal underclassman. One night a fellow student called to him from the Yard, "O R-i-i-ne-hart!" in a hoarse bass voice, and kept up the cry for many minutes. Other boys were calling other friends from the Yard as he was, but there was something in the pitch and the volume of the voice which attracted attention. Someone in derision mocked it from a window and in a few minutes "O R-i-i-ne-hart!" was being bel-



"Good evening, Baron. We're playing murder."

lowed back and forth from a score or two throats. The next night the cry was taken up again, and on the next night, and thereafter; and now thirty years later it still is shouted and probably always will be. "O Rinehart" was heard much at the Paris Exposition shortly after it was first sounded in Cambridge.

No one seems to know the student who first called "O Rinehart," and few know about Rinehart himself. It seems, however, that after graduation he began the practice of law in New York, becoming interested in politics. In 1916 he was sued for a large amount by an elderly woman who declared he had misused securities she had turned over to him. In connection with this he spent a short while in jail. Afterward, he tried to reënter politics, but unsuccessfully. When the war started he joined the army, being stationed in Georgia, where he was judge advocate of his outfit. He has been seen little in New York since the war and is presumed to live now at a small town in Pennsylvania, his birthplace. He is about fifty-five.

Procedure

JUST to show you how girls get glorified. A young lady, the other day, window-shopping along the Avenue, was a little surprised to have a uniformed chauffeur greet her with the information that a gentleman whose car was at the curb would like to speak to her. She approached. The gentleman leaned forward. "Have you ever been in a show?" he asked. She said no. "Would you like to?" She said yes. "Please report to my office tomorrow at ten," said the gentleman, handing her his card. He leaned back in his seat, signalled to the driver; the car moved off. Still a little dazed, the girl looked at the card: Earl Carroll.

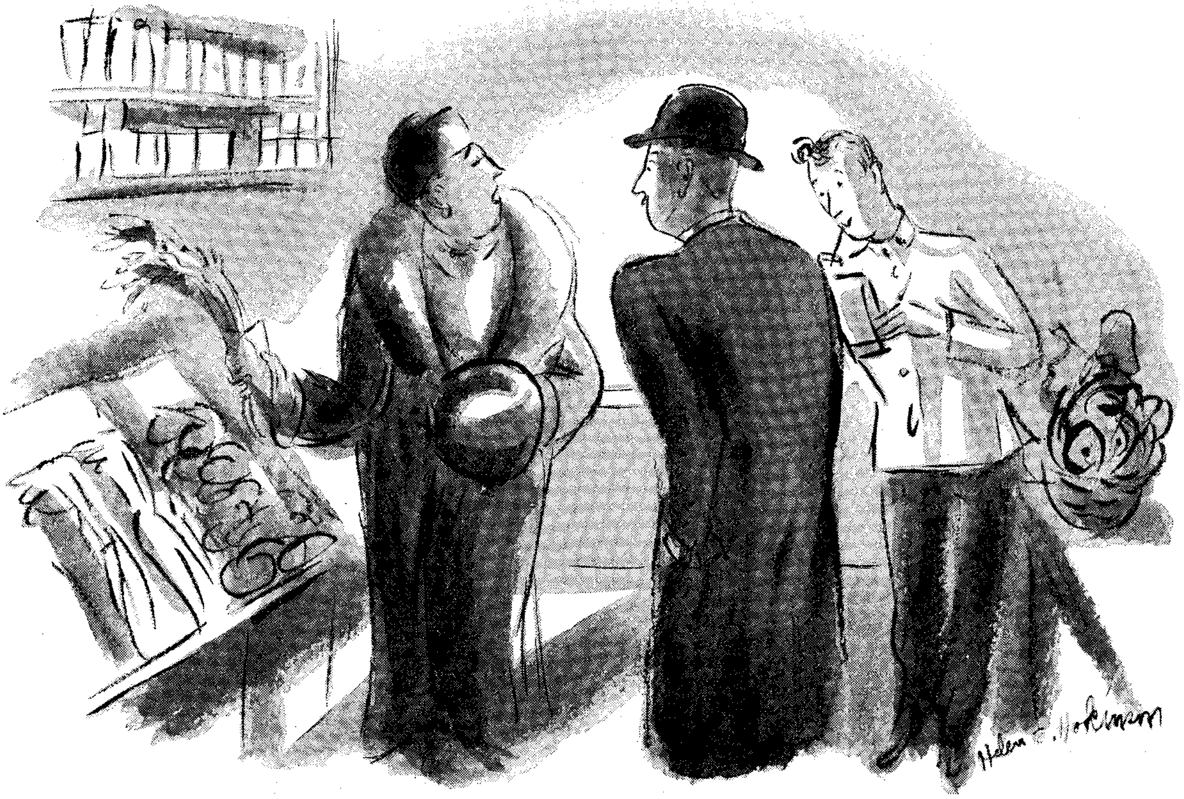
Animal Voices

WHEN the noon whistle blows in Bronx Zoo, it starts the wolves howling. They point their noses high, their breath curls upward on the cold air, and they give tongue in the primeval forests of their cage. Movie people have been trying to record this performance in sound pictures, but without any luck—the wolves refuse to howl into a microphone. It's one of the little city problems that haven't been solved yet.

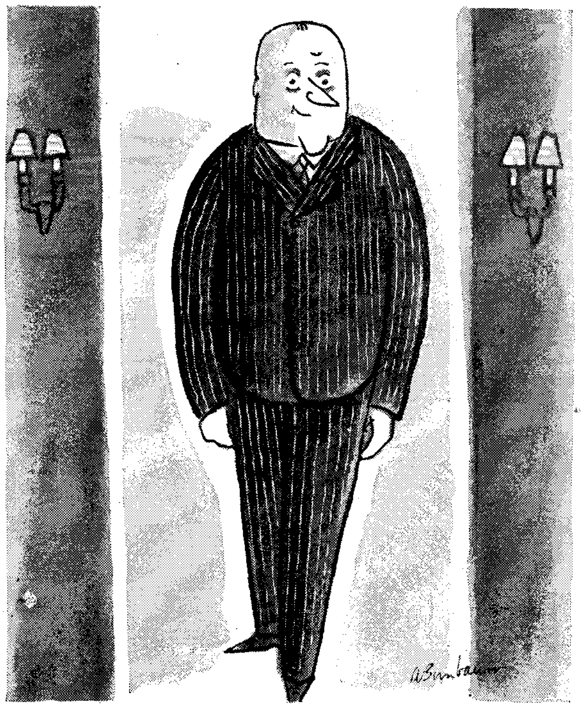
Animals are rather hard to take in sound pictures, Dr. Ditmars, the snake man, tells us. He has been making sound records of their voices for synchronization with his own moving pictures, and has recorded the sounds of most of the animals in the Park. Lions are disappointing—they sound like a cow, no majesty, only vaguely sad. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made a sound record, for its trademark lion, but gave it up, it sounded so feeble and un-metro-goldwyn-mayer. Camels are difficult, and better results are obtained by having a man make a noise like a camel than by taking the camel's voice itself. Strangely enough, one of the best sound artists is the rattlesnake—the sound record of a rattler is perfect. Dr. Ditmars experimented with a wooden rattle in front of the microphone, but could get nothing as good as the real thing. The hiss of the cobra is also rather nice.

A major difficulty is getting the animal to make any sound at all, animals having a penchant for absolute silence. There are different ways of stimulating them. To make a monkey scream with horror, you show it a live snake. To make it chatter with glee, you show it a banana. Tree toads won't perform until you begin sawing up a piece of bronze with a hacksaw—and that spoils the record. Dr. Ditmars wanted to make a katydid record and found that the only way he could induce the katydids to make their monotonous music was by placing other katydids on the outside of his studio, so that his subjects could hear the low distant sound of their love-making. This required a lot of katydids, and necessitated a trip to Wurtsborough Mountain in Jersey, where katydids can be captured at night in the scrub oaks on the mountainside.

According to Dr. Ditmars, the cleanest and most satisfactory way to record animal sounds is to stay away from the animals altogether, and summon a man named Phil Dwyer, who will make any noise you ask for, and who doesn't require any stimulus such as bananas or distant love-making. This Mr. Dwyer was the camel in a fine camel picture made by one of the movie



"Dear, do you think we need celery? It's only the Crawfords."



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Beneath the bland exterior of Eugene at the Colony lurks a stern sense of reality—else how would the Right People, and only the Right People, lunch and dine there season after season?

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companies. It would have been a great success as a topical picture except that in making up the film they put the camel voice (a mournful and very loud braying noise) on a kangaroo record. The result was surprising, zoölogically, but the braying kangaroo appeared in two Broadway houses before the film company discovered its mistake. Natural history note: kangaroos do not make any noise.

Shopping Scenes

WE can't be everywhere at once, and so we missed out on the biggest flurry of the year in Cartier's last week. A young Cuban, who has just come here to live, went on his first shopping tour, saw watches in the windows of the famous jewelry store, went in, and asked for an alarm clock. An amazed clerk took the matter up with the shocked clock department, which said if the Cuban would wait fifteen minutes they would do some figuring and give him an estimate on an alarm clock. Negotiations fell through. Both Cartier's and the Cuban are still pretty much upset.

Another big merchandising event of the past week came when a young couple from out of town, who have just settled down in the East Nineties, went to Sloane's to buy some chintz curtains. They gave the clerk who waited on them the exact amount of the purchase in cash. He stood staring at the money. "What's wrong?" asked the husband. "Well, sir," said the clerk at last, "I've worked here many years, but I never made a cash sale before and I—I scarcely know what to do with the money."

The Three Chesters

NOT one but three men are responsible for those mechanical golf and soccer games you may have seen here and there around the town lately, in hotel lobbies, railway stations, and club smoking-rooms. The golf game is especially popular. It is enclosed in a large glass box. You push various levers outside, and a little cast-iron golfer inside swings his club and drives the ball into a bunker or into the hole, more or less as you happen to have aimed. The soccer game takes two to play. The opponents punch levers and in response to these impulses the two teams kick the ball around until finally it lands in one or the other's goal. Then they drop in another nickel and start over again.

The three men who invented the games are Frank, Charles, and Ernest Chester, three brothers, and they are now hard at work on two new ideas. One is a mechanical baseball game, a nickel an inning, the other an indoor golf game, for the home. It will have a course about as big as a billiard table, and all sorts of things will happen when the levers are pushed. The three Chesters are very proud of it, partly on moral grounds: they think lots of men will stay home and play golf with the whole family instead of running off alone to the country club.

The brothers were born in Australia, where their mother ran an opera company in which all the singers were children. The three boys sang operas until they got too old for it; then they came to New York and almost immediately began building strange and startling mechanical devices for melodramas—sinking ships, horse-race illusions, and so on. From this they turned to inventing games, although they still occasionally construct scenic effects. Recently they built for Abraham & Straus a kind of large mechanical vision of what Brooklyn will look like in sixty years. Dirigibles sailed through the sky; automobiles, model 1990, scooted along the streets. The only thing that really puzzled the Chesters was whether, sixty years hence, women shoppers would be wearing long or short skirts. Finally, they begged the question by putting all the ladies in motor cars, where their skirts wouldn't show. The trio do all their designing and building in their factory in West Fourth Street. The firm is named the Chester Pollard Amusement Company. Pollard was the name of the Australian opera company and was included out of sentiment. The three do everything together. Monday nights they all bowl; Tuesdays they go to prizefights; Fridays they go to a show. All three are married, and the three families all live in the same apartment house, up in Washington Heights. People are always suggesting things for them to invent, most of them ridiculous. One man had an idea for a machine which would brush you all over in an instant, at the turn of a lever, but the Chesters decided it would just frighten anyone who tried it. Someone else proposed an automatic manicure and finger-nail polisher for barbershops. The brothers turned that down too, concluding that men wouldn't be interested in having their nails done by machinery.

Slightly Cut

A LOCAL savant who has been lecturing in Mississippi returns with news of the bootleg situation there. As to liquor, it's about the same as here, but it also extends to books. He decided he would bring back, as a souvenir, a textbook on biology from which had been cut, in compliance with state law, all chapters pertaining to evolution. He visited a bookstore, one which sells frequently to students at the state university, and bought one. He was about to depart with his purchase when the proprietor winked at him broadly, and then, by various motionings, invited him to slip into a back room. After the two had entered, the bookseller shut the door, listened a moment, and then handed his customer a sealed envelope. Upon being opened later this was found to contain the missing pages.

—THE NEW YORKERS

EX-UNCLE

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "EX-WIFE," "EX-HUSBAND," AND "EX-MISTRESS")

All the names, places, and dates in this narrative have been changed beyond possible recognition. The circumstances have been altered beyond the possibility of identification.

I WAS born in 1893, the unwanted third son of a librarian. Both my parents were sick. Outside my window was a rabbit hutch. All day I heard rabbits sitting. I knew then that if I ever had a niece she would have sinus trouble. There was that in me.

The doe rabbit was a little bit of all right. Whatever else my childhood was or wasn't, it had carrots. The rabbit ate them backwards, beginning at the core and gnawing out. At the age of three I went to live in a car-barn in the outskirts of Detroit, and from there moved to a small unlighted apartment in Forty-eighth Street, near Lexington Avenue. The rabbits had eczema. I used to put salve on them, rubbing it into their fur and into the small skull-socket behind their great silky ears. I was a sensitive child, always put on my pajamas before taking off my pants. That kind of boy.

The August following my coming to New York was hot. The sun was reflected from the pavement into the unlighted apartment, and smelled crisp and flat, like a curtain seam. September dragged into October, October dragged into November, November dragged into December, and when Union Square was deep under a fall of snow I met my niece. Her name was Minnie Feeley. That is, that is what people in the reference-room of the library called her. Her real name was Marion Feeley. I showed her the rabbits, and we laughed together as only uncle and niece can laugh in a great city. There is a small broken place in the pavement in Fortieth Street just south of the Library. We were both fond of the spot and used to go there noons and talk about sinus trouble. In after years, when the rabbits had eaten all the carrots, I never passed that place without thinking of Minnie.

THE April after I started seeing Minnie, I knew that something was going to happen. I knew that I was going to have tonsilitis. How could I tell Minnie? Yet I knew I must. My father was beginning to notice my condition and would soon turn me out of the apartment. I wanted Minnie—wanted, oh so much, to sit with her in Fortieth Street as we used to do, but I was afraid to see her and tell her. Finally one day I followed her home, and as she was turning in at the door, I just blurted it out. I remember Taft was president.

The following September I realized that matters could be put off no longer. I had a friend who worked for a doctor. He told me about the Tonsil and Adenoids Hospital, where they accepted unmarried men who were going to have tonsilitis. I fainted in the taxi going there. The driver's name was Angelo Patulo. In the admitting office of the hospital they gave me bicarbonate of soda. I said my name was Julius Womrath. The first question they asked me was whether I had a niece. I decided not to lie.

"Yes."

"Where does she live?"

"In England."

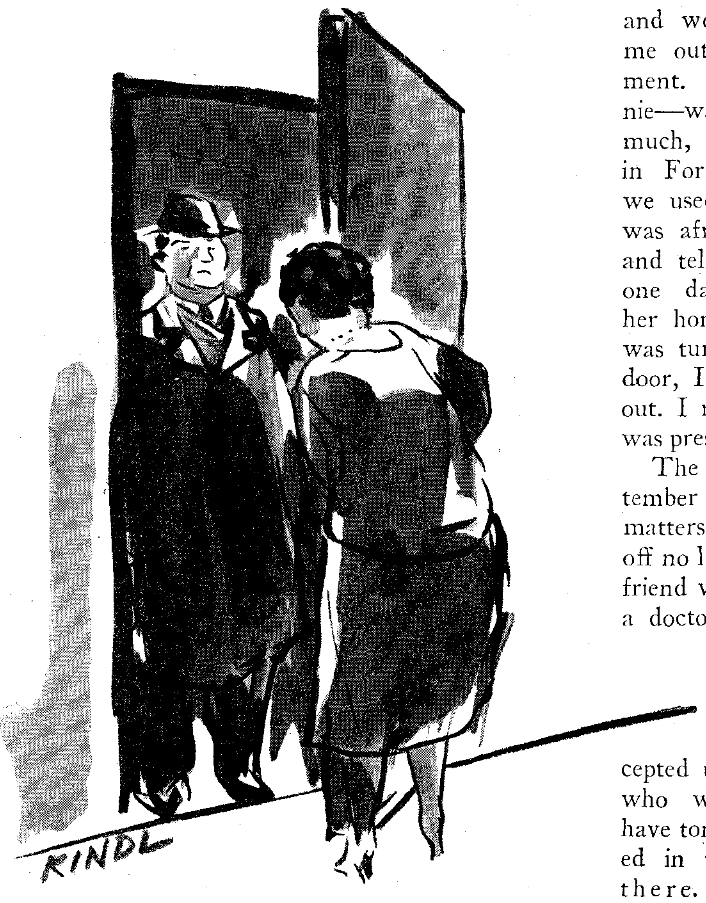
"Has she parents?"

"They are dead."

"Where did they die?"

"In England."

Coming out of the ether I heard mandolins. The mandolins had eczema, so I took salve and rubbed it into their strings, rubbing it well down between the tuning pins. I was terribly weak, and too exhausted to think. It was good to be in bed. I invented a cock-and-bull story to tell my father. I had the hospital authorities tell him I was dead. Lying there in the ward I thought of the rabbits and of the outskirts of Detroit.



"Are you my roofing-problem man?"

WHEN I got out of the hospital I took a small unheated room near the Williamsburg Bridge. Every morning the landlady brought me caramels and a copy of the *Mirror*. I didn't want to take a bath. My throat was healing and one day, seeing a longshoreman moving boxes around, I stretched my neck and moved my arms and knew that *my body belonged to myself again.*

I didn't see Minnie until the fall of 1923. I remember it was an early fall, and the autumn colors were lovely. Minnie was with a man named Trimble.

"You know," she said to me quietly, "you were really an awful ass."

I smiled back at her.

—ANONYMOUS

•

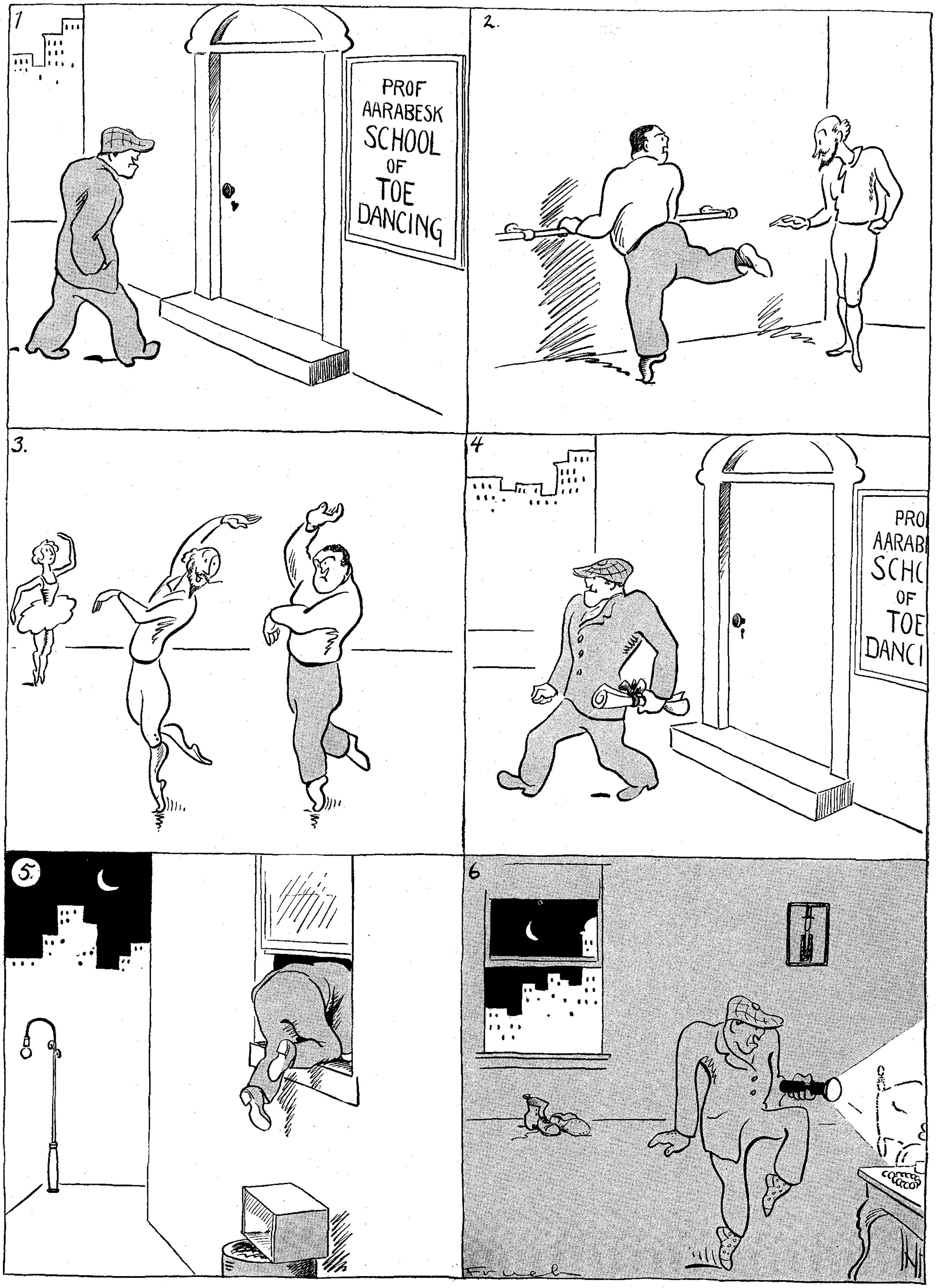
LOST LADY

Behind the smile you wear today,
Beyond your weary common sense,
I see you small and far away:
Discerning through a secret lens

The little girl you used to be:
So gay, so intricately wise,
A flame of curiosity
Alive and leaping in her eyes!

Now that you have no more to learn,
You are complacent, proud, and dull.
The fire of wonder will not burn.
Your eyes know they are beautiful.

—G. H. C.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APOSTROPHE TO A FLEA

Nimble and unresting flea,
Do not leap away from me!

Though somewhat different in kind,
We are of a similar mind.

Like yourself, O agile flea,
I hop and skip incessantly

From arid here to barren there,
Leaving a zigzag track of air.

Like yourself, I skip and jump
From Life's head to Life's rump,

Scarcely knowing which is which.
I am the flea, the bite, the itch.

Oh, what a destiny we've missed!—
Each a great Industrialist

Leaping with harmonious mind
Upon the earth's immense behind,

The while she sleeps her ancient sleep
And grazes apathetic sheep.

Sometimes in quietness I seem
To hear her scratching in a dream,

With fingers of cool wind and sea,
The bites of multitudinous me—
Her Super-Flea.

O Lesser Insect, you are bound
By lack of Science to the ground.

But we from singing spires shall leap
In aëroplanes upon the deep,

Attack the sylphs who linger there
In the last coverts of the air,

Till they run howling through the blue
And we in roaring swarms pursue.

O Flea, behold us overrun
The purlieus of the shaken sun

And hop and skip and jump and bite
Between the mountains and the light.

The backward aether shall be taught
How sales resistance may be fought,

And mass production shall resound
Tormented leagues above the ground.

The gullies of the moon shall bloom
With a new industrial boom,

And Einstein's void be further bent
To lines of eight and ten per cent.

Oh, what flea-orbits we shall trace
Upon the Universal Face,

While mighty Bankers organize
The vast resources of the skies—

Munition factories in Mars
And tariff rings around the stars.

O, nimble and prolific flea,
Lie down and meditate with me
Our slightly different in degree
But common destiny!

—SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

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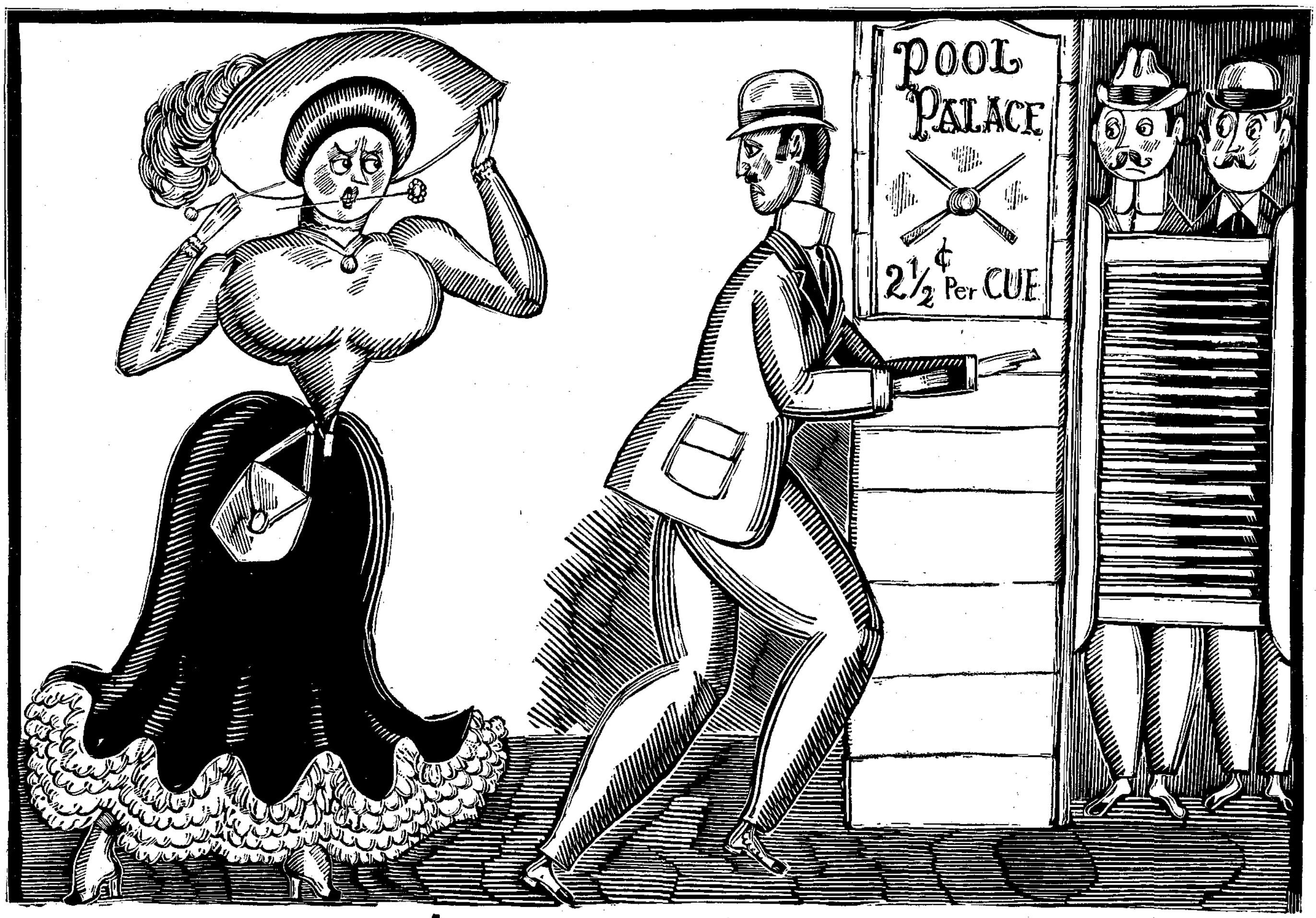
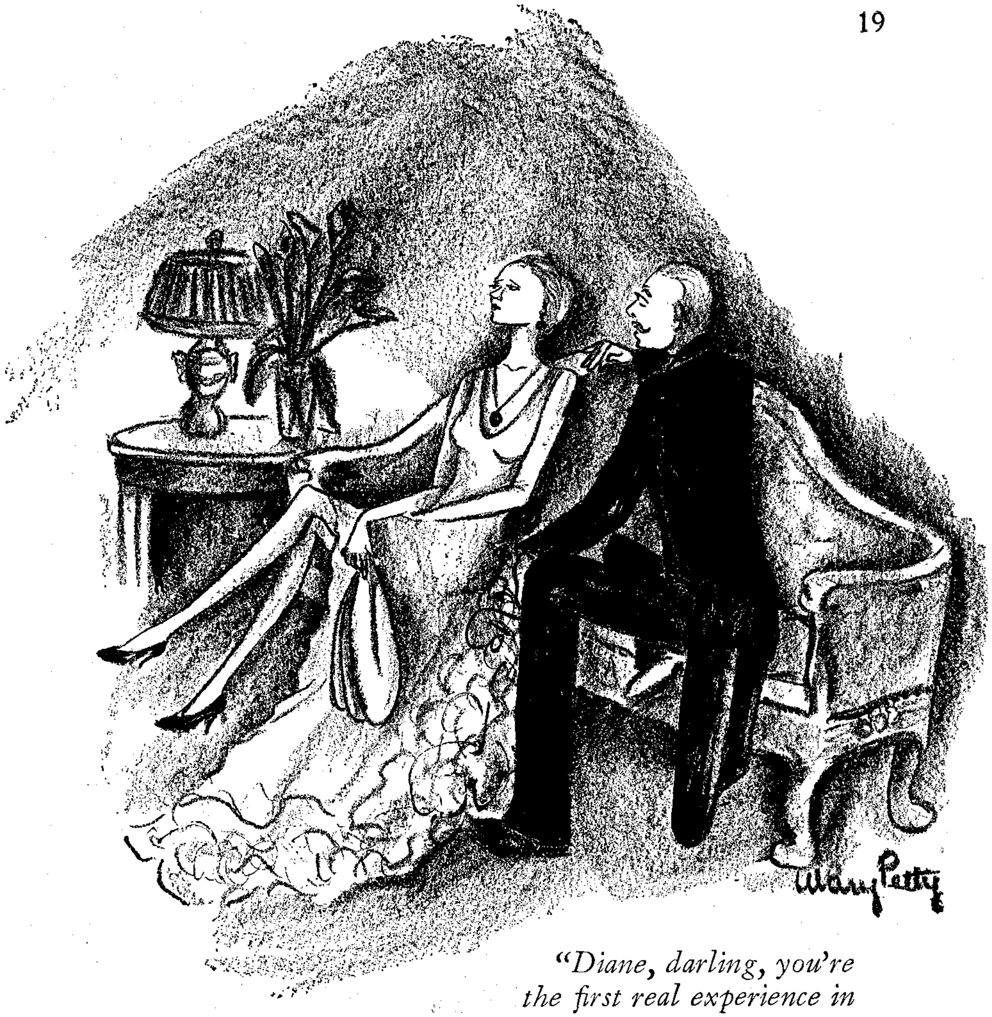


VIRTUE'S DEFENCE & THE HAT PIN
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR AS HE CHOKES BACK HIS TRUE FEELINGS

THOSE FIFTH AVENUE GIRLS



"Diane, darling, you're the first real experience in my life since the Black Tom disaster."

• •

I HAVE to be on the Avenue quite a bit, and whenever I'm late for an appointment it's because I have been blocking sidewalk traffic looking at those new girls in the shop windows and asking myself things like: Whither, Womankind? Or: Which Way, Civilization?

Now the Altman girls, a snappy set, I can understand. Yet even they are utterly different from the Mabel that I used to know.

You remember Mabel. She seems to have departed from Fifth Avenue nowadays, but she used to ogle through the windows of every department store from the lowliest to the grandest. She had rosy cheeks and dimples, dazzling eyes with black lashes radiating in all directions, a cupid's-bow mouth, and a cozy smile. Mabel (I think sometimes she used to spell her name Maybelle) was the kind they called a real sweet girl. It was such as she that, in the good old summer time, made you yearn to wander down a shady lane and call her "baby mine." When you wooed her, you had to speak to Father. After you married her she was "the little wife," and in due time sewed tiny garments. No mind, no sense, no idea of what was going on in the world—but what was that to you? Let her only wear her blue serge suit with the lace jabot, and her picture hat with the pink flowers on it, and you were ready to worship her. She was noble and fair and full of sappy ideals and sweet as sugar—and water.

Mabel has departed now, to White Plains and Port Chester and Fourteenth Street.

The Altman girls sometimes remind me faintly of Mabel. They crook their little fingers just as she used to, showing that they could handle a teacup if the management would only let them sit down; and some of them smile a little. Of course the Altman girls are modern. You realize as soon as you see them that they have the vote and have their own bank accounts and know one cocktail from another. And they are all-around sports, too. One week they'll be wearing backless evening dresses, and the next week they'll be all wrapped up in sweaters and mufflers and knickerbockers and holding snowshoes or skis. The crook of the little finger makes their grip on the skis precarious, but neither that nor the change of costume bothers them. Their expression when off for a merry ski-party in the paper snow is precisely the same as if they were greeting their dinner-guests in the Louis Quinze drawing-room of the previous week. It's a snooty expression but one that naturally results from seeing so many fat women climb on Fifth Avenue buses at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street. But snooty or not, there's no nonsense about the Altman girls, and I like them.

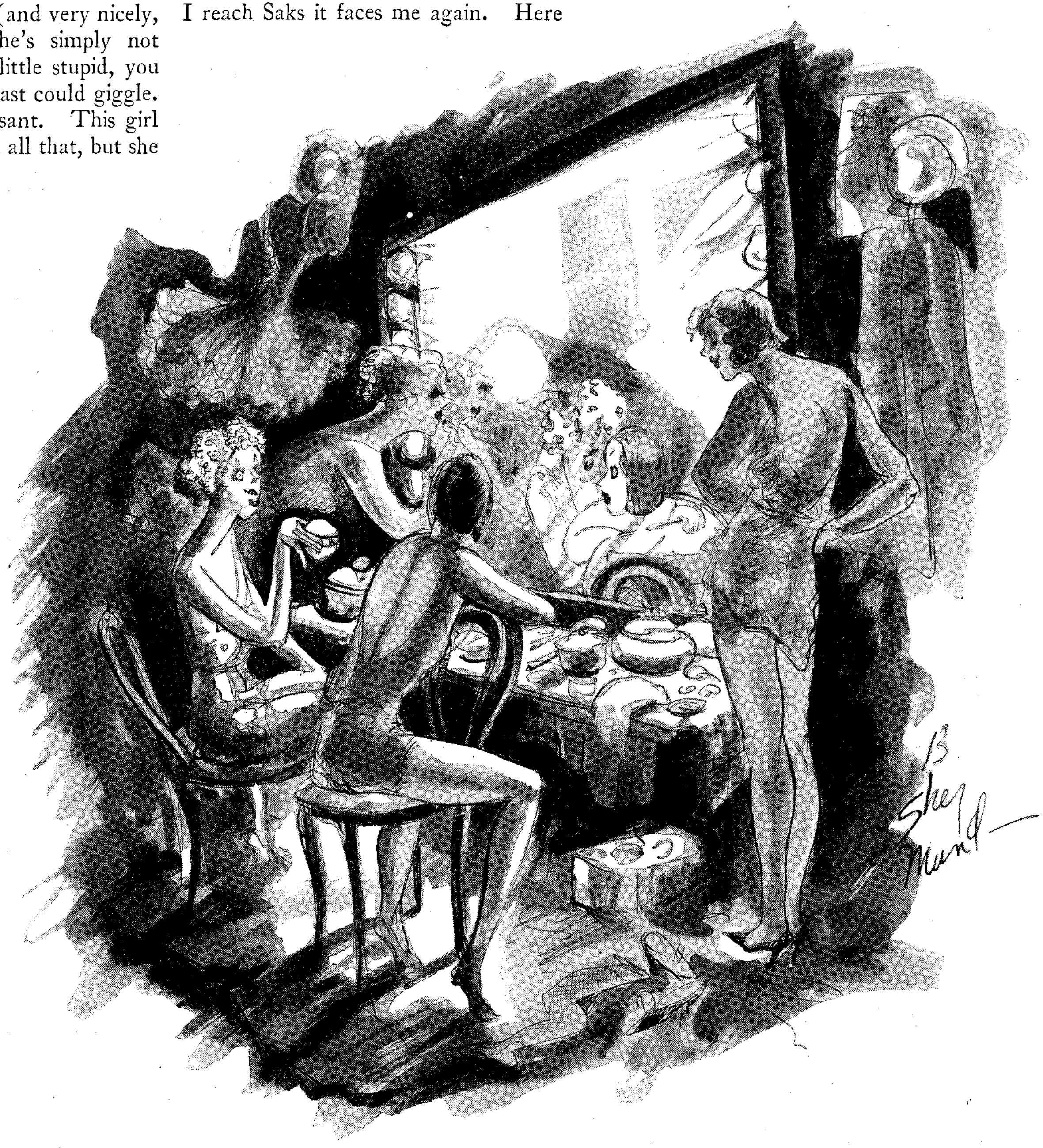
AS I walk up Fifth Avenue, however, I begin to be baffled. My bafflement starts when I see the flannel eyelashes on the Russek girls. I'm a live-and-let-live sort of fellow, and if girls want to wear flannel eyelashes it's no concern of mine, but they baffle me just the same. "Why?" I say to myself, gazing fixedly at the Russek girls, "Why flannel?" Shaking my head in perplexity, I move on. I reach Franklin Simon's. Some of the Franklin Simon girls are of the good old Altman type—but the rest have gone completely egg-headed. As I study them and their like at Hixbie's and Betty Wales' and Lord & Taylor's, and so on up the line, I realize that a new type of window girl is taking possession of the Avenue. (In fact, I have just made an awful discovery: today I passed the *back* windows of Altman's—on Madison Avenue—and there were actually some authentic specimens of the new girl. I hate to think what would happen if they and the more conservative Altmans on the Fifth Avenue side should meet.)

THE new girl, to begin with, has that egg head. Her features, far from being animated, are hardly there at all; the sculptor, or whatever you call the fellow who fashions girls indiscriminately out of wood and metal and plaster and God-knows-what-else, has barely jotted down some notes on the face, as much as to say, "The eyes would be about here." The head, or egg, or what you will, is usually turned painfully away from the watching multitude (not that I blame a girl for this aloofness) and the neck-strain thereby involved seems in some cases to have brought on a slight glandular swelling at the side of the neck, which gives signs of becoming a new occupational disease. The most popular position is something like that of one shrinking to avoid a possible blow in the chest, and the hands are bent backward as if to be ready to slap the assailant on the cheek as he deserves. Yet is there fear or rage in the expression? There is nothing in the expression at all. Those rudimentary features are unmoved by anything whatsoever. You could step right up to one of these girls and say "boo" and you know she'd never flick an eyelash. You could tell her the naughtiest story you know and her perfect air of ennui would be unmarred. You could ask her opinion of Mr. Hoover's tariff policy and she'd have nothing to say. You could do anything and she would do nothing. She has gone beyond sophistication, beyond ennui, even beyond awareness that life is going on about her; she wears her clothes as she's told to (and very nicely, too) but otherwise she's simply not there. Mabel was a little stupid, you say? But Mabel at least could giggle. Mabel could look pleasant. This girl is stylish and smart and all that, but she can't do a thing but stare.

Being of a somewhat philosophic nature, it is my custom to choose a position of comparative safety on the sidewalk and wonder what this egg-headed girl is supposed to be. Obviously she represents the feminine ideal of the moment or she wouldn't be where she is. She is supposed to make the members of her sex say to themselves, "If I buy a dress like that I might possibly, with luck, get to look like that!," and rush in and throw money round like confetti. Again, apparently she succeeds, or she wouldn't be by way of becoming the standard 1929-30 model. Now where, I ask myself—altering my position slightly to avoid the lady from Nutley who is bearing down on me with seven bundles—where does this leave the capable-and-efficient-modern girl theory, the brilliant-and-athletic-modern-girl theory? Where does it leave the feminine golf and tennis champions and all the girls I saw getting their muscular shoulder-blades tanned on the beaches last summer, and these girls who, with all their smoking and drinking, are so much honester and all that than Mabel used to be, or so we're all told? Here, in the window, is the feminine ideal of the day; could she find the right letter on the typewriter? Could she dribble a golf ball off the tee? Would her I.Q. be high enough for her to know honesty, or anything else, when she saw it?

THE lady from Nutley collides with me efficiently and forcibly and I give my problem up. But when I reach Saks it faces me again. Here the new type reaches its climax, or apogee, or whatever the right word is. The Saks girls are colored a strange silver-black. Their necks are wonderfully distorted, their hands are bent in strange and rheumatic directions, and their eyes look upon the object-lessons in solid geometry piled all about them without the faintest indication of being able to solve even the easiest of the problems. Suppose you had to talk to a girl like this, what on earth would you say to her? Express admiration for her clothes and ask if her rheumatism was better? Her gowns may be a miracle, but suppose you had to take her out to dinner!

I realize I'm an old fogey, but I can't help this Whither Civilization feeling. —Frederick Lewis Allen



". . . and the funny part of it was, his mother let us in."

PROFILES

WORDS AND MUSIC

IN August, 1914, among cosmic sounds whose percussions still are echoing, "The Girl from Utah" was produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. The libretto was written by Harry Bache Smith, then fifty-four years of age; and the extremely melodious score was composed by Jerome David Kern, then a slippered pantaloon of twenty-nine. One record stands: No musical comedy ever has been written—or ever will be written—by two such magnificent, astute, successful, and book-loving book-collectors. The libraries of both these gentlemen have become literary and financial history.

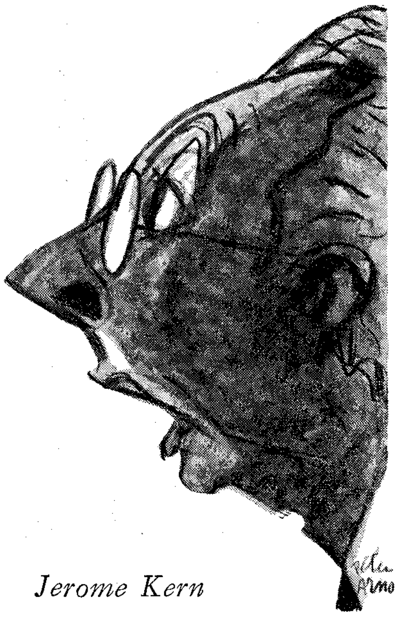
These were the days when R. Brock Pemberton (still fresh from Emporia, and covering the Broadway première of "The Girl from Utah" in the absence of his chief, Louis V. DeFoe) and a member of the then unwedded *Tribune's* staff were shocked by what they considered the horrible banality of a line in a song which grew to be so popular that the younger generation still remembers it, words and music. The song was "They Didn't Believe Me." It treated of the singer's feeling of inferiority, its burden being the incredulity of the public that so unworthy a person could have been selected as a miracle man, or woman, by anybody so beautiful, anybody whose lips, whose eyes, whose hair, were in a class beyond compare. The heroine, luckily for the song, was Miss Julia Sanderson. The horrible line, at least to the two sensitive journalists, was the italicized:

And when I tell them—
And I'm certainly going to tell them—
That I'm the girl whose boy one day you'll be,
They'll never believe me,
They'll never believe me,
That from this great big world you've chosen me.

Now that was not Harry B. Smith's song; it was an interpolated lyric, the work of Herbert Reynolds. Kern, the composer, had a strong sense of justice, however, and when a morning newspaperman winced at the line—and he certainly still winces—Kern called up the wincer, and said that the line was not the lyricist's at all; that he himself had written it. It transpired that the line, which certainly helped the music, was stuck in so that the composer could have a chance to write triplets. You know—diddley-*um*-di-dum-dum.

LIKE Deems Taylor, another—maybe *the* other—American composer who knows music from a handsaw when the wind is southerly, Kern was born in New York City; like Taylor also, in 1885. Mrs. Kern was a pianist, and she gave him lessons, and taught him a lot about harmony and counterpoint. As a boy, he found that he could serve art and mamma. A wise woman Mrs. Kern must have been too, for it is the exception when a musician's offspring doesn't hate—either through fear of excelling or of failing miserably to excel—the very sight of a keyboard. Similarly, in other fields, a brush, a pen, a brief, or a surplice. But Fannie Kern, *geboren* Kakeles, taught him a good deal, and then sent him from the Training School of Hunter, then Normal College, to learn music and its theory from Alexander Lambert and Paolo Gallico. Later she sent him to Germany to study music under private tutors. Kern, customarily bracketed with Gershwin and Berlin, the East Side's poor boys, though there is no reason for it except that they now are all wealthy composers, was always comparatively pecunious; there was always enough *gelt* to underwrite his studies.

Kern stayed in Europe, composed without great success until 1910, when he married Eva Leale, a Surrey girl, who looks more as though she were about to celebrate her twentieth birthday than her twentieth wedding anniversary. Then in 1911 his name first appeared as composer for "The Red Petticoat." In 1913 he wrote the music for "Oh, I Say," which was produced at the Casino Theatre, and, though Wagner had used saxophones in orchestration, it was Kern who first used two of these since popular, reviled instruments to help along a song. Musical antiquarians will tell you that Kern, more than anybody else, is responsible for the saxophonitis of the past fifteen—God, probably the next fifteen!—years. Musical-comedy history took a step up then, and if you want to know it, musical history. Sullivan and Kern are no more alike than Austin Dobson and Vachel Lindsay, but the critics, in particular Deems Taylor and R. A. S. of THE NEW YORKER, will tell you that nobody in America has written more expertly, more melodiously, and fuller of life's hitful fever. They except, in some ways, Victor Herbert, an Irishman, but Herbert was at it longer; and they think, pointing pridefully to the remarkable scores of "Show Boat" and "Sweet Adeline," to say nothing of "Oh Boy," "Very Good Eddie," and "Leave It to Jane," that before Kern quits—and he would like to live to a hundred *ex dividend*—his record of achievement will be proudest of them all.



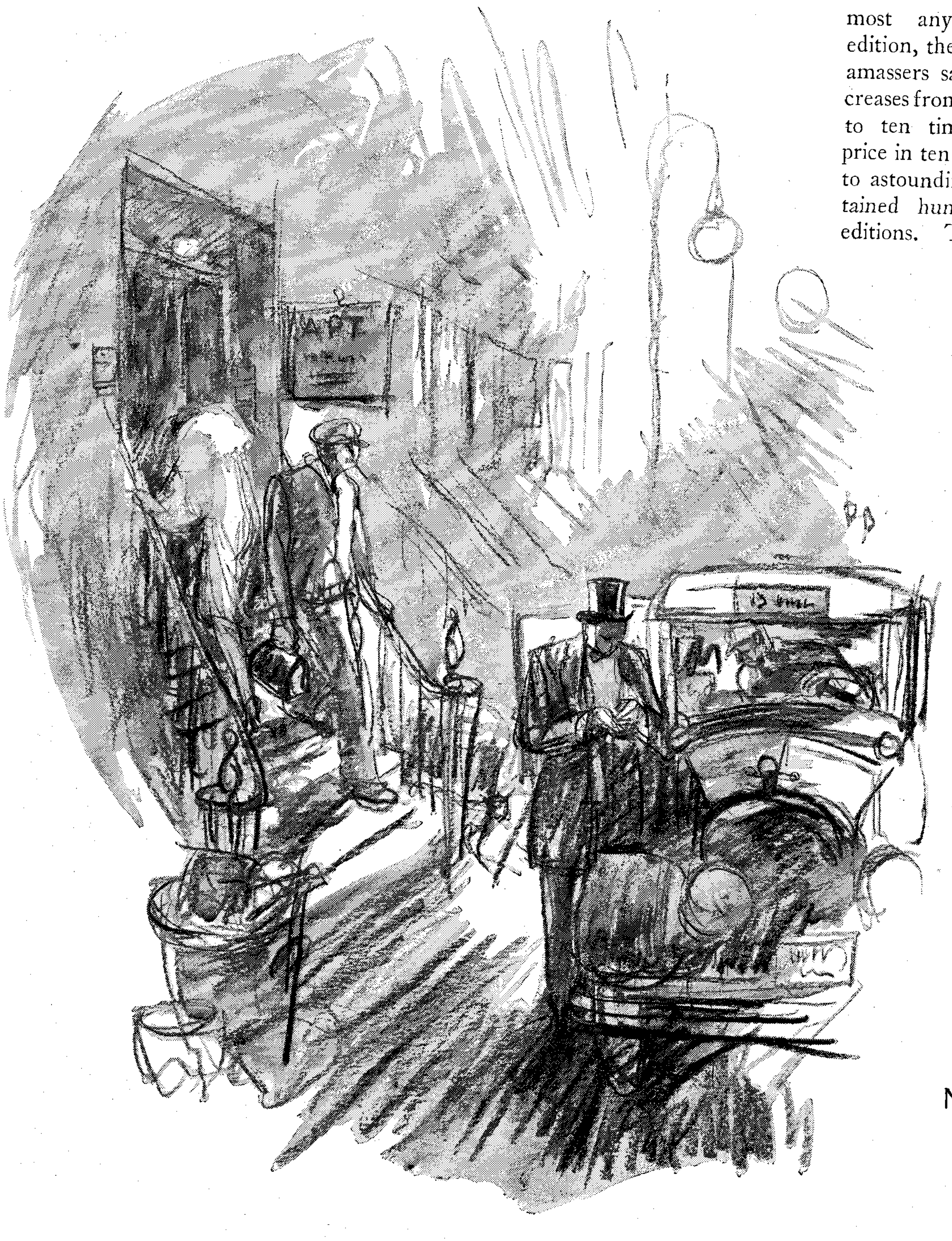
Jerome Kern

IN his ability to have a good time, he again is unlike Berlin and Gershwin, who—this amateur analyst diagnoses—are sad boys at heart. Why Kern, as far as I know, is the inventor of the game called Guggenheim, sometimes known as Categories. Kern has an elegant time, even when he is losing a thousand dollars at the wheel. "It's a poor roulette won't work both ways," says Kern, who has a fair wit, "and it must be the poor ones that I play." Sometimes, by a great turn of luck, he quits even. Two or three times, as a paying guest of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, that hebdomadally assembling set of ghouls, he has tried his luck; tried it, and found it guilty. The last time he played, the members told him what his losses would be. "You ought to lose $2,380," said one. "No," said another, "about $2,165." It was $2,320. So confident is he of his luck at cards that he brings an enormous cheque-book to the gaming table, so that he may pay at the end of the game, and not keep his creditors waiting until next morning. He is known as the Thanatopsis' greatest pioneer; or, as those incessant comedians who comprise its membership call him, its earliest settler. At the last session he apologized for not bringing a blotter.

Kern's diversions are few and simple. He is one of those who do not find work irksome. He lives in a comfortable house in Bronxville. No golf, no tennis, no drinking, no teetotalling. While he is working on a score, he composes, or drums on the piano. Once or twice a month he goes to the Harms music-publishing office and talks things—mostly stock-market things—over with Max Dreyfus. As far as is known, Kern, old dreamer with his head in the clouds that he is, sold all his stocks along about October 1. He stays at home most evenings. Once a week he and some of his *maschpochah* play pinochle. He has a speedboat for summer use on the Sound; in winter he takes his houseboat, Show Boat, to Palm Beach, and lives on it. He is generous, outgoing, and kind; but his wealth has made him neither silly nor ostentatious about his generosity. Yet his I.O.U. collection must be almost as large as his library, *selig*.

For Kern is known wherever books are collected. He is known to collectors and dealers who couldn't carry a tune, as he is known to theatrical producers whose idea of a book is a few pages of dialogue to keep songs apart. Of course there are book-collectors who don't read books also. Kern is one of the few collectors who has read and reads books, who got started as a collector because he liked to read; and because he liked nice things. One book led to another, and when the Important Money started rolling in, Kern began buying books. First thing he knew, he was buying valuable books; books whose value he knew would increase. He was right, as almost anybody is who buys first editions and manuscripts, for there are few falling values in that market. Almost any first edition, the book-amassers say, increases from twice to ten times its price in ten years. Kern's library grew to astounding proportions, and it contained hundreds of astounding first editions. The catalogue of the Kern Sale, held at the Anderson Galleries in January, 1929, is fascinating; I advise you to get a copy of it if you can, for it will be worth many a pretty penny some day. The sale is literary, book-collecting, and financial mythology. The books brought about one million eight hundred thousand dollars, a record per item at any auction up to that time, and a record that is likely to stand for many years.

What Kern paid for the books that he sold is hard to determine, for he has not yet been able to figure the thing out. It was no such disproportionate profit, however, as many thought. There was a rumor that the books which brought him one million eight



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NEW YORK, 3 A. M.

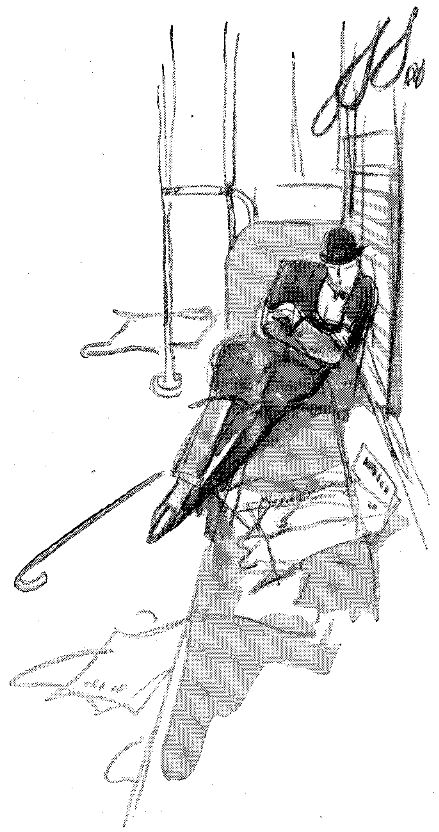
hundred thousand dollars had cost him about two hundred thousand dollars. That is absurd and untrue, but it is true that he got considerably more than he paid for every item, and for some, ten times as much. And that reminds me of a paragraph.

During the third day of the sale I met a former book-dealer. He had not attended the sale, but he was astonished at the prices that he had read about in the papers. "I have been out of it for ten years," he said, "but in the days when Kern began buying books, he was considered a pushover, or as the slang of that era had it, an easy mark. It got around that a dealer could clean up if he saw Kern coming. 'How much is that?' Kern would ask, and if the ordinary price was two thousand dollars, the dealer would ask four thousand dollars. Which, if Kern wanted the book, he would pay. And yesterday," said the retired dealer, "I know of three men who bought back books at five times the prices they had sold them to Kern for, years before." I pressed him for specific instances but he couldn't give me one. Still, roughly, it was true. The only thing that wasn't true was that Kern was a sucker book buyer. Not often, at least after the first month or so. He knew with fair accuracy what was a good buy; and that some things were cheap at any price.

But here is a specific instance: George D. Smith, known as the boldest plunger of all the dealers, died. The involved estate carried on at 8 East Forty-fifth Street, liquidating the stock on hand. One day Kern came in to look at the books. A salesman engaged him in book gossip while another salesman stepped into the vault, where he hurriedly marked up a presentation copy of Robert Burns to six thousand five hundred dollars. There was some dickering, and Kern bought it at about the marked-up price. That was item No. 149 in the catalogue of the Kern sale, and it brought precisely twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars. I forget who bought it.

"WHY sell the books?" Kern was asked frequently. "You don't need the money. And five years from now you could get a lot more." The library grew to be too great a responsibility: Cataloguing, fireproofing, fear of theft and fire, it got to be a career. Kern's career is writing music; a career which, in spite of its record of fine achievement, an achievement that punctures again the bunk that just because a thing is good it can't be popular, is just beginning. For good and popular though it is—and it certainly is good and popular—there are prophets about who are whispering that Kern is the White Hope of American music. Whispering be damned! Let me get on the bandwagon while I can still get a seat.

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



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DEPORTMENT

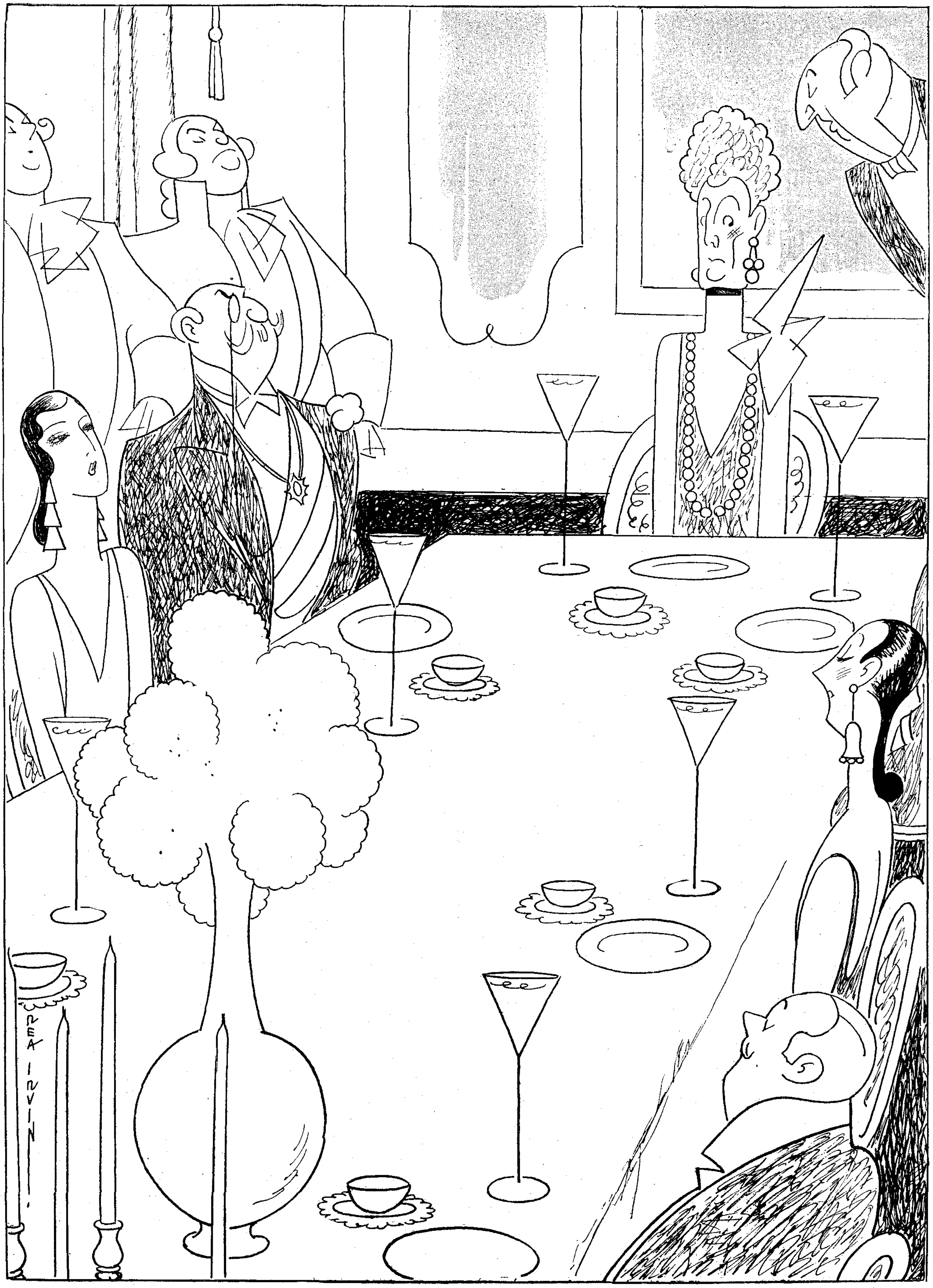
She can laugh
And she can whistle
Though her hours
Prick like thistle.

Wise, she keeps
Her hands behind her
Lest love come again
To find her.

A small cap with
A perky feather
Her heart puts on
For any weather,

And no man knows
What lies behind
The jaunty ramparts
Of her mind.

—FRANCES M. FROST



"Cook regrets to state, Ma'am, that she's trod on the pudding."

HOLLYWOOD PUNCH

"COME up to the house tonight," said Mr. Griffer, the magnate, to the author who had just arrived in Hollywood. "I got a new place and I'm pitching a small party, a sort of house-warming, see?"

"Thank you," said the author.

"It's only a shack," said Mr. Griffer. "I saw it in the Alps—you know, the Alps in Switzerland—and I bought it, as was. I had 'em ship it over."

"I'd like to see it, Mr. Griffer," said the author.

"Good. Now to get back to what we were talking about. You got a wrong idea about the pictures, Mr. Lawson."

"Dawson," murmured the author.

"Well, anyhow," said Mr. Griffer, "you got a wrong idea. Why shouldn't you write for 'em? They're an Art, see? Why, they're the fourth largest business in the country today."

"That's the trouble," said Dawson.

"Huh?"

"I mean," said Dawson, "it took only one Shakespeare to write 'Hamlet.'"

"Not picture material," said Mr. Griffer, decidedly.

"I mean," said Dawson, "that real creative work is the product of one good mind."

"I got some of the best minds in America on my lot," said Mr. Griffer. "Well, I got to rush along now. You think over my proposition. See you about ten tonight, Mr. Lawson."

WHEN he arrived a few minutes after ten, Dawson found that Mr. Griffer's picture of his new home had been a modest one. With its Colonial and Spanish wings, it ran to some forty rooms. Dawson was the first guest to arrive.

"Welcome to El Casita," boomed Mr. Griffer. "Most of the others won't be here till after midnight. They're at a première. Say, do you know how to make a punch?"

"Yes. I can make a punch," said Dawson.

"The Chink that usually makes mine is in jail," said Mr. Griffer, "and I can't trust the others to do it right."

"How many people will be here?"

"Oh, about a hundred."

"I'll need six quarts of orange juice, three quarts of lemon juice, a bottle of grenadine, six quarts of gin, and two dozen bottles of soda water," said Dawson.

"I got everything," said Mr. Griffer. "You go out to the kitchen and tell the Chinks how to make it."

In the spacious kitchen, Dawson superintended the concoction of the punch. Four diligent servants soon had it ready. He tasted it, and thought it rather good. Just then Mr. Griffer entered the kitchen with a lank, morose-eyed man.

"Mr. Lawson," Mr. Griffer said, "shake hands with Mr. Kingstone, one of my assistant associate producers."

"Punch, eh?" said Mr. Kingstone. "I'll try some."

He did so.

"Sort of weak," he announced. "I know what it needs. Rum."

He snapped his fingers at a Chinese.

"Here, you," he said, "get me two bottles of rum."

Mr. Kingstone emptied them into the punch-bowl.

"That'll put the old wallop into it," he said, and he and Mr. Griffer strolled away toward the ballroom.

TWO other men entered the kitchen. They stared thoughtfully at the punch, then at Dawson.

"My name's Burbig," said the fatter one. "I'm chief dialogician with the Griffer Pictures. This is my assistant, Larry Sweeney."

Dawson bowed.

"Let's try the punch," said Burbig.

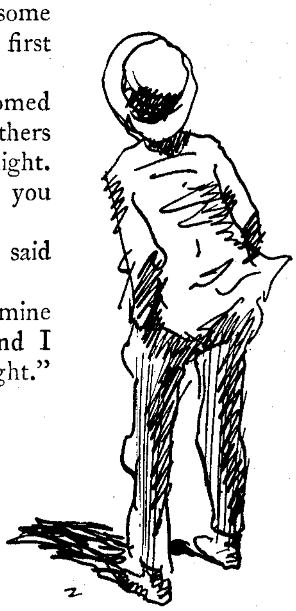
"Yes, chief," said Sweeney.

Burbig drank down a tumbler of it, and made a wry face.

"Taste it, Larry," he directed. "Sort of sweetish, I think."

Sweeney tasted it.

"Yes, chief. Sort of sweetish is right," he said.



"I'll fix that," said Burbig. "Larry, get me a couple of bottles of dry vermouth."

The vermouth was brought and was poured into the punch. Burbig drank another tumblerful.

"Better," he pronounced.

Sweeney also drank.

"Much better," he said.

They went away, passing in the door two other men and a woman who was strikingly blonde and dressed mostly in diamonds.

"Lead me to the liquor," she said.

A glass of punch was presented to her.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed. "Not sweet enough. What it needs is a couple of bottles of pineapple syrup."

One of the men added them. Then they noticed Dawson and divined that he was a guest.

"My name's Fontaine," said the older man. "Supervising Scenarist. This is one of our stars, Miss Lola Lorne, and Jack Hopman, her husband."

"And business manager," added Mr. Hopman.

"I'll be seeing you in swimming," said Miss Lorne, and made a glittering exit.

"These women," complained Mr. Fontaine, sipping the punch critically, "like a drink too sweet. This needs bitters, plenty of bitters."

He dumped most of a bottle of bitters into the bowl. Mr. Hopman tasted the mixture.

"Fair," he said, "but it lacks something. Boy, get us three bottles of dry champagne."

While the champagne was being stirred into the punch, Mr. Griffer entered, perspiring hospitality.

"Let me sample your punch, Lawson," he said.

"It isn't really mine," said Dawson.

Mr. Griffer quaffed some, and gulped.

"Do you want my frank opinion?" he asked.

"By all means," said Dawson.

"Well, then, it's terrible," said Mr. Griffer. "Maybe we ought to throw it all out and start a fresh batch . . ."

He considered this gravely a minute.

"No," he decided. "We got too much good stuff invested in it, and besides we haven't time. We've got to fix it. Here. I know what to do. We'll put in four quarts of old rye . . ."

AT half past twelve Dawson went home. He did not feel very well. Some of the other guests had already made rather abrupt departures. At the door Mr. Griffer said to him, "Now, remember what I said. There's nothing wrong with the pictures. Well, goodnight, Mr. Lawson."

—Richard Connell

•

TO THE SMART SET, Vanquish the Fat of Head and Face. Avoid the falling hair, the baldness and the white hair, returning to the natural colour, doing bright, soft and silky in little. Constantly used the hair reborn and strengths, as you see in the Pará half-bloods and in the black women in the english protectorate of the Barbadoes Islands.—*Adv. in the South American, Porto Alegre, Brazil.*

Better poetry than most you read nowadays.

OF ALL THINGS

OUR London correspondents make much ado about the twenty-four personable secretaries of Mr. Stimson's delegation. We get the impression that the girls are about to sing: "And we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts."

•

Plans for the proposed police department should include a large hall where the cops can hold riots without breaking the heads and constitutional rights of private citizens.

•

A Chicago alderman complains that the activities of the Strawn committee tend to weaken the people's confidence in their elected officials. At this safe distance we would say that it could do with a little weakening.

•

Mussolini has a new title which means "the King's Cousin." His Majesty will understand, however, that this does not give him the run of the place.

•

The Federal Trade Commission is fussy about paid testimonials for cigarettes. It should now take up these statesmen who endorse prohibition but never use it personally.

•

The time has come to face the facts. The only way to cure traffic congestion is to make all vice-presidents of banks stay at home.

•

Dr. Butler of Columbia has revived an old rule forbidding smoking in the buildings. Something tells us that there is about to be an outbreak of Higher Lawlessness.

•

In the picturesque language of the literary racket, ex-sovereigns are those whose royalties have expired.

•

Since the fall of the dictatorship, things are looking pretty desperate in Spain. There is even some talk of allowing King Alfonso some voice in government.

•

The Soviet Government has abolished weekends. This would never do with us, but those who have country places within striking distance of the city feel that the idea has merit.

•

The Drys cannot understand why enforcement should be in the hands of the Treasury Department. Perhaps it is because prohibition is our greatest revenue cutter.

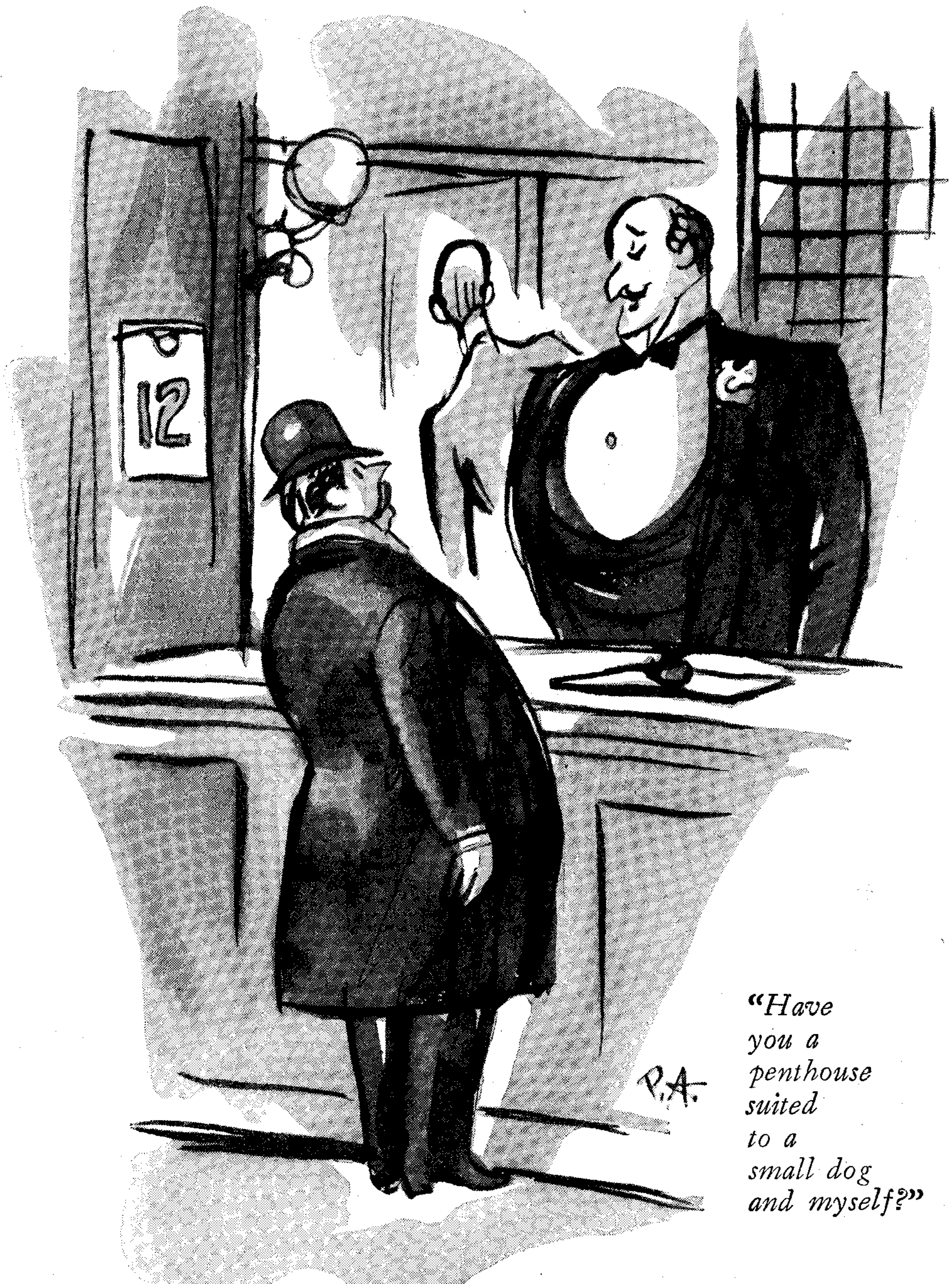
•

Economists are worried about the threatened shortage of gold which will lower prices and make panics and everything. The world needs more gold-diggers, we are astonished to hear.

•

It is now revealed that it was not John Coolidge who named that New Haven train "Yankee Clipper" but C. F. Caley. This turned out to be just another Coolidge myth.

—Howard Brubaker



"Have you a penthouse suited to a small dog and myself?"

THE THEATRE

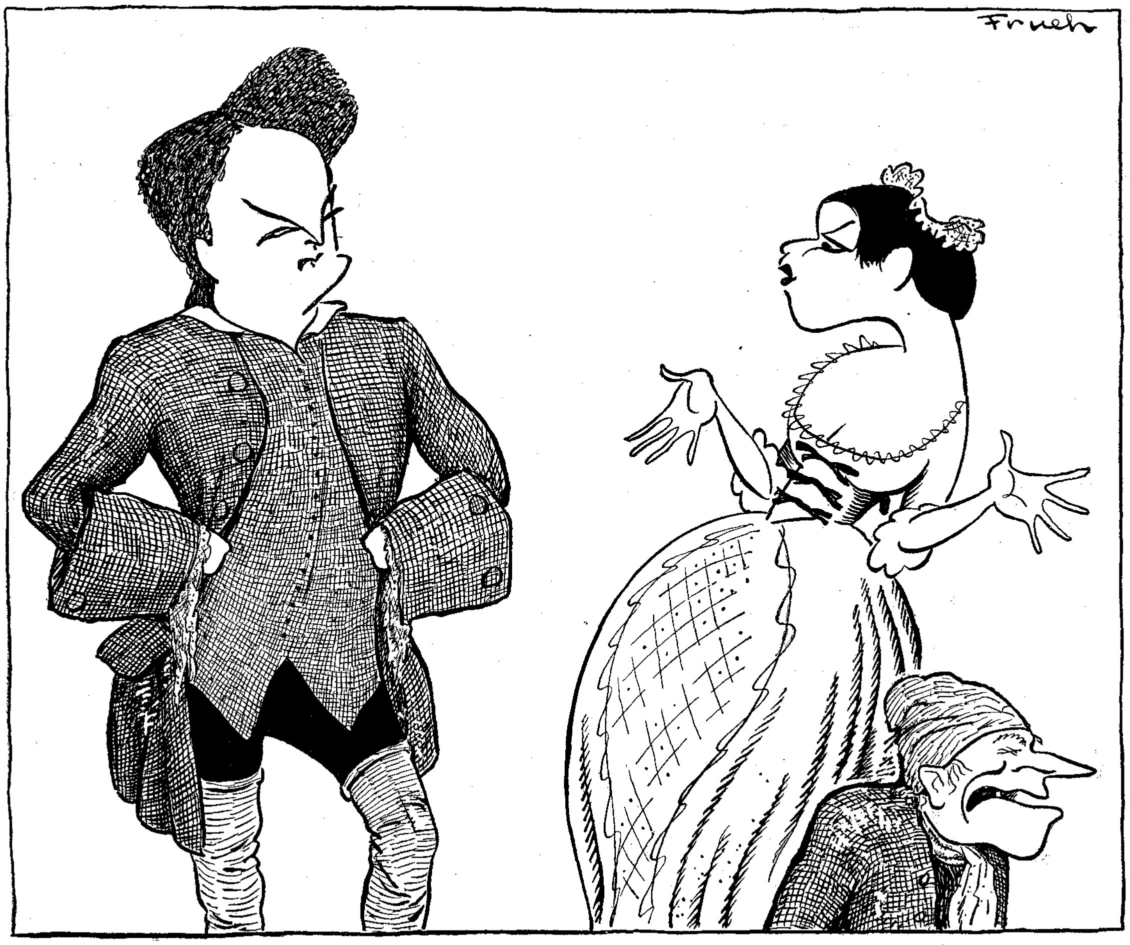
SECOND TRYS

IF ever there was a machine which was not destined by Nature to let loose a god, much less a tragic god, it was the *ascenseur* in the Bellevue-Superbe-Palace Hotel in Vichy, the scene of the first and third acts of Preston Sturges' latest play, "Recapture." This openwork lift, always in its native state of being under repair and hung with its practically permanent sign "*L'ascenseur ne marche pas*," was a comedy prop of inestimable value. Mr. Sturges unfortunately chose to waste it on a tragedy.

I suppose that you would call "Recapture" a tragedy, as it deals with unrequited love and as somebody dies in the last act (as the result of a final spectacular gesture on the part of the elevator in defiance of those who would bully it into marching). But during the course of its three acts, it never quite seems sure itself whether it wants to be comedy or tragedy, and, however true this may be of Life itself, it makes for confusing drama.

When "Recapture" is being comedy, it is often very amusing (except when a young English curate and an American chorus girl are spending several hours over misunderstanding each other's slang). When it is being tragic, it is just about as convincing as an off-stage motor. The divorced couple, who try to recapture their honeymoon spirit and, to please the ex-husband, begin all over again, neither do nor say anything which rings true, and the emotional scenes given to Ann Andrews and Melvyn Douglas put them to such a disadvantage as almost to overcome their natural personal talents. It remains for a young lady named Glenda Farrell, who plays the chorus girl on a *tour de plaisir*, to supply whatever genuine serious moments there are, and this she does with considerable effectiveness. She is also aided in her comedy scenes by Hugh Sinclair, in the unusual rôle (for him) of the *gauche* lover, and Cecilia Loftus in a few moments of aunting.

Naturally, after "Strictly Dishonorable" we expected too much of Mr. Sturges. Even his comedy in "Recapture" lacks the bounce of his earlier (but still decidedly current) work, raising the horrid thought that maybe someone else had a hand in "Strictly Dishonorable." Certainly someone else should have had an eliminating hand in his present play to toss aside the adventitious bits of drollery concerning slang and the art of acting. But I still feel that, if he had made the *ascenseur* his leading comedy character, aided by Mr. Gustave Rolland as the *concierge*, and had let his Unrequited Love fly out the window, he would have had a delicious play (albeit an entirely new one) and a worthy successor to "Strictly Dishonorable." As it is, much against his press-agented aversion to such a course, he must rest for the time being on his laurels..



"CHILDREN OF DARKNESS"

Fun in a gaol, thanks chiefly to the gaoler's daughter. Miss Mary Ellis as same (centre) flanked on the left by Basil Sydney as one of the more favored prisoners and Walter Kingsford (right) as the gaoler himself.

ALTHOUGH I am thoroughly in control of any enthusiasm I may feel for the Quintero boys as playwrights, their works are not easily, or fairly, kidded. What they write, they write well enough. And it seems to please a great number of pleasant people. I myself can take it or leave it, with the betting favoring the latter.

"The Women Have Their Way" is certainly more entertaining than "A Hundred Years Old" (or "Papa Juan," as it now is called on tour under the aegis of Otis Skinner) and Miss Le Gallienne probably did well to include it in her repertory, if only to show how nicely she can do light comedy. It smacks a little of something done by the girls of the Senior Class, but that is getting to be less and less of a reproach in my mind as the old blood stream gets cooler. I would not recommend tearing down to Fourteenth Street to see it, but, if you happen to find yourself headed there with some friends of your mother's, you needn't feign a headache. It would be well, however, to arrive late enough to miss the curtain-raiser, a small bit of old Stilton written by Sutro in the days when going to China was considered hot stuff as a means of avoiding an affair with your best friend's wife. It is called (although no one will ever ask you) "The Open Door."

FOR an immoderate admirer of gypsy music and *korhely leves* (both in Budapest and in Ninety-second Street) I have always been strangely cold to Hungarian comic opera. This also includes the activities of Mitzi. I therefore saw just enough of the revival of "Sari" to convince me that it was much the same as in 1914 (with sixteen years off for bad behavior and deterioration of gags) and away I went. I offer this as a recommendation to those thousands to whom Mitzi is a source of great delight, and for what it is worth to the rest of the theatre-going public. In the present production, an unimpressive cast is in part redeemed by the addition of several gross of expert Albertina Rasch dancers.

I HAVE received the following letter from Mr. John McCarthy, Jr., a resident of that touchiest of all commonwealths, Massachusetts:

"As a point of information may I rise to enquire just what you intend to convey . . . in your comment on the Sheridan Players when you say, 'I myself am part Irish, God help me' . . . etcetera.

"I can't quite see the necessity for the 'God help me' and if you fail to enlighten me, the New Yorker loses another 'cash customer.' "

A proud race, we Irish, fond of dancing and light whines. Mr. McCarthy has automatically, by his letter, supplied me with the main reason for my saying "God help me" when I admit that I am part Irish. Another reason is that I don't want to get mixed up in any national movement which, in the name of Ireland, allows bad actors to do what the Irish Theatre is doing to a good comedy like "General John Regan" at this very minute.

And furthermore Mr. McCarthy might as well know now that I am really Scotch-Irish and that my people came from Ulster. If this means war, I am ready. At any rate, I have saved THE NEW YORKER a cash-customer by explaining to Mr. McCarthy what I meant by "God help me." —ROBERT BENCHLEY

SUITS PRESSED

WE have a little joke, this old tailor and I. It is based on some bad usage of mine. There was a tiny rent in a suit which I brought to him, and I said, "Can you fix this little hole?"

He said, "Well, sir, maybe I *can*. But maybe the bootblack across the street, maybe he can fix it better." I laughed and he laughed.

"Of course that is if he is a tailor maybe he can," he added, squeezing out of his little joke every chuckle he could. "Maybe you better take it the United Cigar Store on the corner there, eh? Maybe he fix it?"

I caught the spirit of it. "How about the cop down there?"

The tailor pretended to be serious. "No! He ain't got time. Look how busy he is, poor fellow!" That was even funnier, and we laughed some more. "I guess maybe I fix it myself then? When you want it?"

Sometimes when I come to his place we have no jokes. He scarcely looks up from his ironing-board. He says good afternoon very politely, but his manner encourages no conversation. I can't tell whether he is being sad in a Latin way or stodgy in a Nordic. I can't tell what nationality he is. He looks like an old French Jesuit I once knew, but the old Jebby didn't look like a Frenchman. However Jesuits have no right to be so indistinguishable, while tailors, old tailors, have. All old tailors have accents, but because they are old and tired, the accents are universally guttural and not a bit nationally characteristic.

I took my dinner coat to his steamy little second-floor shop one time. When I went to redeem it he had forgotten what I had left with him. "A dinner coat," I told him. He looked puzzled.

His daughter, who might have been a Jewess and who undeniably was beautiful, said: "Oh, Pop, wotsa matter with you? *Dinner* coat. Doncha know it means 'Tuxedo'? Nobody calls 'em Tuxedo suits these days." Her father was worried about that. Plainly he was thinking he was getting old, the times were slipping past him. He was flustered, a little hurt because his daughter knew something about men's clothes that he didn't know. But he survived it. "Maybe you call it a Prince Albert cutaway I know what you mean, eh?" We laughed together. —JOHN O'HARA

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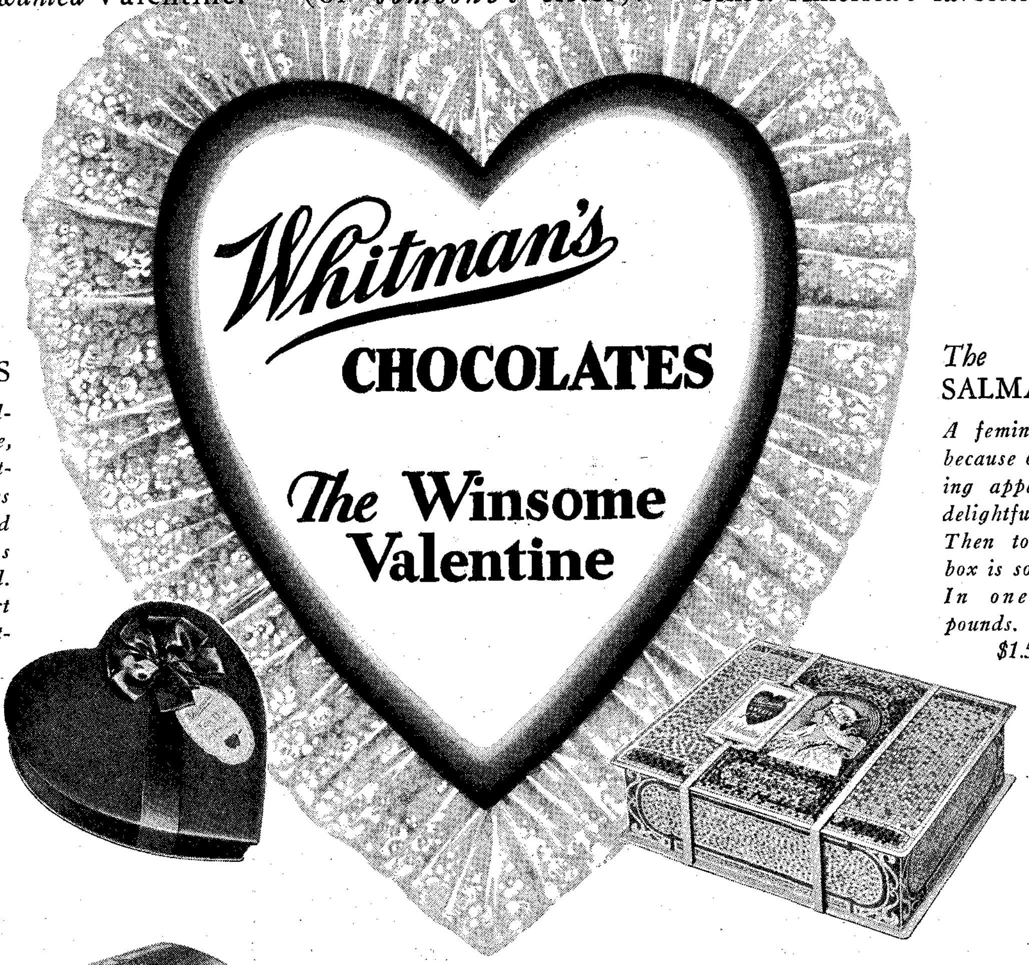

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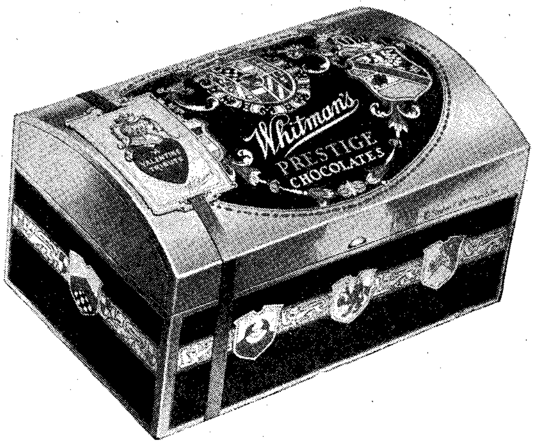

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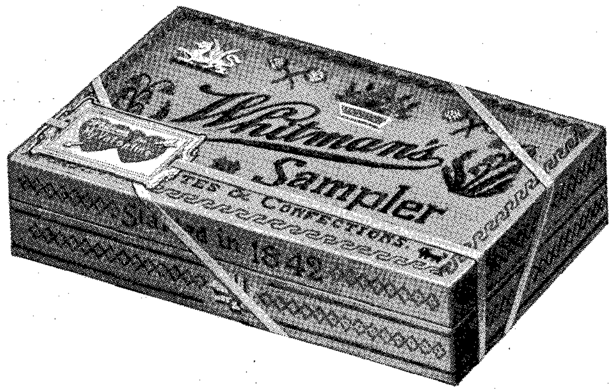

The SAMPLER

Each year more and more people send the Sampler as their Valentine. What more charming—more able to carry a sweet thought! And it is guaranteed a double welcome—for your thought and for itself. Send the Sampler and win a smile.
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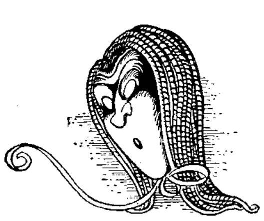
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



REFERRED TO PONTIUS PILATE

IN the days when he was reviewing grand operas, instead of merely composing them, Deems Taylor was always promising himself the luxury of printing a critique which would read something like this:

> "Andrea Chénier" was presented last night at the Metropolitan Opera House. What of it?

But he resigned—or shall we say receded?—from the *World* without keeping that promise. The tradition of journalistic affability was too strong for him, just as it is too strong for the dramatic critics, who are, one and all, be-trousered Pollyannas speaking the theatre soft. I remember an occasion when Charles Dillingham went around to the *Times's* office and had a conspicuous attack of the vapours there, so injured did he feel because of its notice of an operetta he had produced the night before. An immediate examination of the offending notice proved that it had, as a matter of fact, described the operetta as "pleasing." But the pouting impresario had been so fed on words like "entrancing," "superb," and "gorgeous" that a mere "pleasing" seemed to him downright derogatory. Your average actress has so sweet a tooth for praise that she feels heaped with contumely if her performance is described as "adequate," a term which any decently modest soul would regard as the highest praise imaginable.

But if the aforesaid journalistic affability works against bluntness in criticism—if, for instance, tradition forbids a candid allusion to the excessive bulk of the weather-beaten tragedienne or to the falling calves of the permanent ingénue—there is even less realism in other departments of the newspaper. Consider the soft speech of latter-day political controversy. Consider, for example, the gentleness with which the correspondents and editorial writers invariably handled that handsome, befuddled, and misplaced alderman, the late Warren Gamaliel Harding. Why, when the *New Republic*, in contemplating one of his more coagulated utterances, broke down and exclaimed "The man can't think," that belated observation had the cleansing clarion sound of the little boy in the legend who pointed at the king and cried out "He hasn't got anything on."

But you need not look so far back or so far away. Realism is certainly not the most striking characteristic of the portraiture with which our lethargic press presents that ever-interesting figure, the Honorable James J. Walker. Nor has realism yet been tried in sketching for the citizens that benign gaffer who, on the verge of being retired as too venerable for the bench, was catapulted by the last election into the exigent post of watch-dog for the County of New York.

THESE moody reflections were prompted by the copy of a wedding notice which, after passing from hand to hand, has just reached this gratified desk. The notice purports to have appeared in the *Fountain Inn Tribune*, a newspaper published (until recently, at least) in a South Carolina town of some thousand odd souls, said town being named, oddly enough, Fountain Inn. The headline is "POPULAR YOUNG COUPLE MARRIED THIS WEEK," and after a preliminary canter giving the names of the popular young couple hereinbefore mentioned, the hour and place of the ceremony on the preceding Monday, and the names of the bride's parents and of the officiating parson, the society note continues in this vein:

> The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money because his dad is a soft-hearted old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.
>
> The bride is a skinny, fast little idiot who has been kissed and handled by every boy in town since she was 12 years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret, and drinks mean corn-liquor when she is out joy-riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew, or keep house.
>
> The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number-eight patent-leather shoes matched his state in tightness and harmonized nicely with the axle-grease polish of his hair. In addition to his jag he carried a pocket-knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.
>
> The bride wore some kind of white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end and her bony upper end sticking out at the other. The young people will make their home with the bride's parents, which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing. The happy couple anticipates a great event in about five months.

To which bracing item was appended this final enlightening paragraph:

> Postscript—This may be the last issue of *The Tribune*, but my life ambition has been to write up one wedding and tell the unvarnished truth. Now that it is done, death can have no sting.

And what I hope to learn some day is whether this disconcerting and unconventional wedding notice was ever actually printed and if so where the nameless journalistic Lucifer who wrote it is now hiding. For of course the ambition to write that story has always hung, like a blue haze of cigarette smoke, over the grimy, grumbling city-room of every newspaper in the country.

Why, I recognize the impulse as akin to the mutinous moment which, in the Spring of 1918, visited two curious, ink-stained newcomers to the profession of arms—Captain Franklin P. Adams and your correspondent. It was on the evening when (for the first and last time) we two were entrusted with the make-up of *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the American troops in France. I remember that we spent the entire evening speculating on the wisdom of our running a seven-column headline across the front page, which we felt would both heighten the fame of *The Stars and Stripes* and give fathomless emotional satisfaction to many of its humbler readers. The headline, which, for editorial reasons complicated by personal poltroonery, we decided after all *not* to run, was "PERSHING IS A BIG STIFF."

—Alexander Woollcott

CREST OF FLAME

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THE DÉBUTANTE'S EXPLANATION

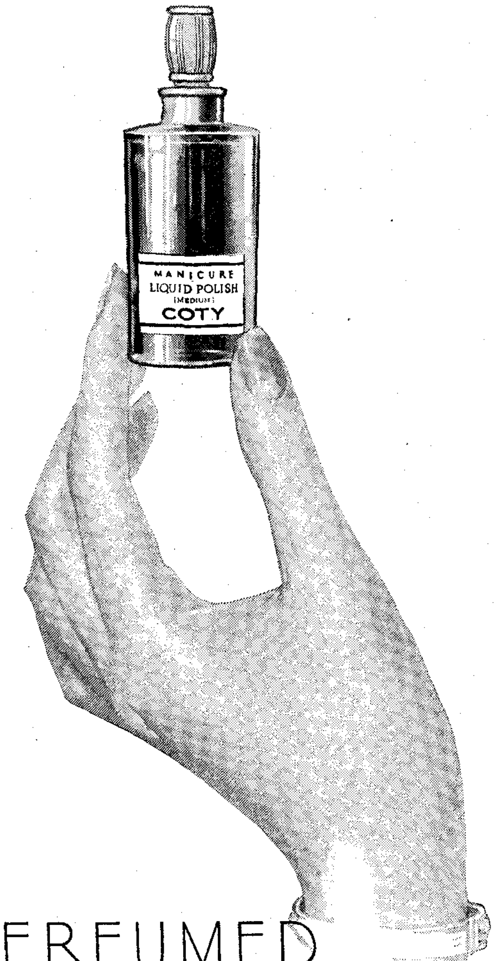
EDITORS' NOTE: In our *Notes and Comment* of a recent issue we said: "Over a period of years we have gained the impression that, instead of being a great many débutantes, there is really only one. Every day we see a picture of a débutante in the society pages, and although we used to imagine that the portrait changed from day to day, we now realize that it doesn't: it is the same girl. Her name is either Katrinka Suydam or Janet Stone, or some name like that—we forget. The guests at her party are also the same from day to day. To us the news about her has been extremely meagre. Here this girl has had her picture in the papers for years, with the list of guests at her party, and never once has any real news leaked out."

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

MAY the "Same Girl" have a word? Naturally, I did not take it personally your using my name as a sort of wholesome simile. All I wish to do is to change that rather unfortunate impression of yours, which is probably shared by a great many other people as well, concerning débutantes in general, and I shall attempt to explain just what we are.

We really are not all shallow, unintelligent creatures, in search of constant gay parties and mad "rushes." We feel things and have real minds. The only trouble is, all our real feelings are overshadowed during our débutante year. Popularity does seem important to us during that time, and to gain that popularity, we have different methods: Some try being sophisticated; some simple; others are "hey hey" or vivacious. Some get away with their own special method, some do not. Our sea-

The Brilliant New PERFUMED MANICURE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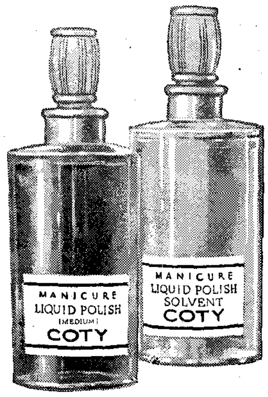
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85.00 and 95.00

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

son is so short that usually we fail to wake up to the fact of our being either a brilliant success or a dismal failure until it is all over. Happily for us, it is this way. How dreadful it would be to wake up too soon and find ourselves "dismal failures," at our favorite hunting ground—the Ritz.

At heart we are striving to be recognized as individuals, but we do not seem to give out that impression to others. We may wear the same clothes, "string the same lines," do the same things, but underneath it all, how different we are! Every one of us has her own secret ambitions. We just do not know as yet how to express them—but give us time! We have our parties, invite our guests, all in the same way as the rest of our contemporaries, even the suppers are identical. People are such slaves to habit that when we think of giving a party we, naturally, want it to be a success, consequently, we feel that it should be like the last successful one attended by New York's younger set. It would be a relief if someone had original ideas once in a while, but somehow we just don't dare.

The second year is quite different, we have more time to think. It is very true that débutantes have very little time to think, why should they? They will have plenty of that later on—years and years of trying to figure out much more difficult problems than just being a popular débutante.

Have you ever thought of all that?

Very sincerely yours,
Katrinka Suydam

250 Park Avenue,
New York City
KVCS:F

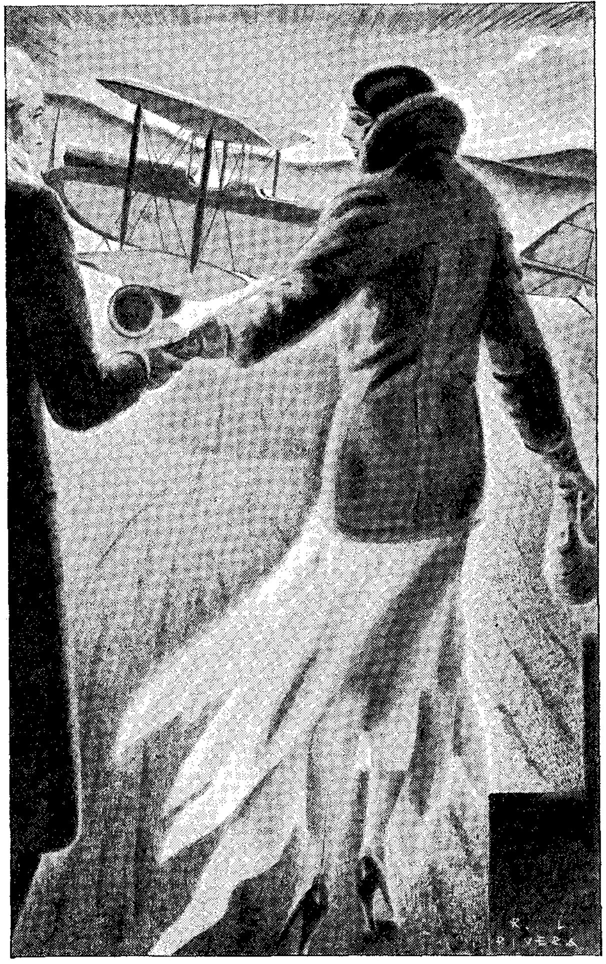
•

PRESCRIPTION FOR A SUFFERING FRIEND

A lobster and a cherry tart
With cream will help your aching heart.
They're better as a remedy
Than bichloride of mercury
For they provide you with a chance
To change your mind and join the dance
The while they manage to divert
Your thoughts from dwelling on the hurt
Within your fractured heart. . . . You'll gain
Relief from all that cardiac pain
If you'll agree instead to take
A good old-fashioned stomach-ache.

—Margaret Fishback

HATS OFF
TO THE YOUNG MODERN



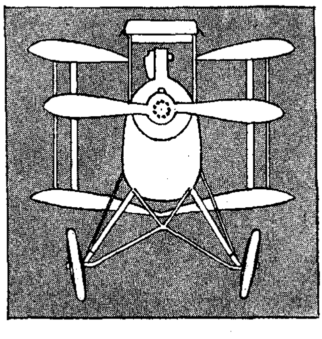
SHE'S done with the ground thrills—they're all right for mother. She's through with crawling nose-to-tail-light—when the sky's free . . . She owns the snappiest, easiest handled air-roadster that ever took off in 80 yards of parental lawn, or taxied to a stop in 120.

Down South today, she can hop off for a round of golf a hundred miles away—and land in 90 minutes. Later on, when the world swelters up North, she can think of the beach in the mountains, or the mountains at the beach—and go for a dip or a deep-woods hike while the rest are toiling up and down by road. She can climb 10,000 feet in 21 minutes and see the sunrise after a party . . . that's the life!

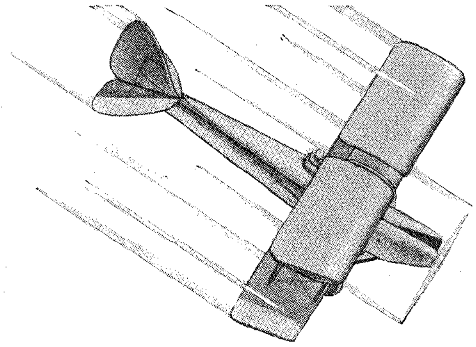
Her Gypsy Moth is a two-place biplane, open-cockpit, all-metal fuselage built for strength—with the slimmest silhouette that ever cut head resistance to a minimum. Thirty-foot span—release the wing lock and the wings fold up to 9—stows in a single-car garage—runs for less than 7 cents a mile, cruising speed.

Her owner changes wheels for floats—and owns a sea-plane. Adds slotted wings—and even Aunt Sophie isn't afraid to go for a spin . . . The gay young pilot can lounge along "hands off" five thousand feet above those boiling Sunday highways—powdering her nose. She can relax utterly, "feet off" in the ultimate blue—and calmly change her slippers . . . She wouldn't be as thoroughly at ease in Mother's Rolls, with Home-James at the wheel.

Come on, you swearing motorists—get an eagle's view of the world, with an eagle's way in the air! Make time you never dreamed of. Find speed that puts your tied-to-earth performance in a class with the one-horse shay . . . If you're young, keen, modern—give her the gun! Booklet? Dept. M-12



With wings folded, the MOTH easily fits into a one-car garage



MOTH AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Division of Curtiss-Wright
Sales Offices: 27 West 57th Street, New York

D.H.Gipsy MOTH

SPEED

Swift is the tempo of LLOYD EXPRESS where speed and luxury meet. Days catch the rhythm of gaiety. Nights offer profound repose. The time toward the coasts of pleasure passes in no time.

*

BREMEN
EUROPA
COLUMBUS

*

Sweet are the uses of leisure in LLOYD CABIN QUARTET: BERLIN, STUTTGART, MUENCHEN and DRESDEN, where relaxation recreates your energy for the holiday in Europe.

LUXURY

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

57 Broadway, New York City, or your local agent

HOCKEY

Betting on the Americans — Bad Simpson — Cops and the Referees

THE Boston-Rangers game Sunday night was sold out a week in advance. It justified the interest taken in it, but our award for the most exciting match of the year still goes to the American-Rangers game a few days before. The Rangers won by a goal that the referee, Odie Cleghorn, awarded them in the last few minutes of the overtime; but their victory is not definite yet, and will not be until the officials of the National Hockey League have read the affidavits from each team testifying what Joe Simpson did or did not do with his stick as he tried to stop Butch Keeling of the Rangers.

Cleghorn's decision came as a climax to a state of excitement that had been built up all evening in gradations resembling the episodes of a drama. These games between the two local teams are always well attended and full of tension because they attract bettors. The Americans have been trailing their division all season, but everyone knows that they are abler than they look; properly stimulated, and at long odds, they showed their real class not long ago by beating the World's Champion Boston Bruins. While it would have been foolish for even the most adventurous side-arena gambler to bet very heavily against a team near the top of the League, their record was good, and in the boxes people were making friendly wagers at even money.

THE rule on which Cleghorn based his decision is one which National League referees seldom invoke. Any player knows before leaving the junior amateur leagues that, if he throws his stick on purpose, the referee will give the other team a goal. Simpson protested that his stick had been kicked out of his hand—he had been playing hockey for fifteen years, he pointed out, and in the course of this time had come to obey the stick-throwing rule automatically. Keeling, whom Simpson was trying to stop at the time he committed his supposed offence, said he felt something touch his leg that felt like a stick and a

TODAY . . . TOMORROW . .

JANUARY 1930
TUE
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FRI
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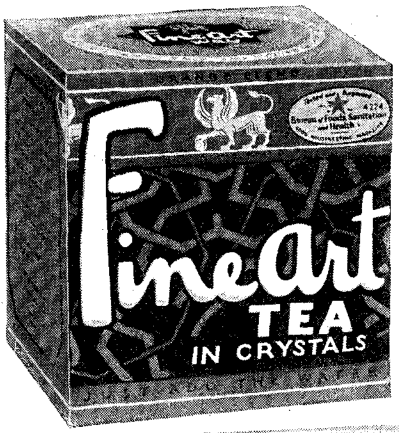
FineArt way
FineArt Tea

. . . AND TOMORROW


FineArt
TEA
IN CRYSTALS

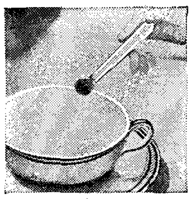
FineArt
COFFEE
IN CRYSTALS

For every today and tomorrow your tea will be exactly right, with FineArt* Tea in crystals. You always make tea correctly...and each person's cup to taste. FineArt* brings you the true tea flavour, fresh from the tea leaf to your cup. No teapot, no leaves. And it costs you less per cup. Start tomorrow with FineArt* Tea.

FineArt* Tea and FineArt* Coffee are obtainable both in the dollar canister and the fifty cent canister at Gristede Bros., Busy Bee, Daniel Reeves, Sheffield Farms Stores, Charles & Co., Acker, Merrall & Condit, Park & Tilford, Louis Sherry, Reuben's, Vendôme, and your leading neighbourhood food stores.

FINEART FOODS Incorporated
TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK

1. From the canister take a measure of crystals.

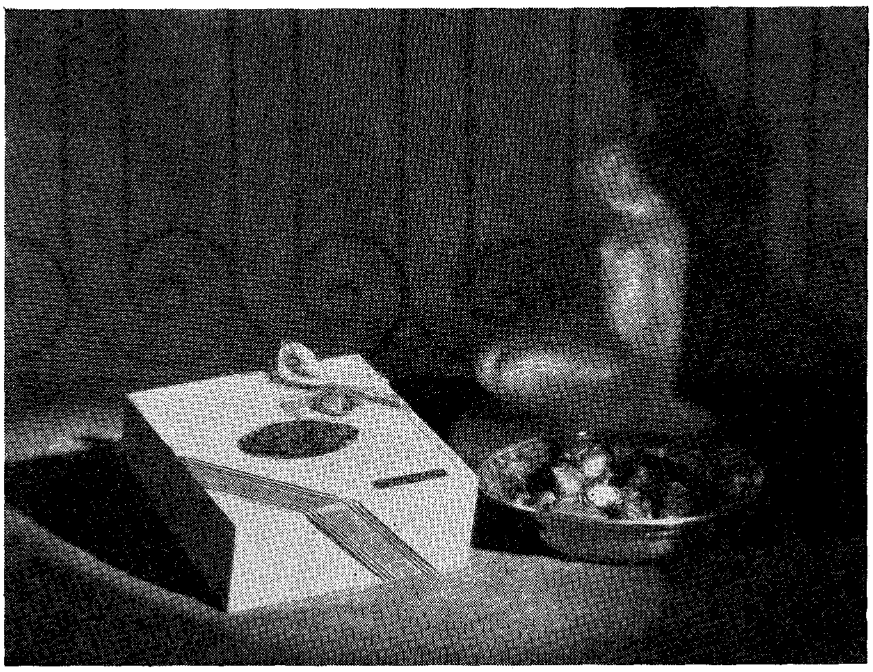


2. Put them in the cup.

3. Add hot water.

PURE COFFEE WITHOUT THE GROUNDS

PURE TEA WITHOUT THE LEAVES



If The Scales Go Up--

REMEMBER

Honey Is Less Fattening!

DON'T ruefully give up candy when the scales show those hateful extra pounds. You can find comfort in the delicious mysteries of HONEY-MAID Assorted Chocolates. These new confections are made from purest clover honey and are therefore **less fattening.** Tempting variety in striking modernistic packages of HONEY-MAID Assorted Chocolates, Chocolate-covered Peppermints and Honey Chews—the hard and chewy candy. At all leading dealers now.

A VALENTINE SUGGESTION

The New Yorker package, illustrated, cleverly reproduces a real honey comb. Popular small pieces in a de luxe assortment of chocolates at $2.50 the pound. A smartly different Valentine!

THE HONEY CANDY CO. OF AMERICA
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William Street

Honey-Maid Chocolates

second later saw something that looked like a stick shoot along the ice past him, but was too busy with the puck to tell whether this object, closely resembling a stick, had been thrown accidentally or deliberately. It might have dropped from the balcony, for all he knew. Since the Americans' appeal to the League committee is not based on an application of rule but an interpretation of fact, there is not much doubt that the League will back up its referee and let the decision stand.

THE penalty goal broke the tie, but there were still a few minutes of the overtime to be played. Ching Johnson gave Himes an elbow, and the next moment Himes skated swiftly up behind Johnson, who, being on his way to the penalty box, had his back to him. With a quick jump, Himes caught the big Ranger defence man in the pit of the neck. It seemed impossible that Johnson would ever get up again. Meanwhile Captain Dittman of the Forty-seventh Street Police Station had left his seat and was giving instructions to three cops he stationed at one of the gates at the Ninth Avenue end of the rink: "Take care of the referees when they come off the ice. You go to their dressing-room with them and watch the door. See that nobody touches them, and that nothing happens."

To make sure things were all right, Captain Dittman came back himself after the overtime, and found his guards in front of the little steel door of the dressing-room, supported by some members of the Garden's strong-arm squad. A protection of three policemen, a district captain, and a strong-arm squad may seem to exaggerate the dangers to which hockey referees are exposed after a close decision, but the guard was no more than adequate. Inside of a few minutes after the last gong, the space in front of the dressing-room was crowded with angry fans and bettors. Above the shuffle of feet on the concrete floor rose voices—"I could kill a ref who did a thing like that. . . . Yeah, they get police protection, but what do we get? . . . All right, put down my name. I want to protest. He was paid to say that. . . ." Behind the door Cleghorn dressed slowly, knowing by experience that people who wait for referees get tired out after a while and go on home. —N. B., JR.

•

She triped on the rug.—*Nevada newspaper.*

Probably an expensive rug, too.

JUST A POWDER? NO! AN INVISIBLE FILM OF BEAUTY

Imagine a Powder first blended by a new process, with new ingredients, to unheard-of fineness and purity—then scientifically adjusted to your individual type of skin! Not just a "coating" but a lovely invisible film!

Based on ingredients new to powder-making . . . blended by a 36-hour process including actual *sterilization* . . . Pinaud's Powder not only sets new standards of fineness—it is created in two distinct Types: one for the "oily" type of complexion, one for the "dry"—each Type scientifically adjusted to its particular kind of skin! The result is unparalleled: instead of simply *coating* your skin, Pinaud's Powder actually blends *into* it . . . clinging instead of caking, soothing instead of irritating . . . a subtle transfiguring film, invisible, delicate as the bloom of youth itself. Yet—Pinaud offers you this newest achievement—in six flattering shades—at the price you pay for ordinary preparations!

FLAWLESS AS A PETAL—THIS EXQUISITE POWDER FILM—SCIENTIFICALLY BLENDED FOR YOUR TYPE OF SKIN!

Pinaud

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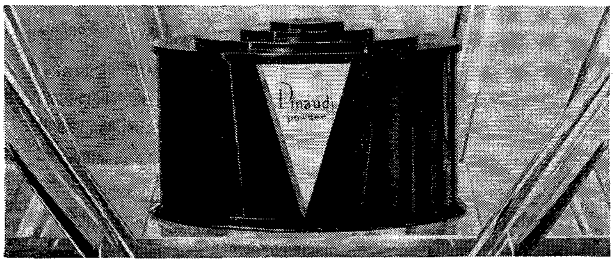
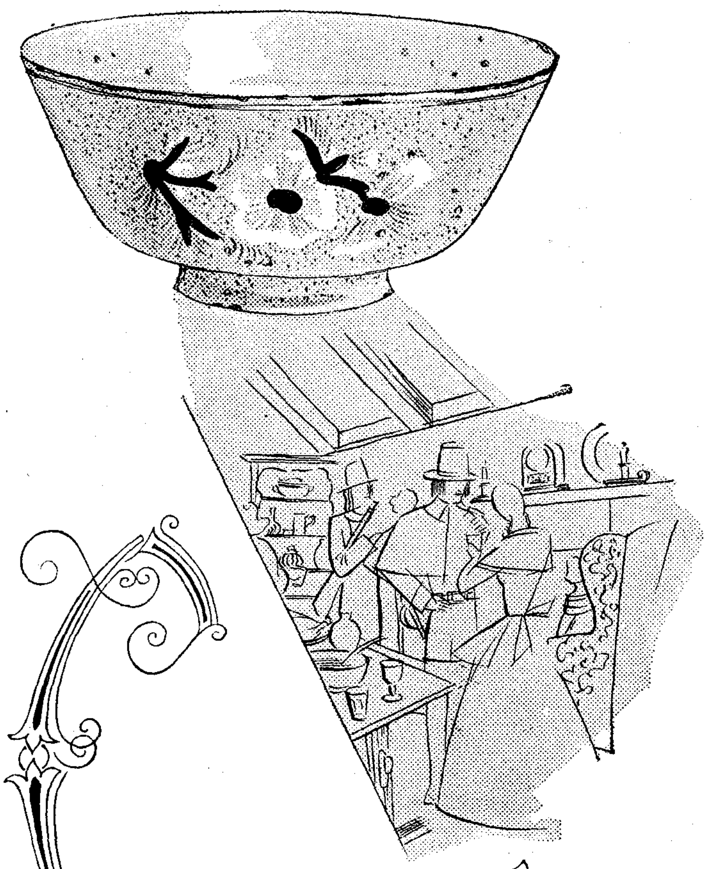
MAKERS OF FRENCH TOILET PRODUCTS FOR MORE THAN 150 YEARS, INCLUDING PINAUD'S CREAM · PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL · PINAUD'S EAU DE COLOGNE PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE · PINAUD'S SHAMPOO · PINAUD'S POWDERS.



You will find this new powder at your favorite shop. Type one for the skin inclined to oiliness. Type two for the skin inclined to dryness . . . available in the now-famous black box at $2—or in its companion package of silver for $1.

Copyright, Pinaud, 1930



Ceramics

Subscription Coupon

The Sun, New York
Dept. D

Gentlemen: I am enclosing check for $1.50 for one year's special subscription to the Saturday Edition of The Sun, containing Antiques and Interior Decorations Section.

Name____________________
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During the 17th Century, the pottery of Delft is said to have been the most widely distributed in Europe. Much of it came to America and one may now look forward pleasantly to viewing many extraordinary examples of the ceramic art and various articles of an antique and decorative nature at the International Antiques Exposition to be held at the Grand Central Palace, New York, March 3rd to 8th. In connection with this event, The Sun will publish a most magnificent and interesting Antiques and Interior Decorations Section on Saturday, March First. It is also suggested that a visit to The Sun booth will prove enjoyable.

Antiques & Interior Decorations

SECTION EVERY SATURDAY

The Sun

The Newspaper of Distinction in its Readers, its News and its Advertising

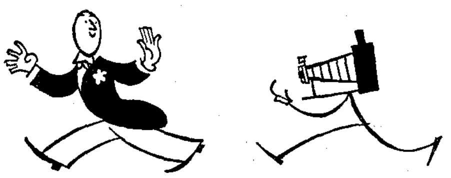
NEW YORK

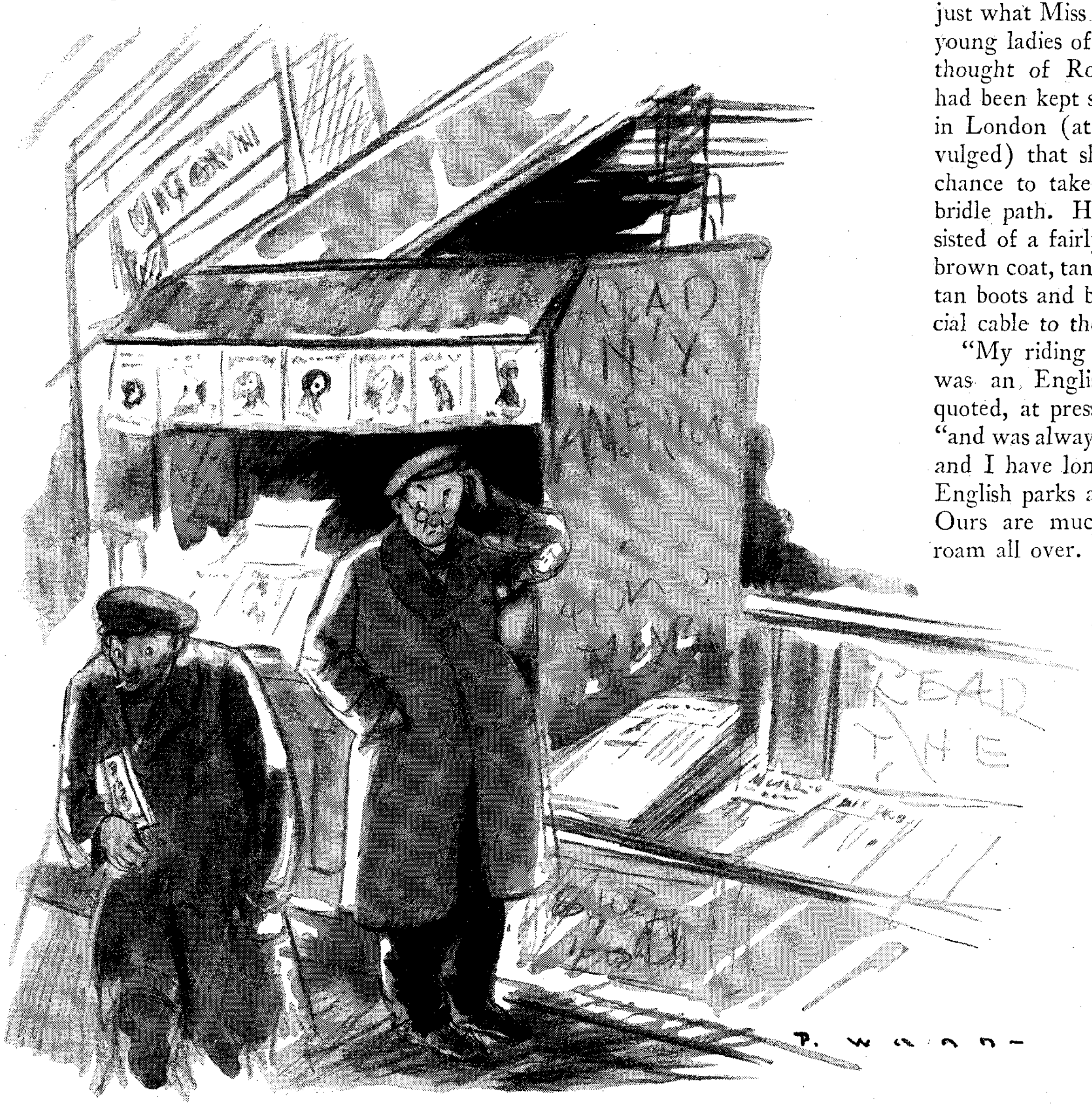
THE WAYWARD PRESS

AGENDA

THE big excitement in the newspaper offices during the past month has been the Naval Conference in London. The excitement did not spread. Chief Kenlon, at a late hour last night, gave out the statement that it was now confined to a small corner of even the newspaper offices and that, by tomorrow, the department expects to have the whole thing out and wet down.

The chief trouble was that, until last Thursday, when the correspondents were admitted to what is known as a "plenary session" (corresponding to the National Geographic Society in clubdom), there was nothing to write about. The *Times*, having sent everybody but Sam Zolotow of the Dramatic Department to London, was forced to come out each day with Edwin L. James' idea of what was going to happen or Mr. James' personal opinion on what had already happened, fortified by little sidelights on what the lady stenographers of the expedition were doing in their spare time. On January 24, Mr. James wrote as nice a little editorial as has ever appeared on the editorial page, in which he approved of Secretary Stimson's course the day before ("How much simpler, how much easier and how much more effective was it to let the others blow off steam and rest with all dignity on our claim for parity with the greatest other navy." The *Times'* typographical rules for news-stories forbade the use of the exclamation point which would have graced the sentence had it appeared on the editorial page) and let us in on the plans of the American delegation for the future ("As we did today, we shall listen while others argue, we shall listen sympathetically and in readiness to give our advice. And when they are ready to reduce we will talk business"). There really was no need for the *Times*, or any other paper, to have sent anybody but Mr. James to London. Perhaps even the delegation itself could have stayed at home.





"Well, I never figgered that guy for a 'Harper's'!"

But if the *Times* staff had not been there we should have been cheated out of such succulent items as that in the issue of January 29 in which we learned just what Miss Hurley Fisk, one of the young ladies of the stenographic force, thought of Rotten Row. Miss Fisk had been kept so busy since her arrival in London (at just what was not divulged) that she had only just had a chance to take a ride on the famous bridle path. Her riding costume consisted of a fairly short (not *too* short) brown coat, tan whipcord breeches, and tan boots and beret (this was by "special cable to the New York *Times*").

"My riding master in Washington was an Englishman," Miss Fisk is quoted, at press-cable rates, as saying, "and was always talking about the Row and I have longed to ride there. . . . English parks are different from ours. Ours are much wilder and we can roam all over. They are much more proper here, but still I loved it." (Miss Fisk could sue if that "but" was misquoted.)

It was nearly noon when Miss Fisk finished her official tour of inspection of Rotten Row, at which time (five hours earlier than in New York) she said: "Gee, I'm hungry. This English climate makes me ravenous." Before leaving for luncheon she added, wistfully: "I would like to see an English hunt. It must be a grand sight."

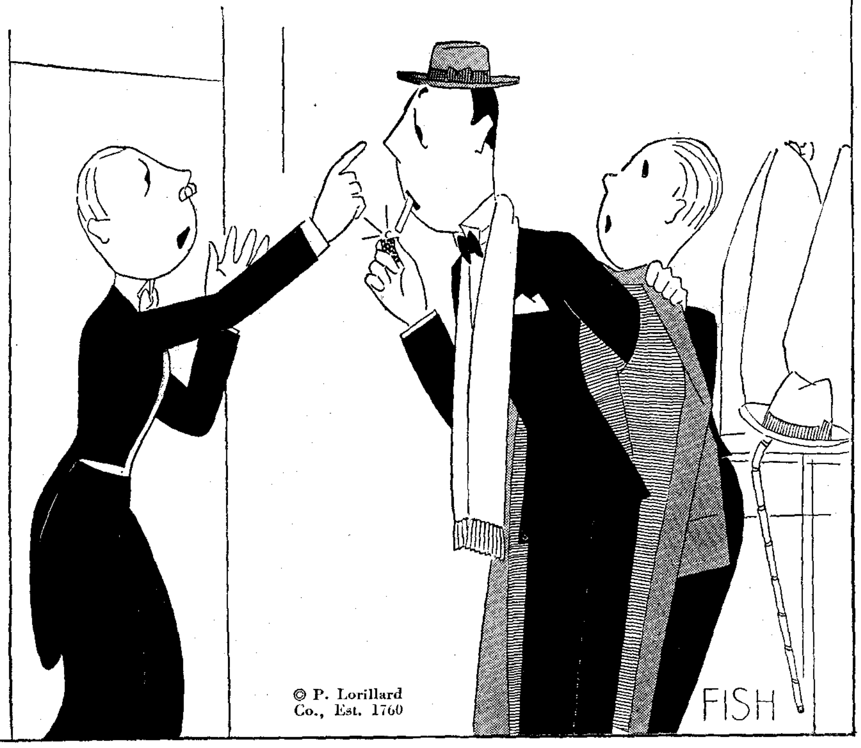
Whatever else is ac-

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

Instead of explaining

that you thought the hat was yours . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.



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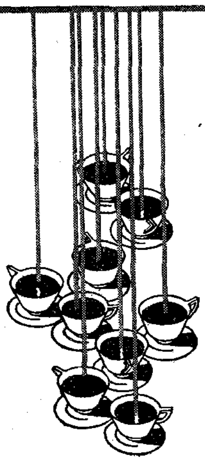
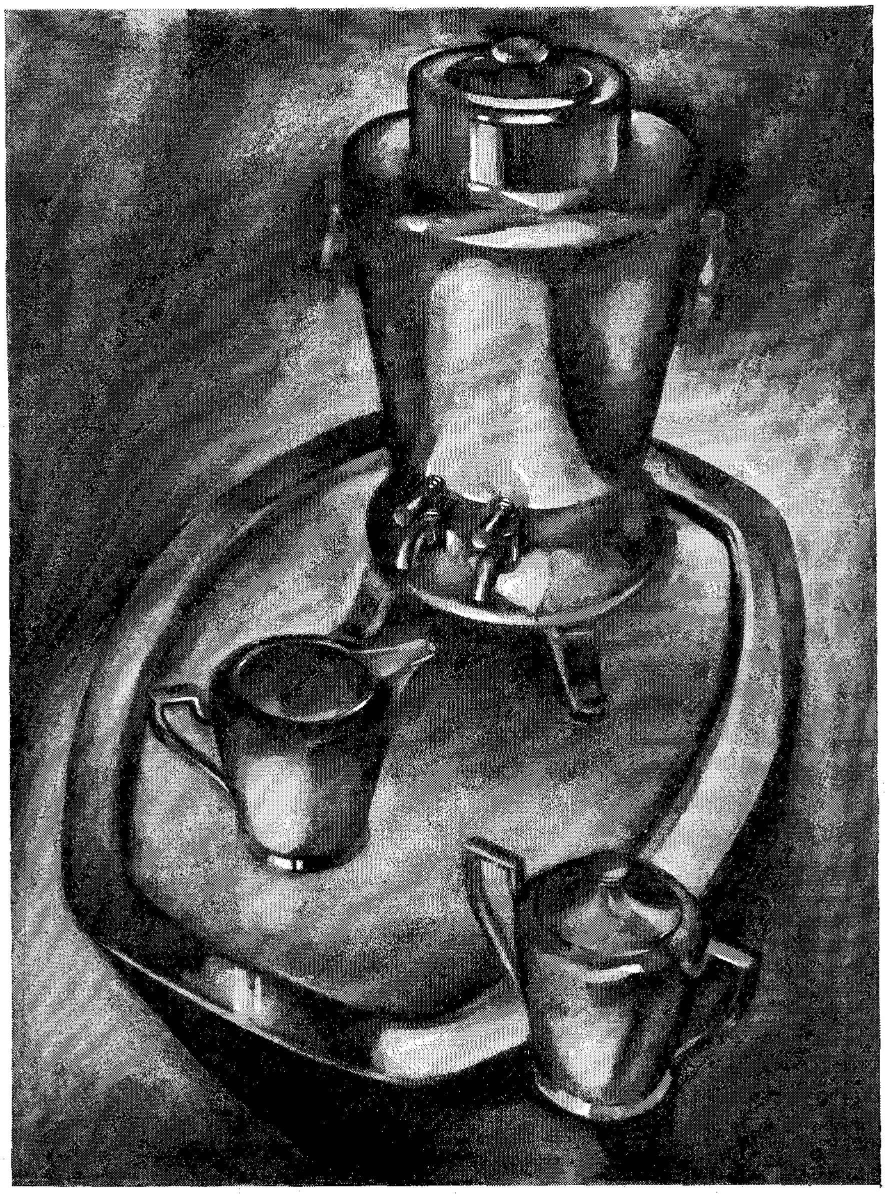
complished in London, we trust that Miss Fisk will be given a chance to see an English hunt and that the *Times* will tell us what she thinks of it.

Of course, however, one must admit that, with all the mess of unimportant news cabled over to the *Times*, its columns contained much more of real news value than those of the other papers. On the day after the opening, it was a marvel of complete news presentation, in comparison with which the rest seemed like so many simple clients of the A.P. and nothing else. But, with so many people under the obligation of sending in stories when there are no stories to send in, there is bound to arise, not only the tedium of dull dispatches, but the actual danger that editorial opinions expressed by unofficial representatives of the United States, in a paper as widely read as the *Times* throughout the world, will cause a feeling against the United States which might result in serious reprisals. Might it not be better if our correspondents confined themselves to a straightforward account of what has actually happened and, when nothing has happened, take a day off?

OF the other morning papers, the *Herald Tribune* seemed to have the most comprehensive line on things, although the *World*, by its frequent frank admissions that no news was available, inspired perhaps more confidence. On January 25, when the other papers were predicting and telling what was what, Mr. John Balderston wrote: "The *World* is unable to learn what reply the American delegation will give to this request. Secretary Stimson has gone to his country house, Stanmore." Presumably in company with Mr. James, of the *Times*.

The evening papers stuck pretty





The MENLO Siphonator

Complete set, 9-cup Siphonator, with sugar bowl, cream pitcher and heavy tray in chrome finish, $87.50. The Menlo Urn alone, $45.00.

COFFEE — clear aromatic, piping hot and *perfect* coffee — coffee made by the *drip* method endorsed by all connoisseurs from Mocha to Manhattan . . . If you like your coffee strong, the Siphonator will brew it as black as midnight. If you like it weak or medium, a twist of the left hand tap will give you hot water to dilute it to your taste — or to supply the tea hounds at the table. The coffee is kept hot, too, long after the current is turned off.

Edicraft Siphonator

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison, INC. ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

1890 d and r 1930

DAGGETT *and* RAMSDELL

CELEBRATE THEIR FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

WITH NEW PACKAGES

HA-KOL
VIVATONE
Perfect

SWEET decorum happily combined with the daring gallantry of the war and post war days . . . the mauve decade gone dahlia so to speak . . . that's the debutante of 1930. A throwback if you will to the *quality* of your grandmother's young days but with a spirit of your own, too, that has never been matched in any age.

For you, the famous family of Daggett and Ramsdell cosmetics has been repackaged in enchanting new containers. Crystal and silver bottles . . . porcelain and silver jars . . . all charmingly monogrammed . . . all decorative enough to set out on your ancestral Duncan Phyfe dressing table . . . all containing exactly the right beauty aids for complete care of the skin throughout your busy life.

●

How to use them

First: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Cream liberally. It liquefies instantly. Cleanses quickly. Wipe off with tissues.

Second: Apply Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and massage gently but thoroughly. Brings new life to the tissues. Stimulates the circulation. Wipe off with tissues.

Third: Wet pad with Vivatone and slap the face sharply with it to close pores, invigorate the skin and remove surplus cream.

Fourth: Apply a whisk of Perfect Vanishing Cream before your make-up. Result: Youth! Freshness! Beauty!

●

For headaches and tired nerves, a gentle application of Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne). Quick, harmless, safe—used for years by physicians and the public.

●

All Daggett and Ramsdell Products in their new modern dress are on sale in the same drug and department stores where you are accustomed to buy.

The man who Created these Creams and Lotions

The girl who inspired them

In the gay nineties the center of fashion whirled around the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street in New York. And thereby hangs one of the most romantic tales in all American business history.

For opposite this hotel was a little apothecary shop. And over that shop hung the name Daggett and Ramsdell. And within that shop, fashionable customers were to be seen daily, making their purchases of this and that. And behind the counter in that shop was a very clever man who had both knowledge and imagination. And as he watched the continuous parade of beauty . . . slender figures wrapped in velvet, dainty fingers concealed in mink muffs, sweet delicate faces blooming like roses under gorgeous ostrich plumes . . . he thought, "Something must be done to preserve all this fair beauty against the inroads of late hours, rich foods and wines, excitement and pleasures."

And so he set to work and evolved a face cream . . . a new kind of face cream that was better than any home-made creation ever concocted from the old recipe books . . . that could actually be put in jars and marketed far and wide so that the fashionables of other cities, and indeed, other lands, could enjoy its benefits. And so Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream was born. Mr. V. Chapin Daggett himself invented the formula . . . with his own hands he made the first quantity . . . with his own hands he wrapped up the jars and sold them to his customers. For no sooner had Perfect Cold Cream appeared on the counter of that little old apothecary shop, than the news flew like wild fire among his customers. "Here," they said, "is just what we have longed for." And so it was not long before the whole fashionable world was using and praising the new cream. Queens of fashion and Princesses Royal of the theatre flocked to buy. And that is how Perfect Cold Cream is today a tradition in smart households and in the theatre, passed on from grandmother to daughter to granddaughter. Once the best and still the best!

V. Chapin Daggett, *founder*

The girl who now uses them

We've saved till last, the best part of this story. There is a perfectly charming new introductory package of the Daggett and Ramsdell products, all in their 1930 dress. Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Vanishing Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream in regular sizes—*not samples.* A special bottle of Vivatone, too; absorbent tissues and cotton; and a practical new beauty book with all sorts of important information in it. A complete beauty outfit called the *Debutante Kit.* You've never seen anything like it, for the money. If you want one, send 50c. to Daggett and Ramsdell, 2 Park Avenue, New York. These kits cannot be bought in the stores as we are making a special offer direct to you to celebrate our fortieth anniversary. This is a real bargain. Do send for it. It makes a marvelous week-end or traveling package; you can keep one in club locker or desk. There's enough of each product in the Kit to give yourself several complete facials. Mail the coupon at once for our supply of these new Debutante Kits won't last forever! Act now.

The Debutante Kit

Special Offer — 50 CENTS

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Dept. F-2
Two Park Ave., New York

Enclosed find 50 cents for Daggett and Ramsdell's Debutante Kit.

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ State ________

YOU HAVE NEVER
H-E-A-R-D
DANCE MUSIC

until you've
listened to
GUY
LOMBARDO
and his ROYAL CANADIAN
ORCHESTRA*

Soft, dreamy music like the rhythmic murmur of melancholy waters . . . Then the lilting lure of a tantalizing tango tune . . . Finally a hectic pulsation continuously whipped up as tho a pause would mean its loss forever.

On chill winter nights GUY LOMBARDO serves up his menu of melodies piping hot, each with a dash of dash that recalls the Rhapsody in You!

DINNER . . . . 7 to 9:30
SUPPER . . 10:30 to closing
No Cover Charge for Dinner!

THE
ROOSEVELT
GRILL

MADISON AVENUE
AT 45th STREET

*Broadcasting Exclusively over the Columbia System

close to the A.P., which, under the circumstances, was rather wise. The *Post*, however, through Mr. Knickerbocker, seemed to have the jump on the rest when anything real happened, as witness its beat on January 27 on the story of the "clash" between France and Italy. It is one of the mysteries of newspaper-making that the evening papers, with the advantage of going to press practically at the conclusion of each day's conference, have less real news to offer of the day's happenings than the morning papers. Perhaps they get their news by *paquebot.*

The Hearst papers, with perhaps a true sense of what is real news, have devoted themselves so far to featuring the contest over the rise in phone rates.

THOSE reporters who have stayed at home during the London Conference have not been idle by any means, in fact they have probably been a great deal busier than their colleagues across the sea. The *Post*, in particular, has kept its men on the go. Aside from its laudable campaign to stir things up in the magistrate racket (one of the few newspaper campaigns which were of prime importance and handled with commendable courage and vigor) it has made its reporters dress up as supers in the Opera, go about all night seeing how people behave after 3 A.M., and in other ways tiptoe about town in one disguise or another in an attempt to present a stimulating picture of life in a great city. The value of these reports varies according to the amount of time the individual reader has to mull over his evening paper.

The *Telegram*, a crusader to the last, has had so many reporters testifying at hearings throughout the month that the wonder is that it has been able to gather any news around town. Hand in hand with the *Post* in the exposure of our easy-going magistrates, "baring facts" concerning the Edel case, and, in general, placing its men in a position where they are invaluable at official investigations, most of the staff seem to have been spending their time facing committees and deposing. The *Telegram* can always be counted upon to do the right thing by the under dog or Civic Virtue, even if the case involves only a band of deposed scrubwomen at Harvard, and far be it from this department to hoot at such activities. A city the size of New York ought to have at least one paper which concerns itself with causes which would not otherwise obtain publicity. The efforts of the *World* to show up police

ARRÊTEZ!

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307 & 310 EAST 44th STREET
3 blocks from Grand Central.

Presenting the most complete and unique apartment homes in New York at their prices—1, 2 & 3 rooms
$73 to $350 per month
—unfurnished. Now ready
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SIGN Another Emancipation Proclamation
ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
FEBRUARY 12TH.

LOCK up the desk, turn the key in the front door and spend the holiday with us. Just ask your wife how *she* would like to get away for a few days. No beds to make—no food to buy—nothing to do but what you *want* to do—and even your wife will say she never tasted such meals—nor slept more sound. Cost?—mighty little more than if you stayed home.

RATES—*American Plan*
Single . . $7 to $9 • Double . . $12 to $17
European Plan if desired

Colton Manor
One of the Finest Hotels In Atlantic City
For a week or a week-end enjoy the luxury of the finest appointments without exorbitant price. Booklet. Write or wire for reservations.
250 ROOMS OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN
SEA WATER BATHS
C. V. MEEKS, Mgr. • *A. C. ANDREWS, Pres.*

EUROPE

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By traveling under the American Express Independent Travel Plan you can become an experienced traveler on your first trip to Europe, whether you travel by motor car, airplane, coach, or train.

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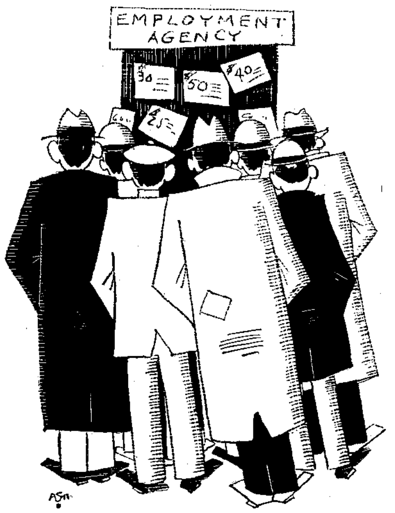
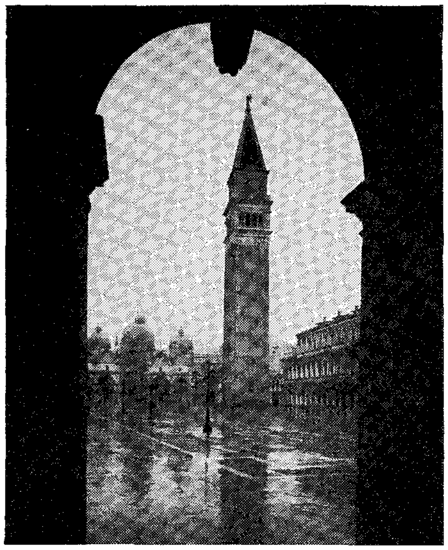
methods in dealing with the Communist gathering in City Hall Park resulted in a much quieter funeral for the slain worker than might otherwise have taken place. The *World* got its fighting blood up, one of its reporters having been socked over the police-card in the mêlée, and Commissioner Whalen evidently took the tip and decided that it would be better if his men lay off indiscriminate club-swinging, even though the *Times* editorially backed them up. So you see, newspapers sometimes do do some good.

THE *World* has lately offered itself whole-heartedly to the press-agents with an almost virginal gesture. Not content with printing dramatic and publishing news in those columns devoted to such items, it has given freely of its headlines and even its front page to stories which had no other possible value than that accruing to producers and publishers. On January 17 the front page divulged the exciting news that Sidney Howard and Louis Bromfield were to collaborate on a screen version of "Raffles" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, surely a reading-notice if there ever was one. On January 20 a two-column head covered the story that "EDDIE CANTOR PLANS TO WRITE PLAY WITH BEHRMAN, AUTHOR OF 'METEOR' " (it is very seldom that a press-agent gets the name of both play and author into the head), with a side-note for "Strike Up the Band" as Mr. Gershwin is also collaborating with Mr. Behrman on a "musical romance" for the movies. The name of the lucky movie concern was omitted by mistake. On January 27 a story on page 2 told of the sudden discovery, after five years, that "Nancy Boyd," author of a book called "Distressing Dialogues," might possibly be



EUROPE and Some Questions



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On my European trip what is the pleasantest, most practical route that *will include all the places I especially want to see?*

How can I be sure of getting the utmost in pleasure and profit for the amount I wish to spend?

What can I do before starting?

Let us answer these questions for you. In 89 years of experience we have smoothed the way for countless travellers. Our expert aid in planning will double your enjoyment.

We make a special feature of Individual Travel enabling full expression of your own ideas and meeting the requirements of your budget. You may start anywhere, anytime.

Group travel of every variation—early Spring tours via the Mediterranean to Italy, the Riviera, Continental Europe, Paris, London—later tours via North Atlantic—including automobile tours in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, and the European Continent generally—tours to North Cape—to Russia—and this year's special attraction—the Passion Play at Oberammergau, for which we are the Official Agents.

Special Air Cruises—General Airplane—Private Automobile Travel—Steamship Tickets by all lines—Cook's Travellers' Cheques good everywhere.

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in co-operation with

WAGONS-LITS CO.

Edna St. V. Millay (the book now purchasable from dealers in "rare books" at seven-fifty), with a picture of Miss Millay as she was in the days when everybody except the *World* reporter knew that she *was* "Nancy Boyd," author of those slightly unimportant sketches in *Vanity Fair.* And, on January 28, although not strictly dramatic or publishing advertising, Bloomingdale and Macy both got a nice little page 3 story on their cigarette price-cutting war, with Macy winning out in the final stock quotation at eighty-four cents to eighty-nine.

In view of all this, the *World's* editorial on January 21 entitled "Ballyhoo" seemed a bit gratuitous. The editorial quite rightly doubted that the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons would be blown up by the Fascisti on January 31 if a book called "Escape" was published, in spite of the news-stories carried by most of the papers that Mr. George Palmer Putnam, publicity artist extraordinary, had received such a threat. Unless our memory fails us, the *World* itself ran Mr. Putnam's story in its news-columns along with the rest, and, even if it didn't, it has, on the record, fallen for plenty of other "ballyhoo;" enough to disqualify it from doubting any word that comes into its offices with "for release Monday please" in the upper left-hand corner.

AN item appeared in the *Telegram* recently which has frankly given us many a sleepless night. Under the date line "Willow Springs, Mo.," we read:

> William Dodson has learned some new points about gypsies. Dodson became interested in a band of gypsies here and stopped to talk with them.

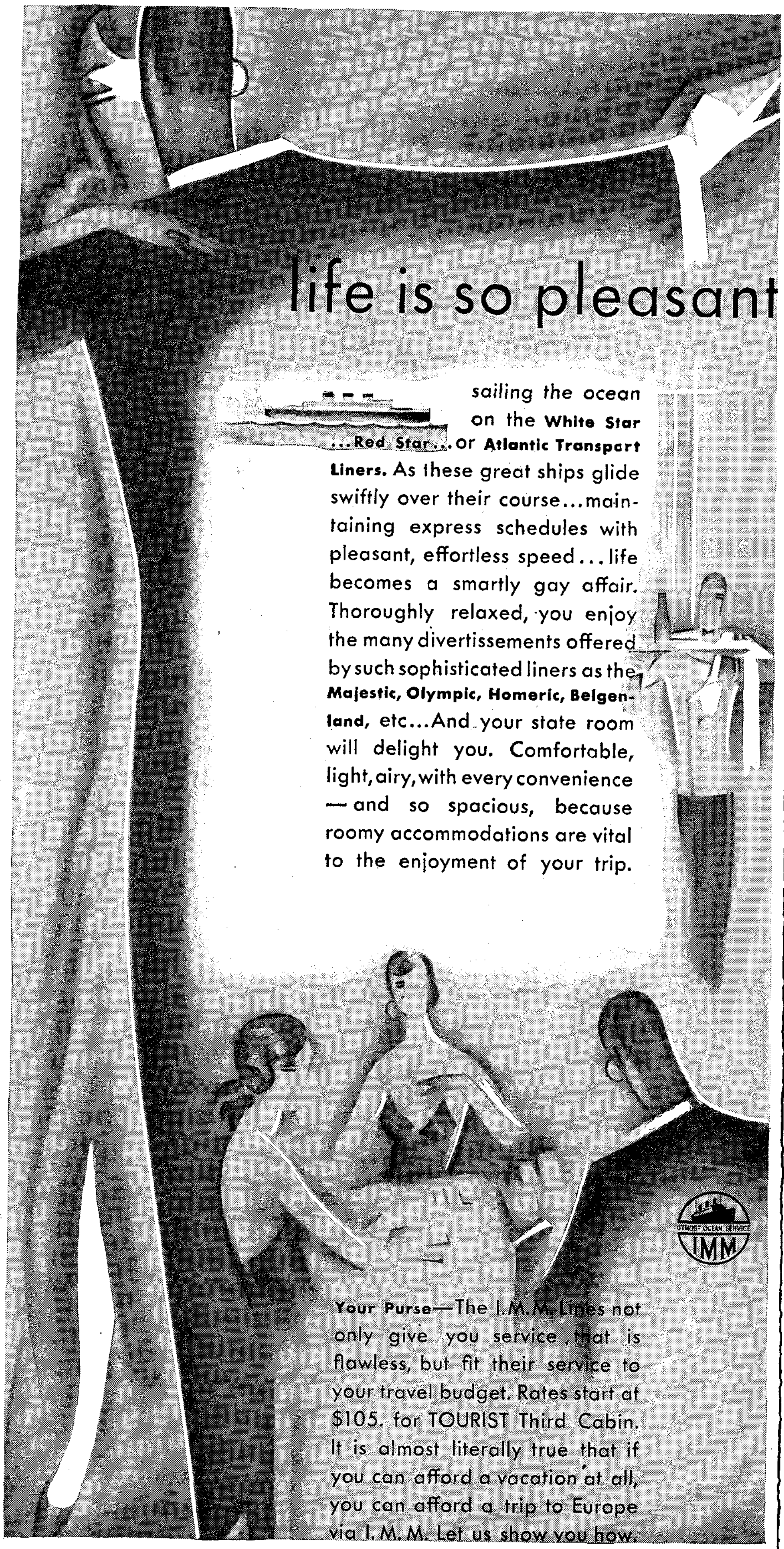
That is all that the *Telegram's* story divulges. Are we going to have to *write* to William Dodson to find out what the "new points" were? Or should one address the gypsies care Willow Springs postmaster? The *Telegram's* head "ROMANTIC GYPSIES" only excites us the more. In these days, no tip is too slight to take advantage of. It might mean a new life to some of us.

—GUY FAWKES

●

"When I started my own restaurant, I missed the active outdoor life I was used to," writes Charles Stanley of Stanley's restaurant, 100 West 32nd Street, New York City. "Indigestion set in. I was always tired."—*Yeast adv.*

Tired, and a little bit embarrassed.


life is so pleasant

sailing the ocean on the **White Star ... Red Star ...** or **Atlantic Transport Liners.** As these great ships glide swiftly over their course ... maintaining express schedules with pleasant, effortless speed ... life becomes a smartly gay affair. Thoroughly relaxed, you enjoy the many divertissements offered by such sophisticated liners as the **Majestic, Olympic, Homeric, Belgenland,** etc ... And your state room will delight you. Comfortable, light, airy, with every convenience — and so spacious, because roomy accommodations are vital to the enjoyment of your trip.

Your Purse—The I. M. M. Lines not only give you service that is flawless, but fit their service to your travel budget. Rates start at $105. for TOURIST Third Cabin. It is almost literally true that if you can afford a vacation at all, you can afford a trip to Europe via I. M. M. Let us show you how.

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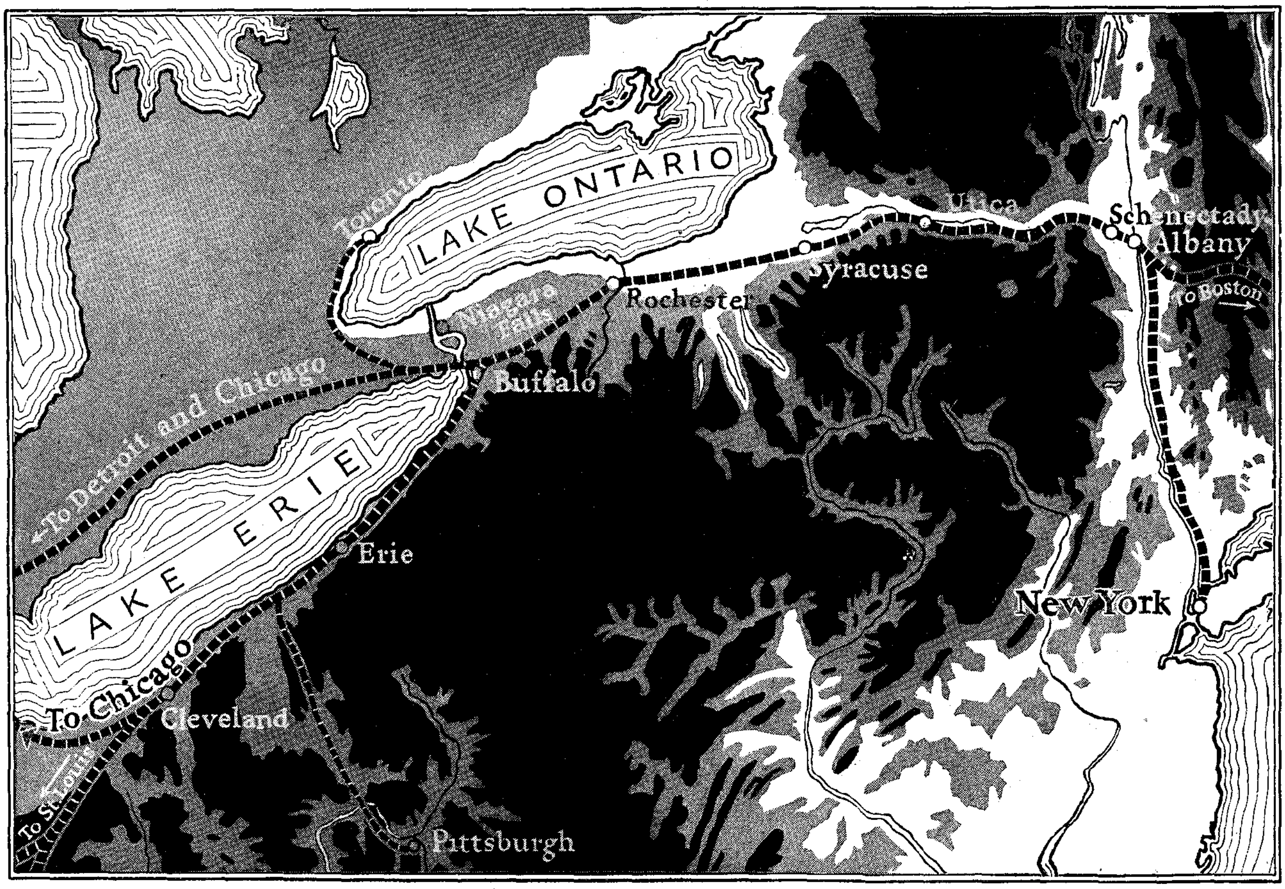
For information address No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents

NATURE LEFT JUST ONE NARROW PASS
in this 1000-mile mountain range



Topographic map of Northeastern States. Land less than 500 feet elevation in white; above 1000 feet in black. New York Central route is shown by broken line from New York up the Hudson, then westward through the only low-level pass. Map does not show New York Central western terminals at Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

THE New York Central main line through the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and along the Great Lakes, is a natural water level route—nearly at sea level for a thousand miles—although *it cuts straight through a mountain range.*

The Appalachian Mountains, extending from the Canadian border to Alabama, offer only one low-level pass for the easy transport of commerce between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. This is the historic valley of the Mohawk in central New York, which cuts through the rocky barrier at Little Falls, N. Y., at an elevation of only 370 feet above the sea.

The early railroad surveyors explored the mountains of New York, Pennsylvania and the Virginias hoping to find another natural highway to the West—but Nature had left only this one.

The topographic map above clearly shows why the New York Central is such a comfortable route for travel between the East and West, and why it has become the central artery of commerce through this great industrial region. The long mountain range, running northeast and southwest along the Atlantic Coast, is shown in black, the low country in white. The New York Central main line from New York City follows the majestic Hudson River at sea level to Albany, and then strikes through the Mohawk Valley pass to the level country of the Great Lakes region, and the western terminals at Chicago and St. Louis.

It is this unique level roadbed that makes possible the smooth operation of the great fleet of New York Central trains—led by the world famous *20th Century Limited,* "the most comfortable long-distance train in the world."

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED
Chicago . . . New York . . . New England

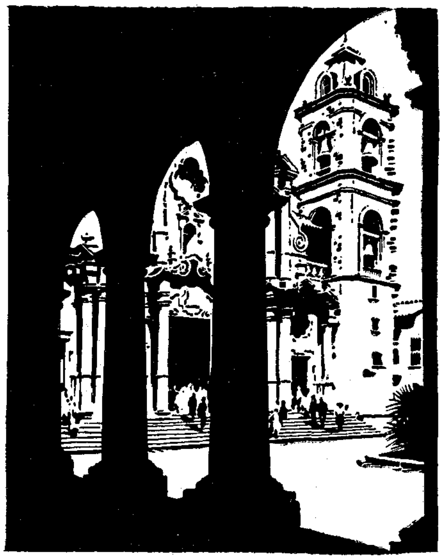
. . . .

SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED
St. Louis . . . New York . . . New England

NEW ◆ YORK ◆ CENTRAL ◆ LINES

ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST SAFEGUARDED BY AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

Go places and do things . . . in Havana



How about that trip to Havana you've been threatening to take? Go this winter . . . before the bloom is off your desire. You will thrill to the skill of Cubans playing their favorite indoor sport . . . Jai Alai. You'll strike an eager attitude on the terrace of the Jockey Club . . . and thrillingly anticipate the gait of your favorite—as the thorobreds flash by, neck and neck, on one of the most beautiful tracks in the world. You'll golf 'mid palms and swim in turquoise seas. In this land of warm, generous sunshine and dreamy, delicious moonlight . . . sport does the unexpected—it stirs the tropical languor.

Sail any Wednesday or Saturday in either of Cunard's famous transatlantic sisters, the Caronia or Carmania. Minimum round trip rates first class only $175. All-expense tours of 9 to 20 days' duration from $193 up.

A GALA EVENT
s. s. MAURETANIA
sails to Havana February 12

This popular transatlantic flyer will be the largest and fastest steamer to Havana. If you are planning a trip to Havana, this Mauretania sailing represents the very last word in speed and luxury . . . the high spot of the winter social season.

Send for descriptive literature to your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York

CUNARD
HAVANA
SERVICE

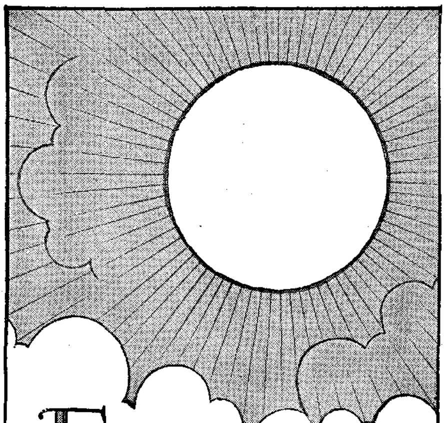
"A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN"

YOUR reading of Virginia Woolf's new book. Your admiration of her intelligence. Your complete agreement with her theory that women need more solitude in which to develop their talents. Your decision that, if you had had a room of your own and five hundred pounds a year, you could have written an "Orlando," too. Your decision to *get* five hundred pounds a year. Your decision to get a room of your own, anyway. Your Joan of Arc sensation.

Your mention of the subject to your husband at breakfast. Your let-down feeling that he offers no resistance. Your firm refusal of his offer to leave the car for you to shop about in town for the room. Your emphatic declination of his suggestion that you lunch with him at the club after you've found the room. Your feeling that he completely misses the seriousness of this move on your part. Your tolerant kiss as he leaves. Your momentary stab of pity for the poor fellow, and your conclusion that it's just as well he *doesn't* understand. Your admission that he is doing his best to make you happy, but that he is very obtuse if he expects bridge luncheons and golf to fill *your* life.

Your glance at yourself in the mirror. Your sudden observation that your hair looks simply terrible and that you really *must* have a shingle. Your instinctive dash for the telephone to make an appointment with your hairdresser. Your remembrance of the infinitely more important day that is ahead of you. Your mental glow as you realize that shingles no longer matter. Your decision to let your hair grow, since Mrs. Woolf has long hair in her pictures and probably finds it less trouble. Your remembrance that all Mrs. Woolf's pictures have a somewhat 1920 air, and that she may have bobbed since they were taken. Your chilling thought that maybe she *hasn't* bobbed and that it's just her hair that makes her look that way. Your hasty search in a desk drawer for a snapshot of yourself before you bobbed. Your shudder. Your impatient dismissal of the subject of hair as a disturbing and unworthy one.

YOUR half-hour wait for the bus to take you to town. Your reflection that it might have been wiser to take the car after all, and save your strength for your writing. Your heightened spirits as you find that the best player in your bridge club is on the same bus. Your conclusion that the



FLORIDA
THE EMPIRE OF SUNSHINE
(*A Soliloquy*)

"The same kindly sun now bidding me good-night after bathing this glorious Florida in Palm-Sifted Sunlight all day gave me chilly greetings through icy clouds yesterday morning as I left New York . . . This is the Empire of Sunshine!

"From frigid Manhattan to tropical Florida in 23⅓ hours . . . A miracle and on a marvelous train . . . *The Miamian.*"

The Miamian Leaves Penna. Sta., New York, daily at 9:40 A. M. Arrives Jacksonville 9:00 A. M., West Palm Beach 4:10 P. M., Miami 6:00 P.M.—"*One Night Out.*" 8 additional fast daily Florida trains.

Tickets, Reservations, Information from
Mr. B. F. FULLER, A. G. P. A.
8 West 40th Street, New York
Tel. LACkawanna 7080

Atlantic Coast Line
The Standard Railroad of the South

daily trip to town may not be so bad if there's a chance of meeting someone you know. Your effort to keep the conversation serious by telling your companion the object of your trip to town. Your discouragement when you find that she's never heard of Virginia Woolf, and, furthermore, that she is suspicious and disapproving of the whole project. Your indignation when, in a whisper, she asks if you've read "Ex-Wife." Your feeling that the whole thing is quite over her head. Your hasty changing of the subject. Your uncomfortable thought that the other members of the bridge club may take a similar, nasty-minded view. . . .

Your wonder, upon arrival in town, as to the best way of going about finding that room, anyway. Your perusal, in the lobby of the Biltmore, of a "furnished room" column in a morning newspaper. Your energetic dash uptown, by subway, to a room described as "light, cheerful, airy, in exclusive house." Your rejection of the dismal attic that is shown you by a pompadoured woman chewing gum. Your recollection that genius gathers around Washington Square, and your subsequent procedure, by Fifth Avenue bus, to an address in West Eighth Street. Your dislike of the smell of garlic in the vestibule, and greater dislike of the unheated back room you are offered by a smocked man with protruding eyes and dirty neck. Your sense of relief when you are safe in a taxi. Your resentful reflection that all New York rooms are too cold, too dirty, too utterly uninspiring, for any creative work. Your decision that it must be very different in England, where Mrs. Woolf writes.

YOUR realization that it is lunchtime, and that you're hungry. Your bright thought of dropping in at the club and surprising your husband. Your remembrance of the bridge luncheon being given by the fortnightly the next day. Your reflection that you had better call the hairdresser at once and make an afternoon appointment for that shingle. . . .

—MARION STURGES-JONES

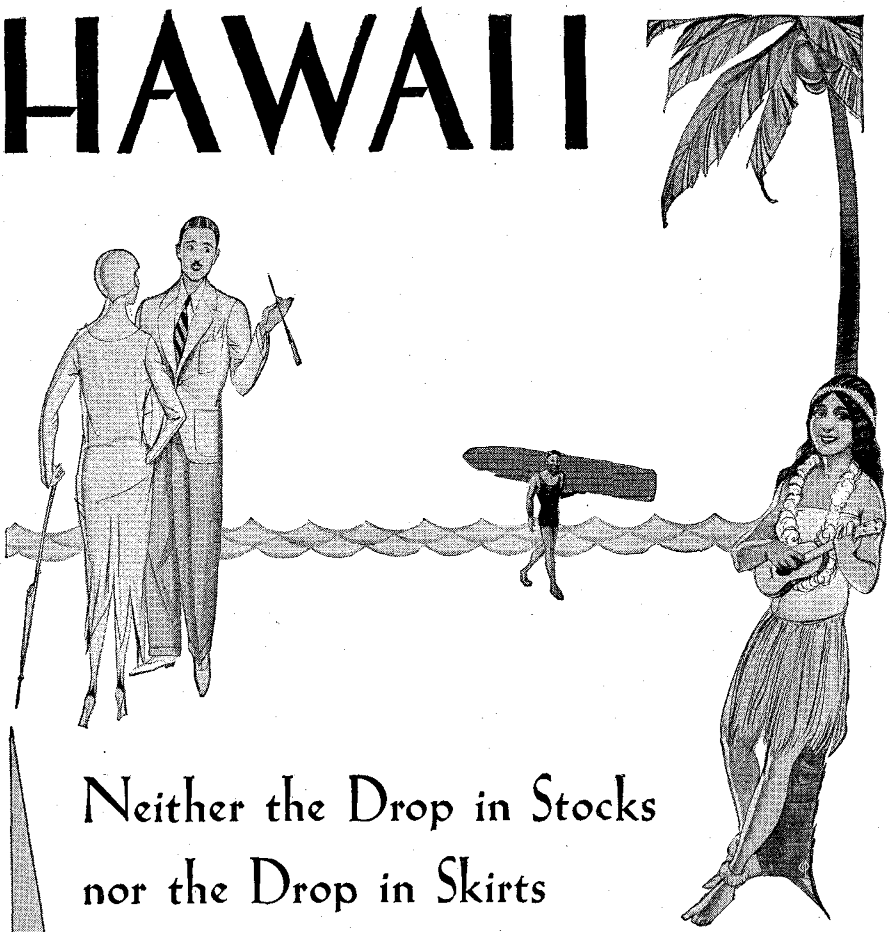
•

THE EDUCATION OF A POLICE COMMISSIONER

[*From the Boston Herald*]

From Johnson the commissioner [Grover Whalen] obtained translations of the obscure terms in the letter. Thus, the detective said "rod" means gun, and that a grand is $1,000.

HAWAII



Neither the Drop in Stocks nor the Drop in Skirts

. . . seems to have mattered very much in Hawaii

ALL such periodical flurries Hawaii laughs off with sub-tropical insouciance...a blithe serenity that is positively contagious. Like a Waikiki tan, it can be readily acquired at any season, by anyone.

They say, too, that this state of mind greatly improves one's golf. Bring your clubs and give it a try...taking on a South Sea game fish or hiking to the brink of a volcano, now and then, by way of real exercise.

*Southern California is en route...when you book LASSCO...*and after you've made Los Angeles, Hollywood and points adjacent a colorful chapter of your past, you can taxi to the gangplank and sail from Los Angeles directly over the preferred southern route to Hawaii.

LASSCO, with nautical wisdom, balances one great ship, the "City of Honolulu," with another, the "City of Los Angeles," alternating them with the rest of her fleet. Result: a sailing schedule that fits any itinerary...accommodations that please every taste...epicurean meals, smart atmosphere, everything the travel-wise expect on the finest of ocean liners.

Attractively Priced Tours for Spring and Summer... a point in the discussion that will be amply covered by your ticket agent. See him, or apply at any LASSCO office.

25-2

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LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO

730 South Broadway . . . . . Los Angeles
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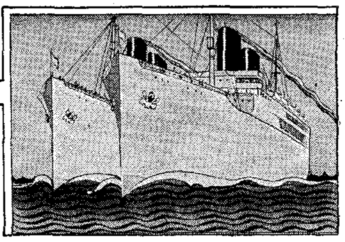


The GREAT
SEALTIEL
NOW EXPOSING HIS BIG SECRET
NOT TO SPEAK OF
JANE & GINGER
WHO SEEM TO KNOW MORE THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE
AT DON DICKERMAN'S
COUNTY FAIR
54 EAST 9th
AT BOTH DINNER & SUPPER
(SUNDAYS ONE SHOW AT 9.30)

TABLES FOR TWO

Broadway Gone British—With Music by Reisman—Rough and Very Tumble—For the Gentry

AFTER doing much too much romping around in the bright lights, viewing with an expert eye the improvements in midnight entertainment during the past weeks, I am forced to the reluctant conclusion that either old age and ennui are creeping over me or else good times haven't their former verve. For instance, I can remember the first Charlot revue, which set the whole town British. But, except for Beatrice Lillie, they wear thin, these British—though they may be useful in a dire emergency like a war, or some other disaster that requires their dogged tenacity.

The Casanova has recently gone high-hat, insisting on formal dress and having as an incentive Jack Buchanan and Jessie Matthews. Well, in the first place, the Casanova is a dreary kind of room. Everybody could be covered with diamonds and Paquin gowns, and it would still look the opposite of festive. Jessie Matthews didn't appear the night I was there (how these women fear me!). Jack Buchanan comes out and is sprightly, though refined, and sings little songs. And I said that Bob Johnston at Barney's sings the gigolo number better than Buchanan and my escort said pish-tush Buchanan is much lazier and I said nobody is lazier than Bob Johnston and he said anyway nobody's waistcoats fit like Jack Buchanan's. And there we were at an *impasse*. It just shows you can't please everybody. There were some quaint peasant dancers there too, but it takes more than peasants to make my evening.

THENCE we dashed forth to the Central Park Casino, which is a lovely spot in summer, and there were Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry from "Wake Up and Dream," who do a swell fast dance, full of trick turns and hurling about of the lady, and a grand tango. Tina Meller was also performing the night I attended, doing set-teeth Spanish numbers. But the real reason for going there is still the fact that Leo Reisman's orchestra is what it is. I want the piano player for Christmas. I want Leo Reisman for my next birthday. Daddy, buy me one of those.

THEORIES are going around through my head after all these years and all these hangovers. A night club ought to be soulful and dreamy, so that you can talk and drink and get romantic in comfort, or it ought to be gay and sparkling and well-dressed and chic, or it ought to be low-down and rowdy and slapstickish so that you laugh. You know—Clayton-Jackson-and-Durante guffaws. Why they don't consult me when they open these places passes my understanding.

For rough-and-tumble jollity of a Broadway type, the Hollywood Restaurant ought to keep you in stitches, my dears. In the first place, there is no cover charge. In the second, the girls in the floor show are more than passing fair, and wander around the tables in the good old-fashioned way. Then, there is a marvellous apache dance (I was tired of them too, but this is different). And a team of roller-skaters who sail forth and twirl and twirl. At the conclusion of their act, volunteers are asked for, and there is always some inebriated gentleman representing the Dry Goods Emporium of Wichita, Kansas, to step forth blushing. He is whirled about like a top, left dazed in the middle of the floor, and kindly attendants follow him around with cushions until he drops softly to the floor. I haven't laughed so since I don't know when. The alert butter-and-egg men pack the place nightly, as do the wiser Broadway boys, all because it has witality. There is a revue at dinner, too, but the place is so crowded you can't talk and are likely to find perfect strangers sitting on your lap, and I don't like strangers eating my shrimps. It is, however, the place for a good hooray after-theatre mood.

THERE is also verve, in a childish, silly, romping way, at Don Dickerman's Daffydil in Eighth Street. The tone is set by the California Collegians, wno have their own ideas of humor.

There is a magician at the club, for instance, who swipes your money, watch, handkerchiefs, and so on, unbeknownst to you, and returns them. The Collegians, directly afterwards, are quite likely to dash up to the properest woman in the room and gravely hand her a nice little pair of lace-trimmed panties to the delight of all. All kinds of clowning and general merriment, for people who remember their prom-day laughs.

FOR well-dressed, well-behaved, lady-and-gentleman fun, nothing has ever taken the place of the Lido and the Montmartre, unless it is the Embassy, which is closed to the general public. Beatrice Lillie is at the Lido, being inimitable as usual, presenting Lillieisms both old and new. Moss and Fontana return as soon as their new revue is established on Broadway. At the Montmartre, Larry Siry, Czar of Contagious Rhythm, is waving the baton; Julie Johnson and George Murphy do the ballroom dancing, and Jane Moore and Billy Revel dance in a slapstick way, playing Cupid and his darts and taking comic falls on all occasions. They are rather a shock in that atmosphere, but some like them.

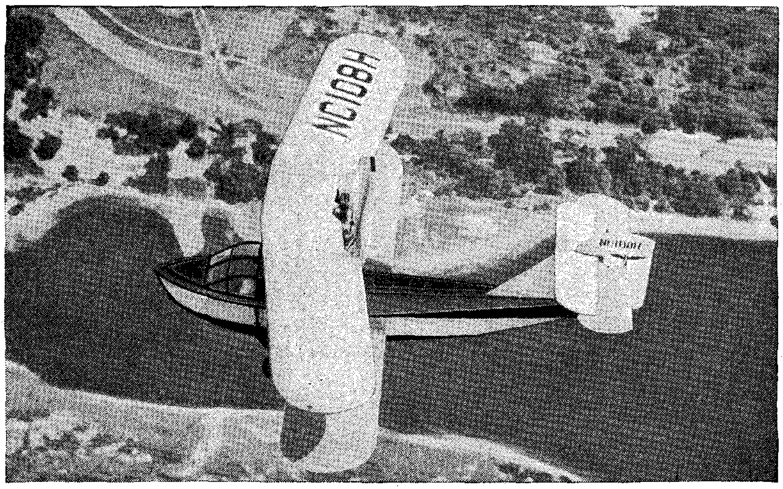
AT the Club Richman, Harry, who is crooning through a megaphone these days, projects his strange appeal toward chorus girls and upholstered dowagers alike, aided and abetted by Ann Pennington and Norma Terriss. . . . The Savoy, in Harlem, is drawing dauntless crowds who have heard that real razor fights sometimes go on there. . . . Florence's is a bit too rowdy for this country girl, though if you want to stay out until the crack of dawn it is just the place to pick a fight with somebody. . . . The Jungle Club, which is semi-private, has Miller and Farrell, Dwight Fisk, and a casual, comfortable tone. . . . All the Forty-ninth Street speakeasies that Count are in Fifty-second Street now. —LIPSTICK

•

QUESTION. One day while sitting in the movies I happened to put my arm around one of the most adorable girls in the world, my girl. In just a little while the usher flashed her light in our faces, saying: "None of that, young man, none of that." What would you do when you pay 50 cents and then can't even put your arm around your own girl? What are these movies coming to, anyway? K.F.—*Boston Daily Record.*

Answering your second question, we don't know.

Put this Plane on a Blue Dime!



Ten thousand feet up you see them . . . two blue dimes . . . Big Bear and Arrowhead Lakes . . . nestling in the California Sierras.

Long has the sporting blood on the West Coast sought an amphibion that could scale the lofty, pine-clad peaks eternally guarding these tiny lakes . . . swoop down to water . . . cleave the tiny wavelets . . . then soar home again.

One amphibion reached them . . . and remained a prisoner until passengers, gas, chairs and everything not riveted down was discharged.

A second got there . . . and stayed there, until it was dismantled and carried down in sections.

So the motto of the cocky little lakes was "If you get on, you can't get off" . . . until the peerless IRELAND appeared!

This giant gull swooped out of a sky of fleece and blue . . . tucked its wheels under its wings . . . streaked a ribbon of white foam across Big Bear . . . taxied up to a fringe of forest . . . turned 'round . . . and took off in 20 seconds . . . with three passengers, a full load of gas and its full complement of cabin requisites and equipment.

But you can expect such performance from an IRELAND. It's designed and powered to give it. Takes off land or water quicker, climbs more steeply.

If the allurement of the air intrigues . . . (and who is immune to it?) . . . buy an IRELAND Amphibion. So stable and "airworthy" you can take your hands off the controls in midair for hours at a time. Operate it like an automobile . . . wheel control, self-starter, foot pedals, instruments that defy error . . . visibility upward, sidewise, forward — the super-powered Pratt-Whitney Wasp Motor is amidship and your cabin roof is of glass.

Dependable? A roll call of IRELANDS shows every one in service and carrying pleasure-loving folk to paradises of pleasure without mishap.

Like to go up? Write for a demonstration, literature and particulars. Ireland Aircraft, Inc., Garden City, Long Island, New York.

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Engine—Pratt and Whitney Wasp	425 H.P.
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Serve Kaffee Hag Coffee at evening parties. Wonderful, rich coffee that every one can enjoy without hesitation.

No drink has ever pleased Americans like good coffee. Yet, thousands of people who *love* coffee do not drink it because they fear it will keep them awake.

Now, all can enjoy it. . . . Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a delicious blend of the world's finest coffees—*with the caffeine removed.* And so skilfully is this done that not one bit of the wonderful coffee flavor and aroma is lost! How much better than cheerless substitutes!

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Kaffee Hag Coffee is the original caffeine-free coffee. And now, after years of continuous experiment, the blend has been wonderfully improved. There is no finer coffee on the market. New vacuum tins *seal* the flavor in.

Will you try it? . . . Isn't there some one in your home who loves coffee but fears to drink it at night? Give him Kaffee Hag Coffee. Two cups, three—as many as he wants. Make it just as you make any other coffee. How pleased he'll be. And how restfully he'll sleep. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee at your dealer's.

Or let us send you a sample. . . . For 10c, to cover postage and handling, we will send you a 10-cup sample of this delicious caffeine-free coffee. Test it at *night.* See for yourself what satisfying, luscious coffee it is—and how well you'll sleep.

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Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

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Address__________________________

Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE *that lets you sleep*

MUSIC

Oscar Straus Mak
Recitals by Many I

AMONG the composers who have honored us with visits this winter are Glazounow, Medtner, Prokofieff, and Oscar Straus, and if you think that this makes an ill-assorted quartet, you probably are correct. Three of these musicians have been heard in concert halls; the fourth is here to uncoil a few thousand feet of melody for sound films. Perhaps you do not care to consider him as a serious man. Possibly you look on him as a waltz engineer only. If that is the case, Mr. Straus should worry; and so should you, for the man has created some of the finest melodies of our time, and if you don't like them, may you be condemned eternally to hear concerti for a solo piccolo by von Webern.

The revival of "The Chocolate Soldier" at the Jolson is better scenically and vocally than the previous offerings by the more or less resident company, but even if it were not nearly as good as it is, it still would be attractive by virtue of the Straus score. Unless it be the second act of "Die Fledermaus" (some of which you may find embedded in "A Wonderful Night"), there is nothing in light opera to equal the first act of "The Chocolate Soldier." It is not only the much battered and still beguiling "Hero" waltz that lends it distinction. The Bulgarian march is as fine a criticism of militarism as anything in the Shaw play from which the libretto is derived. The trio for three women is a masterpiece, and the orchestral touches at the end of the act are delightful, even if they were obscured on the opening night by some bungling in the pit.

Straus' melody has a *Volksweise* character that distinguishes it from anything else in operetta. It may lack the brilliance of the tunes evolved by Johann Strauss, the buoyancy of the best of Sullivan, the touch of *morbidezza* that underscores certain waltzes by Kalman, or the nostalgic charm of the quieter moments of Robert Stolz. (You don't know Stolz? Let's hope you haven't long to wait.) But almost everything Straus composes has a naturalness, a subtle inevitability, that links it to folk music. How he would fare with grand opera is an inviting

VENTS

isit and Is Revived—
nd Not a Few Voices

avenue of inquiry on which I shall not enter, except to note that there is much in "The Chocolate Soldier" that indicates more than a gift for dramatic music.

In the Jolson performance you will hear a soprano named Alice Mackenzie, who sings with so much ease and style that you will wonder why she isn't famous. You will hear other items of a less entrancing nature, but you will enjoy the evening.

THE recital business seems to have perked up lately. Albert Spalding, according to report, leaped from a boat to play in Carnegie Hall, and he is better than ever. Whoever said that if his name were Spaldinski he would arouse riots was not far from the truth. He is a superb artist, and he plays the fiddle without behaving as if he were suffering from cramps. An importation, Nathan Milstein, has made a good impression with his violinistic agility, although his smooth publication of everything from Paganini to Brahms seems to be deficient in breadth. There also is a new 'cellist, Gregor Piatigorsky, who started off indifferently as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony but came into his own in a recital which established him as one of the few 'cellists who can play for more than ten minutes without causing one to speculate when the rest of the orchestra will arrive. He proved that it isn't necessary to hear a Bach solo sonata in a Godowsky piano transcription to discover whether it is good music.

Two eminent contraltos, Sigrid Onegin and Sophie Braslau, have been with us, and both indicated that contraltos no longer consider it imperative to imitate slide trombones. Mme. Onegin still has the most amazing vocal compass of any singer now available, and she did unbelievable things with an air from Rossini's "Cenerentola." She also is a show-woman and she turns a song recital into a thoroughly exciting event. Miss Braslau, who is associated with many songs that always have been sure-fire for her, bravely abandoned them, except as encores, and exhibited one of the best programs of the year. Her curiously "dark" voice had some new colors in it, and when, for the first time that I can recall, she indulged herself in a

Obviously a subway traveler, Watson!

THE missing buttons on the coat. Torn off in the struggle. The haggard appearance. The bedraggled air. The limp—that hack on the shin was obviously painful. All mark the man who lives in some distant inaccessible place and travels by subway.

How different the man who lives in Tudor City. His spruce appearance proclaims that he enjoyed the brisk walk to his office this morning. He will get home as easily in the evening.

And at Tudor City are to be found all the conveniences of modern living. An eighteen hole miniature golf course, two restaurants and a coffee house, community stores, Miss Travers' Tudor City School, an indoor and outdoor playground, garage, private policemen. Come and see these apartments for yourself. Ask particularly to see apartment 51F.

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NAME ADDRESS

bit of out-and-out comedy, she had to repeat it.

Of the débutantes, Nora Fauchald, a soprano who not only sings well but also sings unusual music, and Margaret Halstead, a mezzo-soprano with excellent vocal endowments, were welcome additions (or should it read "exceptions"?) to the list of newcomers.

—R. A. S.

POPULAR RECORDS

The Return of Marion Harris—High Tide in Crooning—A New Band

AFTER too long an absence, Marion Harris has returned to the waxes, and her Brunswick doubling of "Nobody's Sweetheart" and "My Fate Is in Your Hands" is worthy of any collection. In such academic matters as phrasing, diction, and production, Miss Harris can give master classes to most concert artists, and, even more *mirabile dictu*, she manages a recitation without tempting one to throw the piano at the phonograph. The accompaniments, by the way, are exceptionally good.

Ruth Etting continues her long line of fine Columbia discs with a version of "Crying for the Carolines" that makes any others I have heard sound like the efforts of the ladies who sing on morning radio programs. With it comes "If He Cared," a fairish ditty, to which Miss Etting lends an evanescent importance. Annette Hanshaw, on Okeh, renders "I Have to Have You," and almost melts the wax with her insinuating cooing. A more domestic note appears in "When I Am Housekeeping for You," which stabilizes the temperature on the other side of the record.

In case you care for good tenoring, try Victor's "A Bundle of Old Love Letters," by the mellifluous Lewis James, which is teamed up with Paul Oliver's "Should I?"

A NEW dance orchestra appears on the Brunswick list—Lloyd Huntley and his Isle o' Blues Orchestra. Records of the month:

SAME OLD MOON—SAME OLD JUNE and HEAD LOW—Lloyd Huntley and his Isle o' Blues Orchestra. This whimsically christened band seems to work in pairs—trumpet duets, saxophone duets, and so on—and always in sweeping rhythms. There are many fascinating quirks in the

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One Hundred and Eight East Thirty-Eighth

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ONE *and* TWO ROOMS with private terraces and all the conveniences and facilities of large co-operatives. Twenty-five stories of varied layouts. Interesting prices. Ready next Fall. Now selling from plans.

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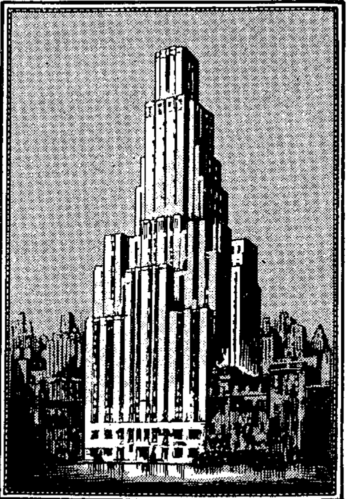
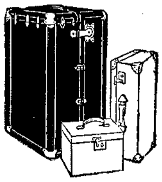


Luggage

for the trip South



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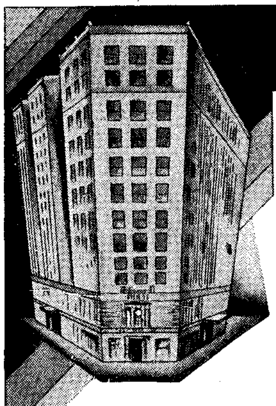

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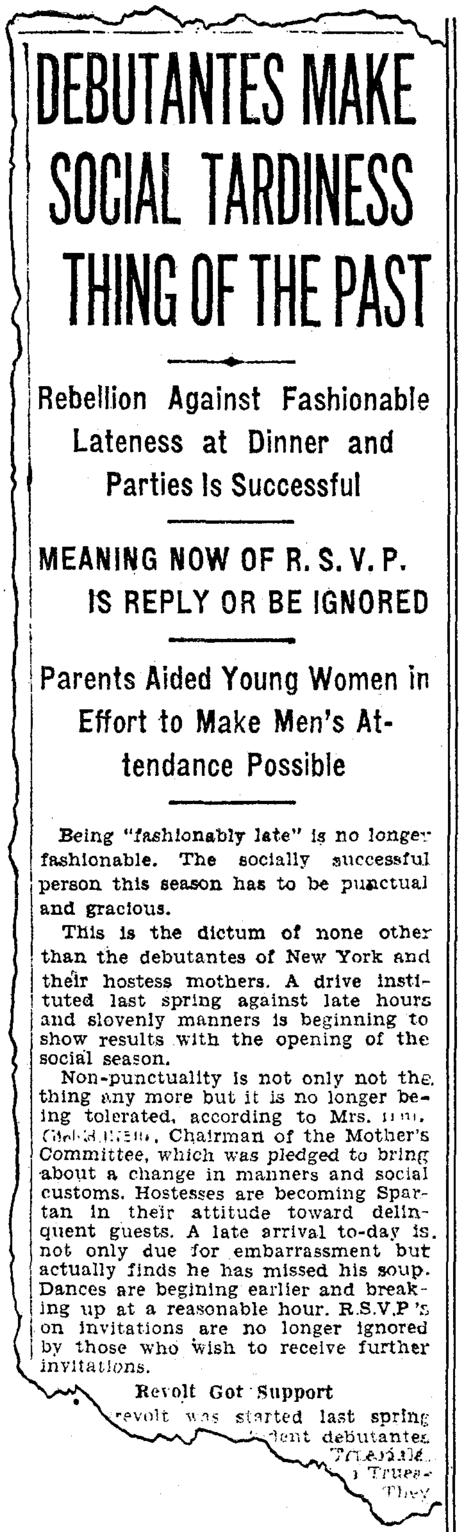


DEBUTANTES MAKE SOCIAL TARDINESS THING OF THE PAST

Rebellion Against Fashionable Lateness at Dinner and Parties Is Successful

MEANING NOW OF R. S. V. P. IS REPLY OR BE IGNORED

Parents Aided Young Women in Effort to Make Men's Attendance Possible

Being "fashionably late" is no longer fashionable. The socially successful person this season has to be punctual and gracious.

This is the dictum of none other than the debutantes of New York and their hostess mothers. A drive instituted last spring against late hours and slovenly manners is beginning to show results with the opening of the social season.

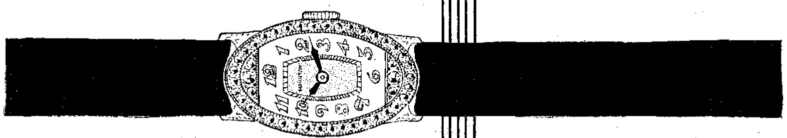
Non-punctuality is not only not the thing any more but it is no longer being tolerated, according to Mrs. [illegible], Chairman of the Mother's Committee, which was pledged to bring about a change in manners and social customs. Hostesses are becoming Spartan in their attitude toward delinquent guests. A late arrival to-day is not only due for embarrassment but actually finds he has missed his soup. Dances are begining earlier and breaking up at a reasonable hour. R.S.V.P.'s on invitations are no longer ignored by those who wish to receive further invitations.

Revolt Got Support

revolt was started last spring
dent debutantes
Truesdale
Trues-
They

QUITE SO!

Debutantes *have* made social tardiness a thing of the past. Being "fashionably late" is no longer fashionable ... The socially successful person this season has to be punctual and gracious ... Hence the anomalous popularity of these exquisite Hamiltons—secret favorites in high society because they *are* so punctual and so gracious.



Above—The "CHEVY CHASE," Model A—17 jewels. One of the loveliest Hamiltons—in 14k white gold, with plain dial and inlaid enamel numerals, plain case (as shown), $75.

Upper left—The "EUGENIE"—There's a sheer exquisiteness in this platinum 17-jewel model, encircled with 44 gleaming white diamonds, $600.

Lower left—The "BRIARCLIFFE"—A charming new 17-jewel wrist model for ladies. In 14k white gold, $75. Raised gold numerals, $10 extra.

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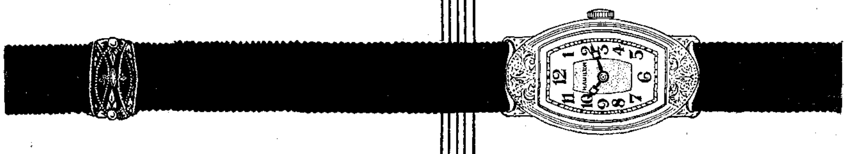
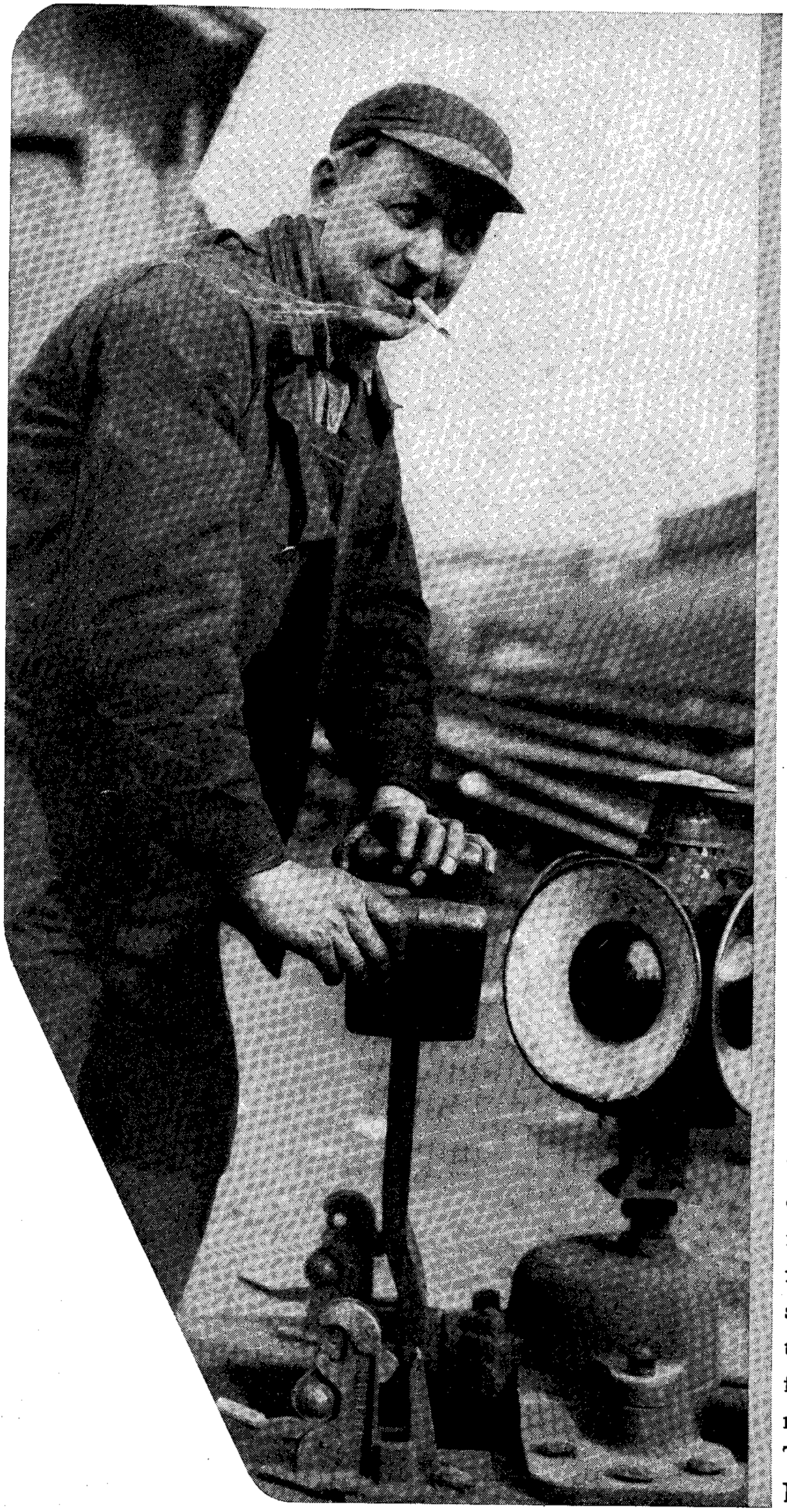


Hamilton

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



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Are you side-tracking one cigarette brand for the next? That's it... you're not quite mouth-happy! So switch permanently to Spud and Spud's cooler smoke. Stay mouth-happy with that constant, moist-cool, mouth-comfort which Spud brings ... which lets you enjoy Spud's choice tobacco leaf and blend without limit... right through two packs a day, if that's your cigarette appetite! It's Spud's 16% cooler smoke doing the trick... heightening all the more, your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Veteran smokers, novice smokers, heavy smokers, light smokers... they're all hailing Spud as the 20-Century freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

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JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

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orchestrations, and you'll enjoy the novelties. (*Brunswick*)

Look for the Silver Lining and Wild Rose—The High Hatters. Film tone poems of erstwhile musical comedies are bringing back many fine tunes, and Mr. Joy's High Hatters manage the duo from "Sally" magnificently. The scoring has a lightness and transparence that brighten up everything, even if Kern music isn't in need of leavening. (*Victor*)

Why? and Cross Your Fingers—Ben Selvin and his Orchestra. Two arias from "Sons o' Guns," brilliantly intoned by Mr. Selvin's ménage. Mechanically, also, this record is one of the best in a long time. (*Columbia*)

St. Louis Blues and After You've Gone—Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. New conceptions of familiar Senegambiana, and there is nothing quite so smoky as Mr. Armstrong's singing of vocal choruses. (*Okeh*)

The One Girl and West Wind—Ben Bernie and his Orchestra. Two Youmans ditties, one old, one new, snapped out fulsomely by the young maestro. (*Brunswick*)

The Man from the South and Harmonica Harry—Ted Weems and his Orchestra. Odd blends of orchestration, singing, and patter, performed with great vivacity and virtuosity. (*Victor*)

I Want to Be Happy and Tea for Two—The Ipana Troubadors. Magnificent revivals, played with a grand "lift" and many orchestral effects, none of them freakish. (*Columbia*)

Singin' in the Bathtub (Hotel Pennsylvania Music) and What Do I Care? (Ed Lloyd and his Orchestra). The year's most waggish ditty, transformed into a neat fox trot, along with a colorful bit of sobbery. (*Okeh*) —Pop

•

SHE MEETS A FRIEND OF HER SON

It's sad, but unimportant now,
When shy youth sat upon your brow,
You laughed to see how kittens played,
"Oh boy, they're cute! Aren't you afraid
They'll rip the buttons off your chair?"
You asked in earnest sitting there.

You had not learned smooth words to say,
The later college cloisonné
Of properly enamelled speech,
You blurted out, "Gee, you're a peach
To ask me here with Tom tonight!
You're sure it's going to be all right?
I'd hate to bother . . ." But you stayed,
And just because we had no maid,
You secretly next morning spread
The covers neatly on your bed.

You're handsome and your smile is sweet,
You have most gentlemanly feet,
You wear gray spats, a yellow cane,
And English tweeds on days of rain . . .
But please don't patronize me so,
You were much nicer years ago!

—Patience Eden

now a tiny wire tells time!

PLUG YOUR TELECHRON CLOCK INTO AN ELECTRIC OUTLET . . . ITS INFALLIBLE ACCURACY IS ASSURED BY THE TELECHRON MASTER CLOCK IN THE POWER HOUSE

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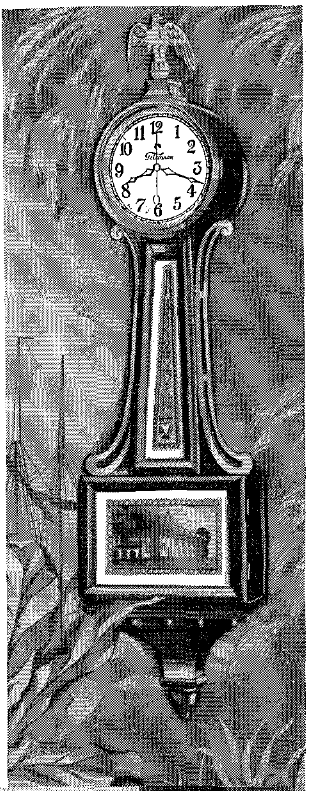

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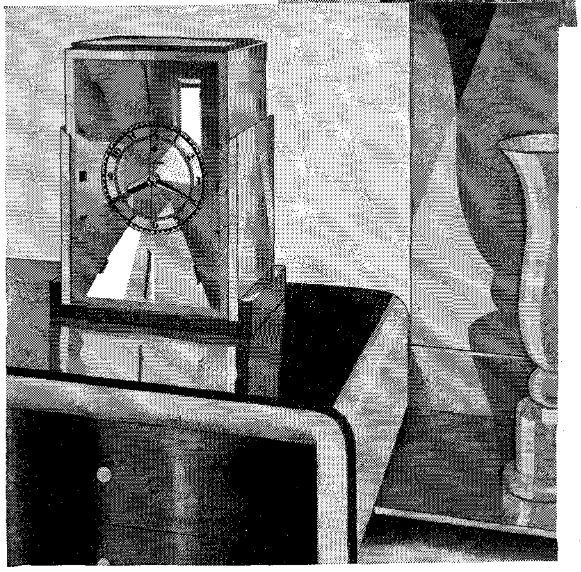
right, above: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early-American design. Mahogany case with colored glass panels. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 32½". Price $50.*



right: *Modernique, for the home of today—and tomorrow. Designed by Paul Frankl, foremost exponent of modern decorative art. Metal case with brushed silver finish. Height 7¾". Price $50.*

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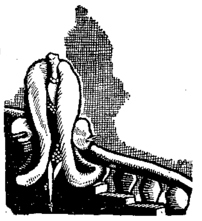
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



PARIS, FEBRUARY 3

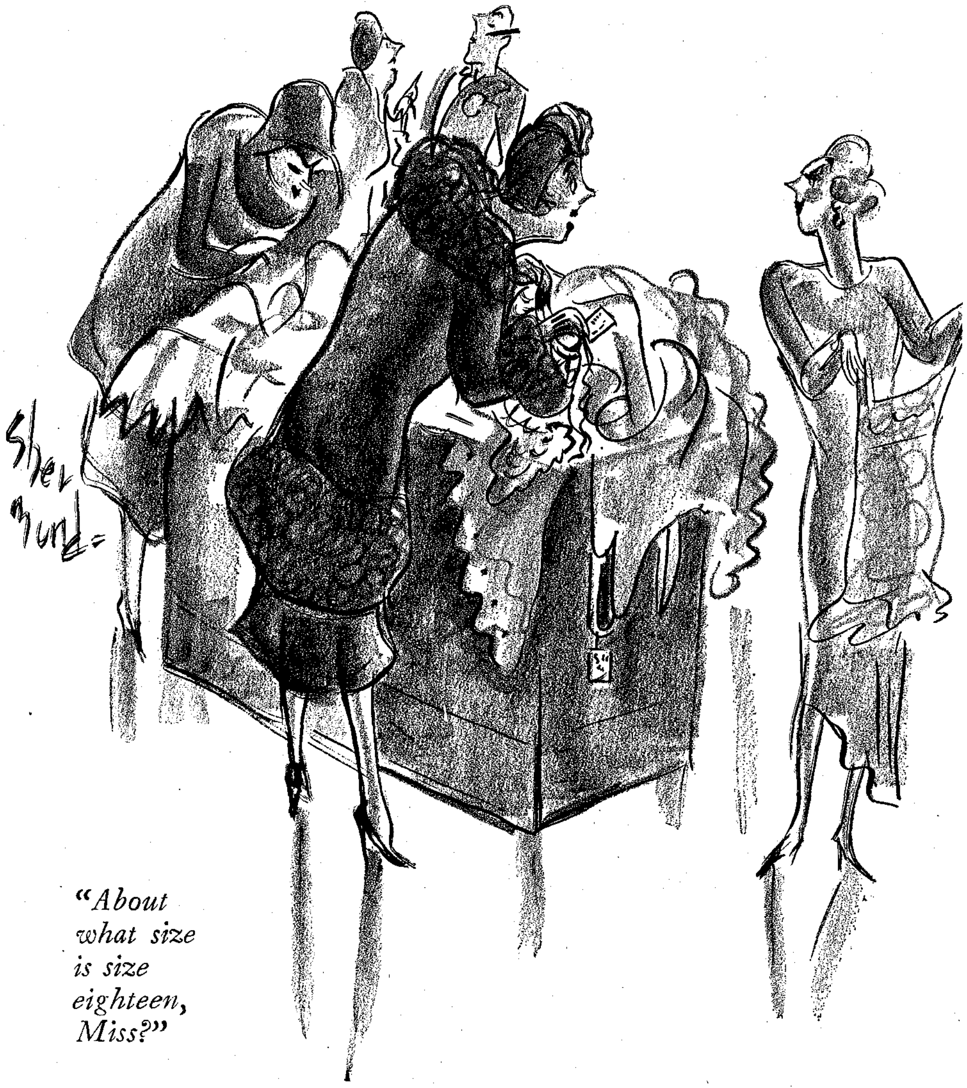
GREAT EXCITEMENT OPENS SUMMER COLLECTIONS. UNPRECEDENTED NUMBERS OF BUYERS APPARENTLY ANXIOUS OVER SKIRT LENGTHS AND WAISTLINES. SUZANNE TALBOT SPLURGES IN GRECIAN DINNER DRESSES WITH SANDALS, AND TOE-LENGTH AFTERNOON DRESSES WITH SHAWLS AND POKE BONNETS IN THE EMPIRE MANNER. HER BLUE TAILORED SUITS HAVE PRINTED RUBBER ACCESSORIES, EVEN TO SCARF, HAT, HANDBAG, AND GLOVES. ARDANSE DANCE FROCKS ALL OF RUFFLES WITH LONG GLOVES IN MATCHING COLORS. CHANTAL'S NEW EVENING CLOTHES INCLUDE A BRIGHT DEEP CORAL. PEA GREEN, NAVY, AND POWDERY BLUE GOING BIG, TOO. HER AFTERNOON DRESSES FOUR TO EIGHT INCHES LONGER THAN BEFORE. LONDON TRADES AND JANE RÉGNY BOTH GO LONG ON SPORTS SKIRTS. HEMS NEARER ANKLES THAN KNEES. CHANEL SPORTS SKIRTS FIFTEEN INCHES FROM THE FLOOR AND DEFINITELY FITTED. RÉGNY SPORTS COLLECTION NEARLY ALL WHITE. PAJAMAS MUCH IN EVIDENCE EVERYWHERE. LOOKS LIKE A BIG SUNBURN YEAR. B.M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

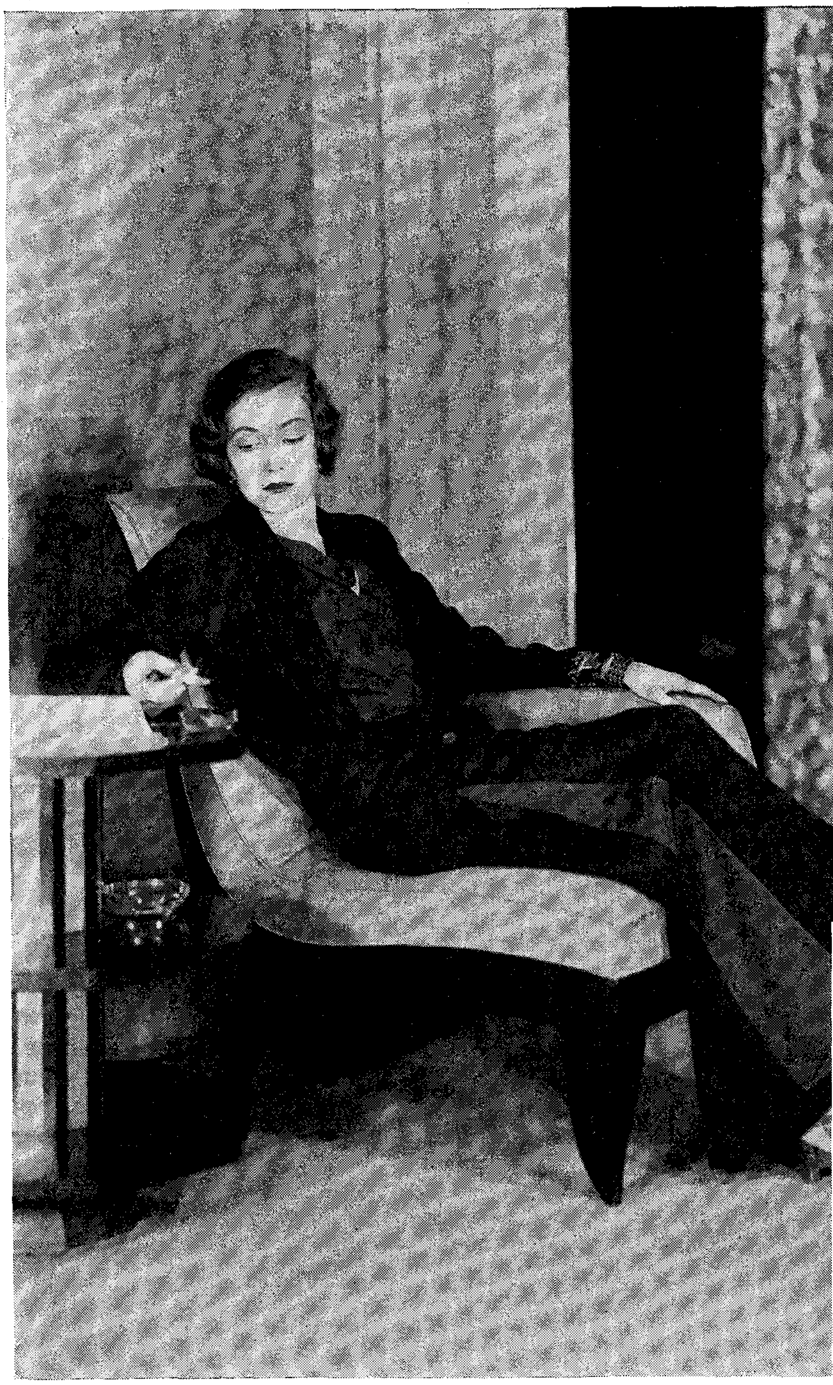
ANY of you who read the newspapers undoubtedly have seen indignant letters against long skirts, that go on exactly as if daytime frocks were actually swirling around the ankles instead of being at a nice, decent, moderate length. So, instead of tossing and turning in your sleep in mortal terror after reading this cable, steel yourself to remember that advance reports are always alarming (though these evening dresses sound pretty fascinating), that modification invariably sets in, and that there is always a way to be comfortable though chic. None of these clothes have arrived in New York, so the full strength of their charm cannot be estimated as yet.

IT seems hardly fair, what with the general state of physical debility at this time of year, to spring surprises on all of us, but it is just at this time that shops like to take advantage of women in a lowered state of sales resistance. One of the latest attacks is all this talk of pastel stockings. Stewart has them in lisle for summer daytimes, and maybe a very chipper young thing with a headband to match could get away with them. Macy is showing silk pastel stockings in a grand new weave that is extremely sheer and has a crêpelike, dull finish which is much more flattering to the legs than the usual shiny up-and-down ribbing. Lovely and not too eccentric with chiffon evening clothes. They also come in more conventional colorings. In the neckwear department here, by the way, you will find big handkerchiefs, in two sizes, of pastel batiste with hand-rolled hems, to be used as scarves, headbands, and other summer necessities.

I WAS one of the people who scoffed the loudest when I heard that a facial treatment with Mme. de Boor at Saks-Fifth Avenue set you back exactly fifty dollars, and that a course of six was required. It was weeks before I took the thing seriously enough to go up there even for a loud laugh. I went to jeer, I remained to jeer; and immediately afterwards I was wondering whether I had any stock which I could sell so that I could take a course and learn to remain eternally twenty-five in appearance. It is all very puzzling, for nothing apparently happens at all. Your face is cleansed, then a special powder is put on that allows the pores to breathe freely, and at this point the operator, with many a "tch tchk," begins to point out little places that are going to be fat some day, little imperceptible lines that are to be canyons some day, and other signs of cracking up which even dim lights will soon be unable to conceal. In the meanwhile she is pressing very gently, much as a sculptor molds. There are no violent massages, no slapping, no theatrics. At the end of an hour, she ceases her manipulations



"About what size is size eighteen, Miss?"



the caballero pajama

Pajamas that can be dined in informally—or worn casually in one's sitting-room—or even lunched in on club beach! Made to measure in our atelier in any color combination you select—

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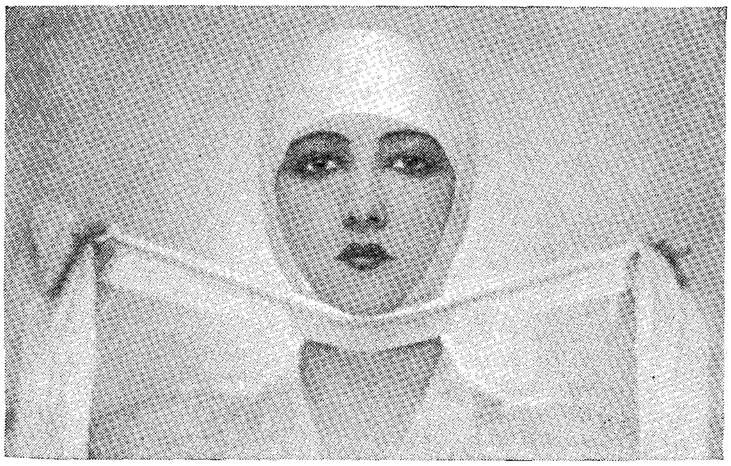

Love

May be the Purpose of Life but Beauty is its Song

In the Elizabeth Arden laboratories, there is a singing, too, for those who have ears to hear. Beauty—singing a song of life . . . all the components of loveliness which will escape from their bottles and jars into that most satisfying thing on earth—the beauty of women.

Poets hear the stars chanting. The sailor hears the sea intoning a hymn. Color sings.

A lovely woman passes and there wings out from her a melody which even the dullest of us hear and step out a bit more jauntily, lifted into an aliveness not felt the moment before.

We have heard beauty singing its song of life.

Friends come. And go. Love comes. And goes—alas! But so long as there is beauty in the world—one need not be comfortless. So long as there is beauty in the world—healing, miraculous beauty, there is high adventure, young desires—life singing its mystical song.

✲

An Elizabeth Arden Treatment at the New Salons is an Enchanting Experience. First of all, a glorious cleansing (nobody cleanses enough—literally tons of grime sift down on this modern world). Then your muscles are given a firm, helping hand which lift the sagging muscles and tissues back to firmness and elasticity.

Now with a clean, clear skin and your muscles well up, you should investigate the Vienna Youth Mask which pours into the inner tissue that electric energy which keeps one young! While you lie and rest, this precious energy sings into your tired eyes, and tissues, and hair, lifts your drooping mouth, firms and revivifies your throat. You emerge renewed and rejoiced that in this crowded world there can be re-birth so tranquilly.

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691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
PARIS LONDON BERLIN MADRID ROME

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930.

and, before you apply your makeup at all, you realize that the corners of your mouth are turning up a little instead of sagging, the skin around the eyes is firmer, and you look fresher in general. Even the next day, you find yourself applying makeup as an extra touch rather than as a concealer. If you take the entire course, she teaches you in the process how to care for your face yourself.

Though Mme. de Boor has gone back to Paris (where you can find her if you know how to use a French telephone) she has her own operators at Saks for only thirty dollars a treatment. They will explain to you, as she did to me, that the reason so many American women have "the nervous brekdown" is because there is a genuinely young woman sitting across the table. With her expert guidance, the young woman across the table is made to look like an uninteresting chit, and a cheaply pretty type at best.

TO discuss hand-quilted things for the boudoir is, at first, to bring up a picture of those dainty quilted little pink things that department stores and lingerie shops have been hurling at you for years and years—dainty, but no particular distinction. There is a new place, however, which for economy and originality is well worth the time of people on the quest for wedding gifts, hostess gifts, or for a me-to-me-with-love gift. It is the Nancy Lincoln Guild at 514 Madison Avenue, near Fifty-third Street, which is now under the firm guiding hand of the Princess Obolensky. Besides the apparently conventional bed covers, chaise-longue covers, and taffeta or velvet robes (they aren't usual at all, for the designs are original and lovely), you will find many other things that I have not seen duplicated even superficially. There is a chaise-longue throw, for instance, of golden brown velvet quilted in the design of a Venetian sixteenth-century tapestry; pillows in Persian patterns of white crêpe de Chine, hand-painted in odd colors and then quilted; a copy of the unicorn tapestry at the Metropolitan Museum done in the same manner for a bedspread de luxe. I was particularly enchanted with some bedspreads for country houses—sateen in odd off-raspberry and off-chartreuse tones, with great primitive flowers in contrasting color sprawled over them. These wash like handkerchiefs, and cost around $35. Yes, really. There is also a grand collection of sports jackets

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Kitchenette Model Electrolux has 4 cu. ft. of food space; makes 36 large ice cubes.

OPERATING an Electrolux is like doing a whole year's correspondence in the writing room of your hotel. You pay for what you get—it's in the bill, but you scarcely see it and certainly never miss it.

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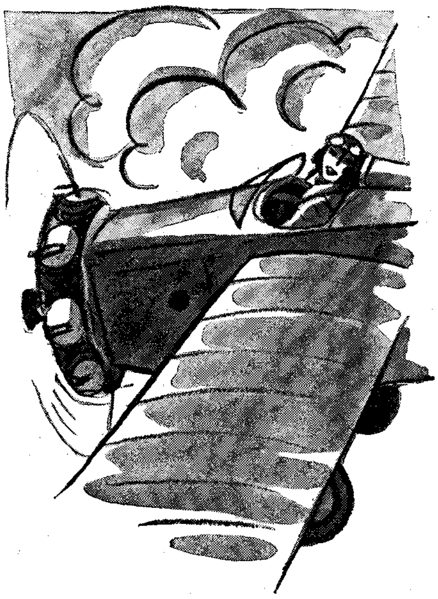
See Electrolux at the display room of your gas company. Prices from $195 to $430. Write or phone for booklet giving complete illustrated details. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, Vanderbilt 5700, New York City.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



DON'T LET YOUR BEAUTY *CRASH*

Flying is safe enough, but in your enthusiasm for this marvelous sport, don't let your beauty crash. Don't let your face break up into segments. Don't let your skin become rough and dry.

Before you give her the Gun

See to it that the breezes up aloft find a landing field on your face they can't plow up. Geranium Cream is a fool-proof foundation that holds your powder where it belongs and protects your skin—not even a shiny nose when you climb out of the cockpit.

Tonight, when she's in the hangar

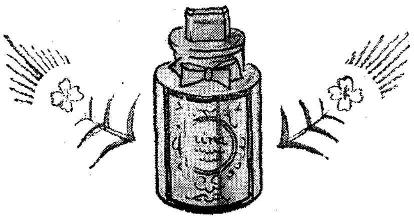
Geranium Cream's chief job is to work while you sleep. Get between the sheets with a thin film of this new fluid, flower-scented stuff on your face—and you'll wake in the morning with skin as smooth as silk and no party circles under your eyes no matter how late they stayed open . . . If you have lines and wrinkles now—they come early these days—you'll find them fading out in a month. And you'll never have mother's throatline.

Geranium Cream is a skin food, a mild astringent and a gentle bleach—just enough to keep sunburn even. It costs three-fifty, and a jar lasts 6 months. Get it—

At your favorite Fifth Avenue Shops and Department Stores

For advice on beauty problems, no one can be more helpful than Miss Nina Nestor—address Dept. N. PRODUITS NINA, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

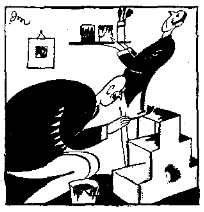
GERANIUM CREAM



in hand-quilted work, around $35 to $55. These are not the calicoes and such you are sick of, but unusual kitchen cottons, navy-and-white plaids, garish red-and-white plaids, polka-dotted things, and many odd Javanese and Indian cottons in monotone effects that will not be seen on anyone but you. Handbags, for beach or summer sports wear, are there in abundance. The prices are reasonable; there is a large stock; and special orders, in colors to match your decorative scheme, take three weeks or less to fill. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Two for Traditions



WE are struggling along at present under a great dearth of modernist-room displays, and I, for one, feel that the modernists have distinctly let me down. So it is with a gratified sense of having snapped my fingers at the whole movement that I offer this week's recommendations—two shops dedicated, each in its own way, to the traditional schools of decoration.

THE first of these is Chez Vous, at 18 East Fifty-eighth Street. Primarily, the Chez Vous staff are decorators, but their showrooms are full of gorgeous stuff to look at in an idle hour.

The spectator can behold these wonders, I might add, from as seductive a seat as I have ever encountered. It's one of those big, deep, square-looking chairs, chintz-covered, and built with separate down cushions on seat and back. You sink into it and lose sense of everything except being buoyed up on pillows of air and wanting your next three meals brought in, at proper intervals, on a tray. A marvellous sensation which you can buy and take home with you for a good average price, depending on the upholstery material you choose.

There is another chair here—a monster with a huge curved back, really too big and too deep-seated to be comfortable for the average female, but there is no telling how a man would feel about it.

A few more items, before we go on to the next place: There was present at the time of my visit a huge patchwork quilt made of squares of old chintzes, beautifully balanced. This was priced

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Lingerie and Negligée

Mrs. Garson continues to devote her entire time to the creation of lingerie and negligée. Her established clientele will be especially interested in her latest designs, charming in their smart sophistication.

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at $160, and really ought to be in a museum somewhere; look for it when you go. Also, a pair of lamps for a man's room—the bases made out of old Chinese tea-caddies in engraved pewter, the shades of parchment edged with pewter bands, the prices thus: base, $25; shade, $13.50. And, of course, there are a number of beautifully preserved old incidental pieces of various periods.

Finally, to know this place really, you must understand that it is good at budgeting. Achieving your desired decorative effect on a definite financial limit is its favorite specialty.

NO. 2: Mitteldorfer Straus' Peasant Village, 245 Fifth Avenue. We are now leaving all serious thoughts behind, because this is a converted loft floor full of ridiculous little gabled houses, each in turn full of silly decorations and tricks. The place is so crowded with stuff you will want a good stretch of time to go through it all.

The French Provincial furniture is as good as anything to start out with. Lots of little low tables, for example, some with marble tops and brass rims, averaging around $30. A number of the smaller cabinets have disguised doors made of the backs of old leather books; one hanging shelf has a cabinet section fitted this way.

They have a pleasant arrangement for windows looking out on a view you would just as soon not have around. A wrought-iron scroll with holders for ivy pots is suspended from the frame above the window. You put it in place, fill the pots, and either hang side curtains or frame the whole window in a cut-out cornice, and the thing is done. Light is admitted and the sad view is shut out, or anyway so broken up you wouldn't recognize it.

You can't think of a small accessory not included in the array. Lamps, boxes, prints, pottery, brassware, pewter—everything. Old carved-metal curtain hood-backs are piled above shelves of liqueur glasses in every shape and color; Normandy ceramic cats, dogs, chickens, and rabbits stand about among boxes of garden markers; outdoor furniture is grouped beneath unexpected arches hung with Salem witchballs full of ivy; reproduction flower prints and wrought-iron plant brackets and candle sconces are all over the walls. If there is something in the world you have particularly craved and haven't been able to find, I'll bet it turns up here—if you poke about long enough. —B. B.

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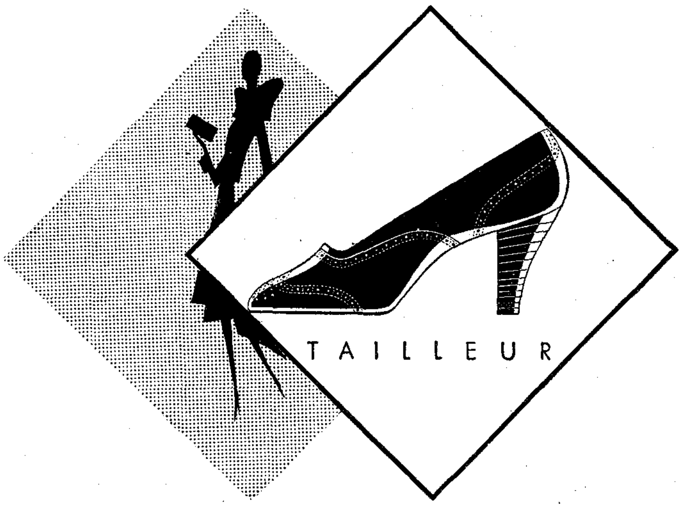

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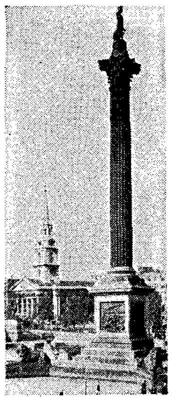

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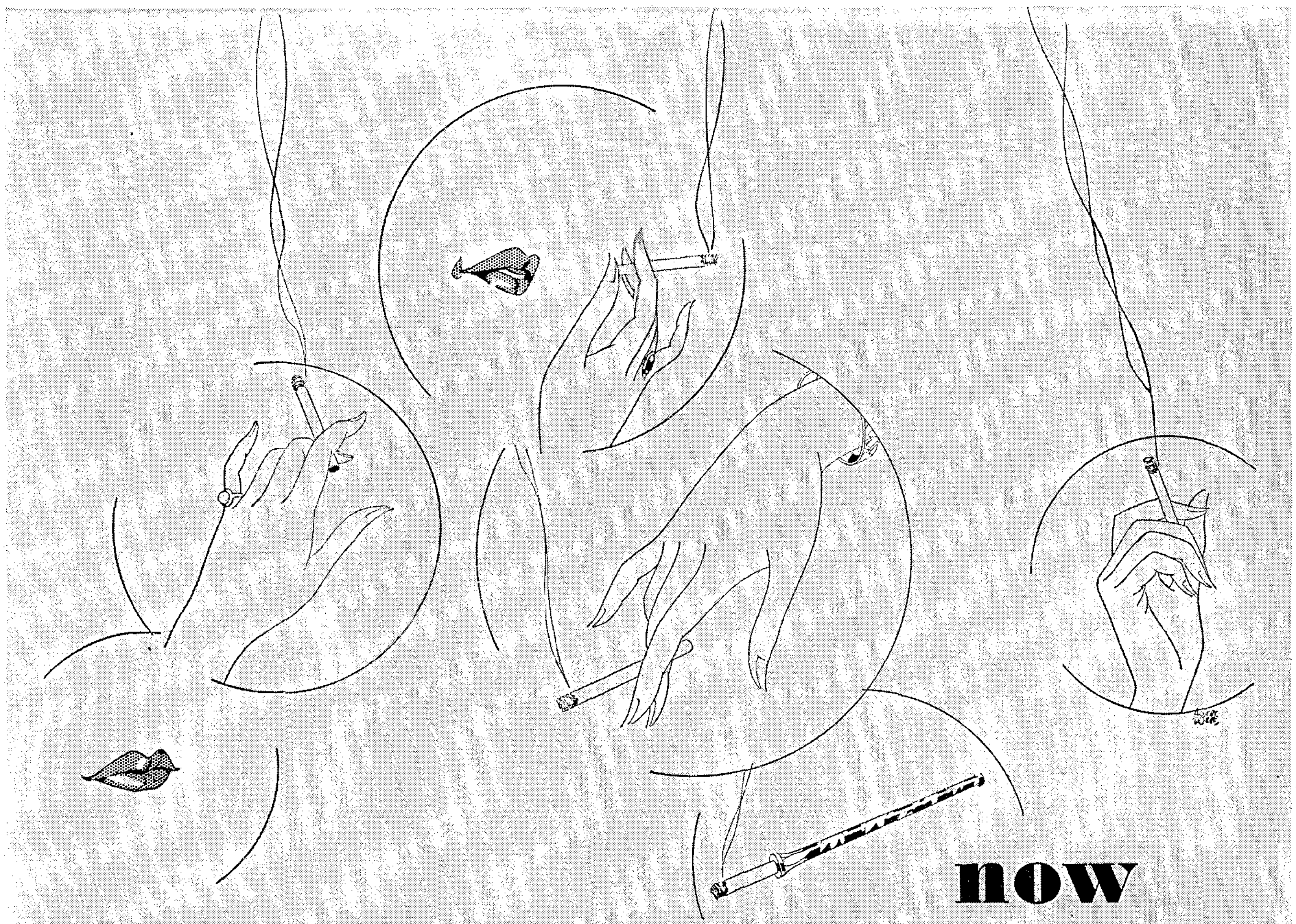
THE RACE TRACK

Mr. Widener and Guests
—Tom Thumb Golf—
The Honourable George

IT is not entirely an insular prejudice that causes British racing men to compare American tracks so unfavorably with England's. They miss the turf courses, and seeing horses run in clouds of dust (do you remember Empire City last July?) disconcerts them. However, two recent visitors, and authoritative critics, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, V. C., and Lord Adare, promptly voted Florida racing and Florida sunshine first-class, even though Barclay Warburton had had to call out the reserves to save them from the greeters and the realtors. Boyd-Rochfort and Adare, who have been spending a winter's holiday visiting the racing studs in Kentucky, came south with Joseph Widener to inspect his new track.

Boyd-Rochfort is one of the tallest trainers we've ever seen. A modest young man in gray tweeds, he reminds one of Donn Byrne's heroes. Since the war he has been training at Newmarket, and has done well. He brought Marshall Field into racing, and started him off successfully with that good filly, Golden Corn. Last year he supervised Jock Whitney's racing venture on the flat, training Royal Minstrel, one of the leading horses of the season. This year he has charge of the English division of Mr. Widener's stable, and several horses that belong to William Woodward, vice-chairman of the Jockey Club, who is making his first try at racing abroad.

MR. WIDENER, wearing a last season's straw hat, spent three afternoons at the Miami track, and then hurried back to New York on Jockey Club business. His first order was to raze the big board in the infield where the pari-mutuel payoff used to be posted. This board, the only totalizator in this country, cost $30,000, and was left standing by the old management in the hope that pari-mutuel betting would be legalized some day. "Take that thing down," said Widener. "It shuts off the view of the back stretch." So far, he has planned a new entrance



now that it can be mentioned

In the best circles . . . ***delicate, feminine throats are guarded against "Smoke irritation". . . charmingly modulated voices are kept clear from "Huskiness". . . the mouth freed from "Smoker's Breath" . . . by the daily use of*** **GLYCO Thymoline.**

Lady Nicotine imposes a penalty upon her newly found friends. Fastidious femininity faces a new problem. Delicate throats, unhardened to smoking, must be guarded against irritation. Voices must be clear from the taint of masculine huskiness. Last and not least, daintiness dictates a mouth free from tobacco breath. Just water or merely scented mouth washes will not accomplish all this.

Women everywhere have found the daily use of GLYCO Thymoline a pleasant solution to this problem as well as a healthful precaution.

GLYCO Thymoline does not sting or bite. Its action is mild and effective. It quickly relieves soreness . . . that dry, tickling feeling in the throat. It sweetens the breath, deodorizes the mouth and washes away tobacco and food particles. It keeps your voice clear and normal. If you use GLYCO Thymoline you are sure to be on the safe side. At all druggists. *Kress & Owen Company, New York.*

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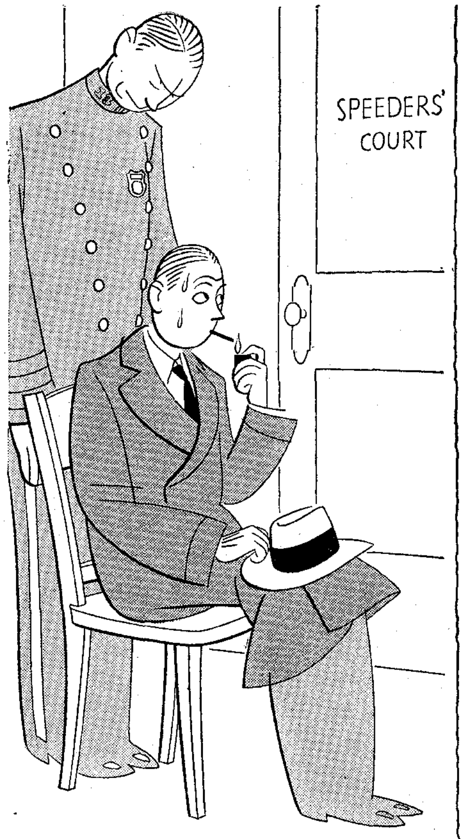

When time's too short for a long cigar . . . it's time for

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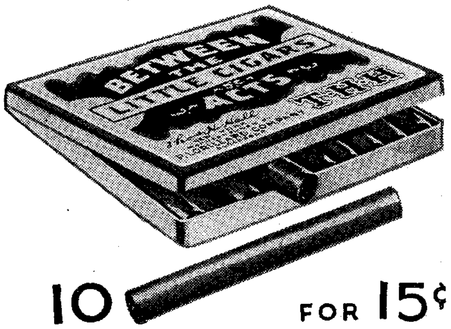
Two-minute "breathing spells" every hour or so in the day . . . when you'd like a cigar but haven't time for a 20-minute "session" with an over-size perfecto. Light a "B.T.A." a tenth of a 15¢ cigar. All the flavor, all the fragrance. But with 10 "stop over privileges" to multiply your smoking pleasures and save the waste of half-smoked cigars.



10 FOR 15¢

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If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York.

to the grounds, which will necessitate moving most of the stables on the back stretch to another part of the course; and when the meeting closes, landscape gardeners will begin turning the infield into a big tropical garden.

I DARESAY they are familiar enough to golf addicts, but the miniature Tom Thumb golf courses that bloom on a hundred of Miami's vacant corner lots are a fascinating novelty to me. They are charming spots of color; the turf is so green, and the tropical plants and shrubs are set out in such profusion. At night, with their clusters of colored lights in the palm trees, they look like stage sets (coconuts by the Florida Light & Power Company). I doubt if the yardage of the largest totals a hundred, but so cleverly are the eighteen holes laid out that it takes a good player to break 100 on many of them. Tom Thumb golf is a popular early-evening diversion, and one sees quite as many players in dinner gowns or dinner jackets as in sports suits or plus fours. I spent over half an hour watching one young woman manage, all at the same time, her putter, the train of her evening gown, and the ermine sleeves of her long cloak, which kept continually slipping down over her hands.

THE Honourable George was toddling home from the course the other afternoon, bowed down by the weight of his oversized binocular and Remington Portable. As he passed through the clubhouse gate his path was crossed by two young women in the sheerest of those sun-back frocks and half a dozen of those diamond bracelets Gertrude Vanderbilt once called service stripes. "Oh, camera man, camera man," cried the one in pink. "Won't you take our picture?"

BY the way, we saw: William K. Vanderbilt watching a song plugger in plum-colored flannels serenade Sophie Tucker—and the Last of the Red Hot Mammas trying to look very bored. . . . And John Sanford getting a clocker's tip. . . . A. B. Hancock telling C. K. G. Billings how cold it was in Kentucky. . . . Lester Doctor walking out to the paddock. . . . Barclay Warburton's hatband. . . . Sunburns of all shades, from lobster red to life-guard brown. . . . Phil Scott carrying a bag with "Champion of the World" painted on it. . . . And John Emerson obstinately preferring brunette horses. —AUDAX MINOR

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Puts new life and beauty into your silk stockings and glove silk underthings. Fewer runs start when the protective oil in the silk is replenished every laundering with Silk-Eze.

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No wonder it leaves your hands smooth as satin. Washing with Silk-Eze saves them from chaps.

25c where you buy your silk stockings

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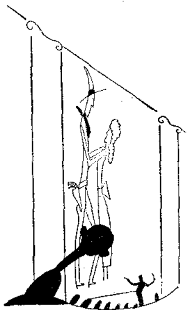
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blue Ribbons for Two



EVENTS of the not so distant past which very much stirred the imagination of the public are —or seem to be— exploited in the two best movies of the week, movies well worth a visit. "Men Without Women" presents the predicament of the crew of a wrecked submarine, and "Street of Chance" deals with the shooting of a great gambler in a Broadway hotel.

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN" (there is nothing of Hemingway in the picture) is not quite as good as it might have been. It lacks sharpness and daring, and is a little timid and gentle where it should have been violent. However, a presentation of men trapped in a submarine at the bottom of the sea, even if done somewhat perfunctorily, must move us, and often this picture achieves what it sets out to do. It is regrettable that the story is so constructed that at the critical moment the action is suspended while the leading character lapses into narrative, recalling the love affair of his past which had ruined his life; for though the ladies are not present in the submarine, they are romantically ubiquitous in the minds of the characters.

WILLIAM POWELL as the Rothstein of "Street of Chance," at the Rialto, is excellent—very cool, very sure, never noisy, very much the gentleman racketeer. There is a good deal of humor, too, in the stud-poker scenes, amazing games which run on late into the morning, with shades well drawn so that the businesslike and unattractive sun may not intrude upon unshaven and unwashed faces, and tables filthy with a night's litter of cigar stubs and spilled liquor. These scenes are good, done with plenty of truth, with such lines, for instance, as that of the big bootlegger who comments as his chips drift from him, "That means Scotch goes up a dollar a case in Detroit."

Even the sentimental aspects of the story have a dry humor. The catastrophe is brought about by the zeal of the gentleman gambler to cure his younger brother of the gambling fever

dyed in the wool

full many a pleasure seeking lamb has been led to the slaughter in some broadway cinema temple; innocents abroad can always be sure of good entertainment by going

to the rivoli—united artists

where there's "condemned" in which samuel goldwyn makes a paradise out of devil's island and there installs that as yet unfallen archangel, ronald colman.

to the rialto

where there's william powell in "street of chance". . . paramount's "grand" street follies with as many as fifty on the turn of a card . . . a restless gambler moves in his grave.

to the criterion

where paramount's "love parade" marches smartly on with chevalier and jeanette macdonald in the van, and ernst lubitsch bringing up the rear . . . sweet child, that rear.

to the paramount

where there's a racy paramount picture "burning up", richard arlen, not clara bow, in tire trouble in the sticks. jesse crawford's still at the giant organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

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Katharine Cornell in

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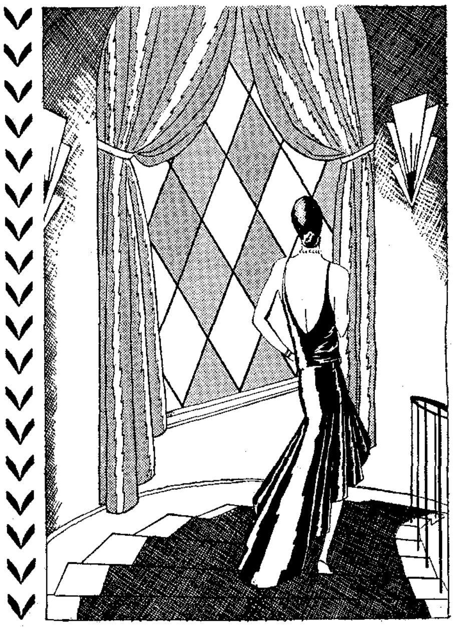
(that idealistic trait always to be sought in movie characters), and he hopes to do this by getting the young man cleaned out of funds by the slickest card players in New York. As luck has it, though, the brother childishly runs off with all the cash in the pot—a surprise not liked or comprehended by the losers—which leads them to suspect that Mr. Powell has put one over on them. Hence the telephone call to appear at a certain room in a certain hotel, and the eventual appearance in the lobby of Mr. Powell with a bullet hole in his sedate broadcloth.

IF you like operettas of the old school, with Lehar music, gypsies, bandits, and abducted Russian princesses, you will be pleased with "The Rogue Song," at the Astor, which is typical in all ways of its kind. Lawrence Tibbett, of the Metropolitan, is the bandit chief, and his baritone resounds with tremendous gusto throughout the performance—especially in one terrific moment when he is being flogged, every cut of the lash over his bare shoulders calling forth a breezier cadenza.

"THE BISHOP MURDER CASE"—that Van Dine story of murder and nursery rhymes—is, as has been the case with each of these mysteries, more approachable on the screen than it is in book form. It has sufficient excitement, a trim narrative, and very good sets of a handsome old-world house supposed to be in Riverside Drive.

THERE isn't so much entertainment, or even food for thought or wisdom, in the other pictures. Evidently his managers will not favor Mr. Barthelmess any longer with a first-class story. He does as well as he can with "Son of the Gods," a drama of Chinatown and merchant princes, with a detour to the Riviera and a theme of racial prejudice. "New York Nights" presents the pathetic efforts of another master gangster, a Chicago boy in New York for the nonce, to seduce the wife of a popular song writer. This has its quota of backstage scenes, roistering party scenes, underworld scenes, and the like, with Norma Talmadge being persistently resistant. At the Gaiety, "The Lost Zeppelin," another picture from the news of the day, is presumably about an air trip to the South Pole, but actually rather more about the feelings of the little wife at home by the radio. No more money has been spent on snow and ice for this picture than was absolutely necessary. —J. C. M.



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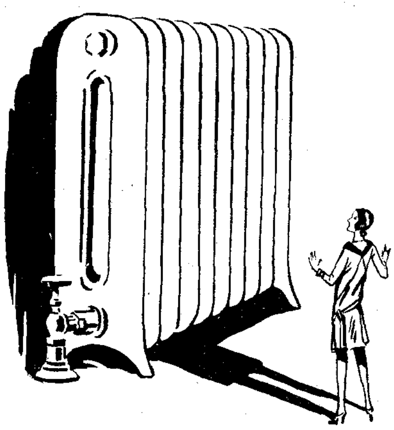

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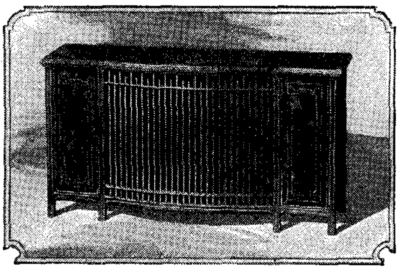

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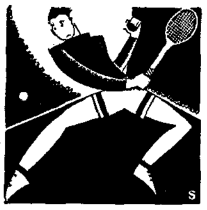
COURT GAMES

Tiddlywinks vs. Squash Racquets — The Pros Agree—Coaches All



A FEW weeks ago Dr. Mixsell, on behalf of the squash committee of the Princeton Club, sent out cards on which members were asked to indicate whether they favored squash tennis or squash racquets. Everything was made as easy as possible for them; the cards were stamped, addressed, and little boxes for checking were provided so that one's preference could be indicated with a minimum of effort. As a result quite a few people voted. Once the jokers who turned in ballots for ping-pong and tiddlywinks had been weeded out, the returns indicated a large majority for squash racquets—208 to 126, to be exact. The consequence is that the Princeton Club is now converting one of its three squash-tennis courts into a squash-racquets court (the dimensions will not be quite right but it can be used for practice), giving the members two of each kind.

AMONG the other college clubs, Harvard is planning to do the same thing; as a matter of fact, one of its courts was remodelled last summer. Yale and Columbia are still strongholds of squash tennis, although even there an occasional apostle of the new order may be seen wielding a small-headed racquet on the squash-tennis courts. The professionals, however, are all against squash racquets. Frank Lafforgue, Johnnie Jacobs, Tom Barnwell, and Ernest Clark unanimously point to the fact that squash tennis is a game in which a good player improves as he grows older, while any long-winded stripling can learn all there is to know about squash racquets in a few months. It is true that most of the top-notch squash-tennis men, such as Rowland Haines, E. R. Larigan, Dr. Mixsell, B. H. O'Connor, Gavin Brackinridge, Jerome L. Kerbeck, Thomas R. Coward, and Fillmore Hyde, are no longer in their twenties. Harry Wolf is an exception, but he has been at it for years and has as much experience behind him as the average player of thirty. Squash-racquets players of corresponding rank, on the other

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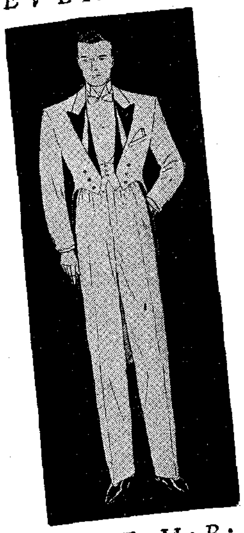

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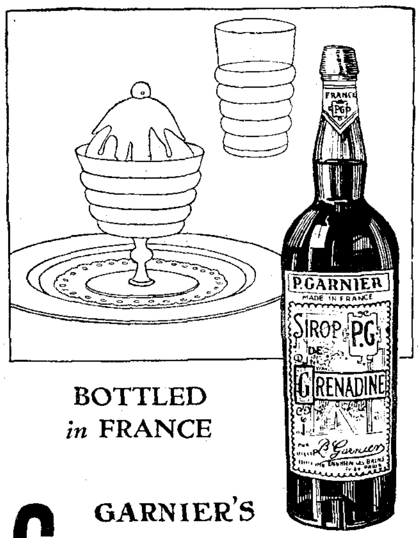

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hand, average some eight or ten years younger. Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr., George D. Debevoise, J. Lawrence Pool, Lathrop Haskins, and Perry R. Pease were all at Harvard no longer than four years ago.

Rawlins, who considers squash racquets the hardest game there is, defeated Debevoise in the finals of the recent tournament at the University Club, thus becoming metropolitan champion for the third successive year. Debevoise took the first game by assuming the tactics of a small cyclone, but in the second and third Rawlins came out ahead by virtue of placements and slow balls. During the last game he was considerably the fresher of the two, and won easily.

THE University Club Class A and B teams have both done very well this year; apparently they dismissed as ridiculous the idea that squash racquets is a very young man's game. George Cummings is responsible for a good deal of their activity. He has been coach there for eleven years now and, like the Ferons, comes of quite a court-games family. His brother, Lester, an excellent squash-racquets player, is his assistant; another brother, Allan, has charge of squash racquets at the Greenwich Country Club, where there are more women players than men. Incidentally, the coach of the Colony Club, which set aside all precedent in women's squash-racquets circles by playing the Junior League last month, is Steve Gregor of the Racquet Club.

—G. T. H.

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a story by George Agnew Chamberlain in the Saturday Evening Post*]

Semiramis, queen of men, cities and beauty, incomparable voluptuary of a mythical though established transcendence, might be enthroned on the traditional altar of his innermost ideality, and yet could she have turned the Galatean trick and appeared before him in person, a suppliant empress, he would have turned her down cold for two chits whose induction to metaphysics, the arts, culture and passion, was laughably deficient.

•

A new sweetening compound which is somewhat sweeter than saccharine and 690 times sweeter than sugar has been prepared by Dr. Henry Gilman and J. B. Dickey of the department of organic chemistry at Iowa State College from waste products of corn. The name of this compound is "the *syn*-isomer of 5-benzyl-2 furfuraldoxine."—*Science-news letter.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

Promise — Derain and Picasso — Thirty-three Varieties for a Change

THE moderns will have the town pretty well in hand during the coming fortnight. The superb show of "Painting in Paris" at the Museum of Modern Art has been augmented by a survey of Derain and Picasso at the Reinhardt Galleries; and the Americans have come to the fore with a show of Peter Blume at Daniel's, of Alexander Brook at the Valentine Gallery, of thirty-three moderns at the Grand Central Art Galleries, and of Georgia O'Keeffe at Stieglitz's American Place. The Modern Museum is doing more for art than the dissenters are willing to admit. By clinging to a cautious course and spending its golden funds only on the accepted French, it is creating a desire for possession in the hearts of its followers; and its followers being who they are, art may benefit. For art today is as it was in 1400, a toy patronized or cast aside at the whim of the lords and princes.

PETER BLUME is one of the youthful newcomers to the Daniel group. We mention this because it is pertinent to what we have to say about Mr. Blume, and to a full understanding of him. Every year we find some occasion to retell the story of Cézanne, who, when presented with the work of a young man touted as a genius, replied, "Anyone is a genius at twenty; bring him back to me when he is forty." So the most you can say about artists still in their formative years is to indicate the direction in which they are headed and the kind of load they seem destined to carry.

We do not class Blume as high as his admirers do. He is not the last word from on high, nor has he learned all there is to know about painting. He is a capable, serious painter with a good deal more to him, technically, than many older men may ever acquire, but to us he has one great fault, and we like to attribute it to his youth. It is a certain sophomoric attitude, a certain straining after a bravura effect that is not always clear to Blume himself.

Far be it from us to say what time a painter shall devote to his canvas, but since all things are relative, the element of time must be considered; and the slow producers should ponder a little over the question whether it is the technique or the conception that is slowing them up. The master work of the exhibit—really the year's output of Mr. Blume—is a painting called "Parade." Now in this immense canvas there are many worthy things, and there went into its making some fine painting, some fine endeavor, and some high hopes. Somewhere along the line, however, it has a vagueness and a sort of synthetic inspiration that make themselves too manifest in the end. The allegory is somewhat confused, and we hold there can be no confusion in real beauty. The means and the end are blended into one when the achievement nears perfection. Here we felt that an ordinary cartoonist could have done a better job of satire; many of them have in the *New Masses*. All, then, that is left is the matter of painting. In sections and small areas it is superb; in the whole, just so-so. The rest of the exhibit is made up of some of Blume's work of other years. "The Bridge" still remains our favorite; perhaps because it is the least affected.

As we said, the young man has so much already behind him that he has a great time coming; but we are afraid there is no short cut to wisdom and maturity. Those states have to be reached by the growth of the soul.

THE historical show of the two great ancestors of the living French—and most Americans—Derain and Picasso, is on view at the Reinhardt Galleries. While not so brave a display as many that have come to this emporium, it is intensely interesting. Everything is here, from the neo-classic period, down through the abstract rebellion and rather confused war period, to the latest things of this year.

As for Derain, we know of no living painter who has such sureness and poise, unless it is Matisse. He seems to know far ahead just what he is going to do, and then does it. There are no great Derains here, as in the Modern Museum show, but there are some fine examples of his transitional periods; and to us there is no greater joy than seeing the links that make up the chain, even when some of the links are not shining.

THE exhibition of thirty-three moderns at the Grand Central Art Galleries is a somewhat diffused affair. It carries a rather well-printed catalogue and the legends claim the show is modern. Set in this fortress of mediocrity, it must seem modern to the waiting commuters and visiting patrons of the Academy. These thirty-three are not, however, of a calibre we would like to send up into the front-line trenches. Only one or two bear any battle scars, and certainly most of them were not drafted for their stature.

Arnold Friedman has a nude which represents a new mood and is not as sure as some of his older stuff. Max Weber shows one of his less important canvases and Pascin lends his valued name. There is a bitter bit by Peggy Bacon, and you will find a Sheeler or two and an early Kuniyoshi. Somehow, though, the show does not seem to have any punch.

THE present exhibit at the S.P.R. Galleries, atop the building at 40 East Forty-ninth Street, is of THE NEW YORKER artists' drawings published in this magazine. Most of your favorite humorous sketches are there, so if you are particularly interested, here is your chance.

HERE AND THERE: Charles W. Hawthorne is at the Babcock Galleries until February 15. . . . Willem A. van Konijnenburg is on view at Montross. . . . A show of Currier & Ives prints is being held at the Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue. . . . The Fifty-sixth Street Galleries have a triple exhibit of paintings by the late Anthony Angarola, sculpture by Leo Lentelli, and paintings by Harriet Lord. . . . The Morton Galleries are showing water colors by Emil Holzhauer until February 10. . . . The Milch Galleries announce landscapes by Horace E. Brown. . . . The Ferargil Galleries have a show of Luigi Lucioni, the boy with the camera eye. . . . Noguchi has an exhibit of sculpture at the Marie Sterner Galleries. —M. P.

•

Thyra Samter Winslow says Hollywood has a dull, tawdry and rather vulgar society composed almost entirely of illiterates. Can Mrs. Winslow number in her "tawdry society" such stars as Richard Barthelmess, graduate of Trinity, Buddy Rogers, of the University of Kansas, Rudy Vallée, of Yale, Ronald Colman, Edmund Lowe, of Santa Clara, John Boles, of the University of Texas, Adolphe Menjou, of Cornell?—*New Movie Magazine.*

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JUDITH ANDERSON:

Judith Anderson

DELIGHTFUL neighbor, Miss Judith Anderson, who played perfectly and almost interminably the lead in Strange Interlude right around our corner! Reuben's sea bass sauté meunière became one of her favorite selections, due no doubt as much to the briny Eugene O'Neill influence as to the excellence of her own epicurean judgment.

REUBEN'S

Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre

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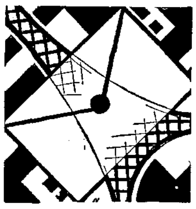
from a sandwich to a National Institution

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JAN. 29



THE opening of a new night club named after a book by Jean Cocteau is always an affair of note, automatically attracting smart customers, all of whom have appreciated the other Cocteau bars and half of whom perhaps have even read the smart Cocteau books. Le-Bœuf-sur-le-Toit, the first, and historically the only important club of the trio (since it sheltered the Dadaists, Les Six, Picasso, Picabia, and finally the Surréalistes), was named after a Cocteau ballet set to music by Milhaud. The second, Le Grand Écart, appeared in Paris as a book in 1923 and as a bar in 1927. The latest, Les Enfants Terribles, got its title from a *roman à clef* published last summer.

By obligatory champagne the new club chills male hosts, by its unbecoming *décors* of electricity and aluminum it nullifies the paint of the matron, and by being housed in Baron Rothschild's Théâtre Pigalle it has a slavish air of merely adding to that establishment's already over-complicated completeness. Like the Bœuf and the Grand Écart, Les Enfants Terribles will be smart; but, unlike them, it will never become beloved.

The secondary new attraction in the Théâtre Pigalle is the excellent exposition of Cézanne on view in its underground gallery. With all the theatres in France teetering on the brink of a general strike to protest the war taxes under which their box offices groan, Rothschild opulently stages a between-the-act art show whose united assembly few art merchants could rival. His wealth particularly serves the public in exposing for it a half-dozen rarely viewed canvases belonging to young Cézanne, the painter's son. The boy's precocious interest in his father's pictures was, according to that fatuous parent, proved at an early age by his sticking holes in them; it is supposed that these six, surviving as family relics rather than merchants' possessions, came after the hole-sticking period of young Cézanne's appreciation for modern art.

MUSICAL entertainment has been unusually unorthodox. Orchestras have offered whole evenings of Prokofieff and almost whole weeks of Debussy, Strauss, and Les Six, with moments, even, of Cui; they have given new works by Florent Schmitt, and what were as good as new works in Mozart's "Pariser Symphonie," Massenet's "Cinderella," and Rossini's "Chance Makes the Thief" (written in his teens and charming), the last two given as ballets by Podrecca's Marionettes. The popularity of Podrecca's dolls was demonstrated last year, when they came for a day and stayed for a season. This year, five hundred strong, with a corps of twenty-three dressers, manipulators, stringers, and singers to help them out, they packed the enormous Salle Pleyel for weeks. Nor was there, in the vast audience, any nonsense about women and children first. A child was as rare as a hen's tooth, and there were comparatively few women. In the majority were the basso laughter and beards of those French men who are only boys grown up.

Lehar's new operetta, "Frédérique," has also been presented here, but it is not up to "The Merry Widow." The love song in the second act is the hit of Central Europe; to us it seemed almost good music, and therefore not nearly good enough. Also, there were too many humorous couplets; Lehar was born to write seriously sentimental waltzes.

At the Opéra, "Les Huguenots" was sung for the first time since war interrupted it in 1914, and the centenary of "Guillaume Tell" was also celebrated. Both of these performances had exceptional interest in the presence of the Irish tenor, Sullivan, who according to James Joyce has the sweetest voice on earth.

THE government is continuing its efforts to find out whether Gaby Deslys was Marie-Élise-Gabrielle Caire of Marseille or Hedwige Navratil of Hatvan in Hungary. If the latter was the case, she was one of three Hedwige Navratils, as it seems there were a couple of others, one of whom has just turned up in the Paris courts. The fight, of course, is for money; Gaby Deslys left a fortune of nine million francs, a quarter of which went automatically to her family, the Caires; a quarter-million unautomatically to the American dancer, Harry Pilcer; and the rest to the poor and tubercular of Marseille. The Navratils now say the Caires were not her family; neither Pilcer nor the poor of Marseille know

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RECORDINGS FROM
THE MUSICAL HIT
GREAT DAY

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LIBBY HOLMAN

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More Than You Know—Here's Libby giving some gent a break and some thousands of Holmanites the thrill of a life-time—on Brunswick Record *No. 4613.*

Played by
ROGER WOLFE KAHN
and HIS ORCHESTRA

Great Day—A stampin', struttin' Fox Trot, hot with hallelujahs, delirious with jazz, and sung with all the primitive plantation fervor of William C. Elkins' Jubilee Singers.

Without a Song—Another Fox Trot Spiritual, played by Roger's Boys and sung by Elkins' Jubilee-ers—guaranteed to stage a revival in anyone's front parlor, salon or what have you! *No. 4600.*

what to think, and the government gets nowhere.

Gaby Deslys' star ascended in 1904; she was a gay brunette whose voice, as the French say, was full of "yes." She starred at the Folies-Bergère, at the Olympia, and introduced American dancing here on the arm of Harry Pilcer. She had a pavilion in the Rue Villebois-Mareuil, a private *hôtel* in the Rue de Bornier, and a magnificent London establishment in Kensington, where the bed lay on a dais beneath an arch of black marble supported by marble pillars. She refused to marry the Duc de Crussol, stating that no man was rich enough to buy her liberty. She died imploring the doctors to disfigure her beauty if necessary but to leave her her life.

THE Genaro-Trévidic flyweight championship fight here was a spider-and-flyweight fight. Genaro, after ten years of boxing, was a black marvel of deadly, creeping strength; the little fisher boy from Finistère, after one year's boxing, was a marvel of struggling naïve pluck. By the end of the thirteenth round, the spider had picked his bones clean. The hero of the occasion was the German judge, Dr. Guttmann. Paris has not in years seen a referee so capable, kind, and strict; his was a true tribute of sporting appreciation when he was thrice called back to the ring to receive French cheers.

—GENÊT

•

MONA LISA

Sometimes I see her in a city street
  Looking at shops with quiet troubled
    eyes,
  With the aloofness of the very wise,
A little late, on soft unhurrying feet.
And, if by chance our curious glances
    meet,
  I feel the southern languor of her
    smile
  And, warmed and baffled for a half
    a mile,
Wonder if she is daring or discreet.

Her portrait flatters her. She's getting stouter.
  But she has learned the art of
    growing old;
    And still the enigmatic smile
    remains,
Shedding an air of mystery about her.
  O Mona Lisa, if the truth were told,
    You're just a charming woman
    without brains!

—ELISABETH GUNN

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RECENT BOOKS

Red, White, and Blue Tonic—Ludwig Again—Myth and Legend—The Universal Clown

UNDAUNTED by cries of heresy and treason, Mr. Rupert Hughes continues his valiant attempt to rescue George Washington from the waxworks. The third volume of this sprightly life of Washington finds Mr. Hughes—and also General Washington—enmeshed and enraptured by the War of the Revolution. It also reveals Mr. Hughes as the most painstaking and abject hero-worshipper who ever haunted a research library. Those who accuse Mr. Hughes of triviality are invited to inspect his array of letters, diaries, and records which prove that the infant nation was a wayward youngster with no great bent toward priggishness.

This life of Washington, for all of Mr. Hughes' rather pugnacious attitude about it, will harass only those patriots who hold certain phases of our national past as sacred as they would the early indiscretions of a maiden aunt. Assuming Mr. Hughes' justifiable bias against our pretence to Puritanism, you have in his rapidly expanding life of Washington valid history and excellent biography. For instance, I doubt if anyone ever has told the detailed story of the battles of the Revolution as well as Mr. Hughes. It is fine to know, for instance, that the heroes of Valley Forge went on an occasional bender, encouraged and financed by their general. I am glad, too, that Washington charged Martha's visits to camp on his expense account. Gestures like these form the foundation of a national habit.

Mr. Hughes' battle accounts—and his story of Brandywine is particularly good—are Tolstoian in their accuracy and humanity. He is, too, fair to those less expert generals whom Washington pushed off the pages of history. As for the colonists, who were, spiritually at least, our forefathers, Mr. Hughes knocks them off their pedestals by showing that, in the main, they were a grasping, short-sighted, and indifferent set, most of whom probably thought that the war was raising hob with business. The so-called traitors whom children learn to hiss in preparatory school were, according to Mr. Hughes, not isolated cases of black-heartedness and villainy but representative of the sentiments of a considerable minority in the years between 1777 and 1781. I can with a clear conscience advise you to read Mr. Hughes' book as a tonic for your patriotism, which at this moment may be all run down.

FROM Mr. Hughes' "Washington" to Mr. Ludwig's "Lincoln." Mr. Hughes' biographical method is to wipe out all existing portraits and reconstruct a fresh figure from contemporary evidence. Mr. Ludwig collects his mountainous material and then gathers it all in a novel. Where Mr. Hughes' work is stamped by his own opinions, Mr. Ludwig's bears the seal of his viewpoint on every page. In some parts of the book, especially in the earlier chapters where the data is scanty, you feel that Mr. Ludwig is interpreting Lincoln.

However, it is a massive, impressive book, with the great fascination of all Mr. Ludwig's biographies. His heroes are coming to have a subtle resemblance just as all Sargent portraits were first Sargent and the subject afterwards. This is a tribute to Mr. Ludwig as an artist. As usual, he has done well by the smaller figures in his narrative. His Mary Lincoln, for instance, is carefully drawn. Mrs. Lincoln has been the subject of much cruel innuendo and much very sloppy whitewashing. Ludwig has the advantage of being a foreigner, so he is handicapped by no tradition that it is lese majesty to speak of domestic misery in the White House. He, too, extracts great drama from the doubt and distrust that surrounded Lincoln during his years as president. Here again his personal aloofness comes to his help.

Of course this Lincoln biography is fated to be a best-seller. You will forgive my obstinacy if I say that, to me, Mr. Hughes' "Washington" is a more interesting work.

STILL another "Napoleon," this time by a Frenchman—of all things! Joseph Delteil calls his biography "Once There Was a Man—Napoleon." And a good title, too, considering the style of this book. For Mr. Delteil treats of Napoleon as a mythological figure, as a hero from a folktale. Also he makes much of the fact that Napoleon was no proper Christian but an extravagant, bizarre Oriental potentate.

This is not one of your biographies that stick to facts. It has the air of a legend and Mr. Delteil sings his story in heavily ornamented prose. His account of the death of Napoleon is really magnificent. Mr. Delteil ushers Napoleon from life to the strains of words appropriate to a hero. His style may not be a popular one when applied to biography, nevertheless genius should inspire something finer than reportorial English. Mr. Delteil, in his highly scented writing, conveys to you the impression of an exotic, almost supernatural personality. That knowledge is almost as important in discussing Napoleon as the facts of his career.

NOW for the terrible confession that "The Good Soldier: Schweik" is just about the funniest book of the year. These cock-eyed adventures of a born idiot in the Austrian army were invented by a Prague journalist named Jaroslav Hasek and published during the war. Mr. Hasek, who died in 1923, did all his work in a Czech café. His work has the real barroom gusto. "Schweik" is one of those feats of journalism that happen by accident and are never repeated.

As an outburst of Czech national feeling, "Schweik" breathes a great hate for Austria in every sentence. The red tape of bureaucracy is most unmercifully ridiculed. The officers are all unmitigated fools. Schweik, who is officially an idiot, is superior in intelligence to the men who command him. On this theme, Mr. Hasek concocts the most fantastic adventures.

The book is outrageous slapstick, irreverent, rough, but written in the great comic manner. There is about "the good soldier" something of the sublime imbecility of Nigger Jim in "Huckleberry Finn." The obscure author, writing in Prague for the delight of his mutinous countrymen, inadvertently created a universal clown.

—A. W. S.

●

OUR OWN PSYCHOANALYST LOOKS AT THE TICKER OPERATOR'S UNCONSCIOUS

[*From the Dow, Jones ticker*]

STOCK MARKET

CONSIDERABLE PROFIT-TAKING CAME INTO MARKET IN EARLY AFTERNOON FOR ACCOUNT OF TRADERS DESIRING TO BE OUT OF MARKET OVER THE WEEK-END—HOWEVER OFFERINGS WERE ABSORBED IN GOOD STYLE AND ACTIVITY SWINDLED ON PRICE RECESSIONS.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

The Good Soldier: Schweik, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs (*Doubleday, Doran*). A doctor explores the psychic underworld of London. Bitter picture of current English discontent.

Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"—— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

Joining Charles, by Elizabeth Bowen (*Dial Press*). Short stories of distinction and originality.

Shadows of Men, by Jim Tully (*Doubleday, Doran*). Tales of the men who fill prisons, told effectively and with shrewd sympathy.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush (*Farrar & Rinehart*), Gay and expert light fiction.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*). Profound analysis of the modern feminine soul.

The Maurizius Case, by Jacob Wassermann (*Liveright*). A powerful social drama, brilliantly presented.

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

You Can't Learn 'Em Nothin', by Montague Glass (*Doubleday, Doran*). Short stories that are the best of their kind.

MYSTERIES

While the Patient Slept, by M. G. Eberhart (*Crime Club*) . . . . The Crying Pig Murder, by Victor MacClure (*Morrow*) . . . . The Room With the Iron Shutters, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*). . . . Murder on the Palisades, by Will Levinrew (*McBride*) . . . . Murder in the Rain, by Wilson Collison (*McBride*) . . . . The Mystery of the Open Window, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dodd, Mead*) . . . . The Killing of Judge MacFarlane, by Mary Plum (*Harper*). . . . The Bainbridge Murder, by Cortland Fitzsimmons (*McBride*). . . . The W Plan, by Graham Seton (*Cosmopolitan*). . . . Murder Yet to Come, by Isabel Briggs Myers (*Stokes*). . . . Still Waters, by Frederic F. Van de Water (*Crime Club*). . . . The Eye in the Museum, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*) . . . . The Poisoned Chocolates Case, by Anthony Berkeley (*Crime Club*).

GENERAL

Good-Bye to All That, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

George Washington, 1777-1781 (Vol. III), by Rupert Hughes (*Morrow*). More of Mr. Hughes' sprightly biography. And some of the best descriptions of Revolutionary battles you have ever read.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig (*Little, Brown*). In which Mr. Ludwig says all there is to say. Naturally you'll read it.

Once There Was a Man—Napoleon, by Joseph Delteil, translated by Lewis Galantiere (*Covici, Friede*). A Frenchman makes Napoleon the hero of a highly-colored legend.

Sir Francis Bacon, by Byron Steel (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the first modern mind.

The Master of Destiny, by Frederick Tilney (*Doubleday, Doran*). The evolution of the brain from the amoeba to Einstein. Science made easy and agreeable.

Prosperity: Fact or Myth, by Stuart Chase (*Charles Boni Paper Books*). The truth about our—ahem—financial embarrassments. Readably told.

The Gourmets' Almanac, by Allan Ross Macdougall (*Covici, Friede*). In praise of fine eating—and what nobler theme?

Pearl Diver, by Victor Berge and Henry Wysham Lanier (*Doubleday, Doran*). How pearls get from oysters to necklaces. Good adventure book.

For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, by Edward Marjoribanks, M. P. (*Macmillan*). Courtroom dramas of famous criminals in a book that is incidentally the biography of the "Apollo of Old Bailey."

Ambrose Bierce, by Carey McWilliams (*A. & C. Boni*). Sane and sympathetic writing about a man who became a myth.

Abraham Lincoln, by Raymond Holden (*Minton, Balch*). The character growth of Lincoln from politician to genius. Good critical analysis.

Twelve Against the Gods, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

Is Sex Necessary? by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

Francis Rabelais, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly, critical portrait of a great humanist.

Hanna, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

The Incredible Marquis, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). The gay and romantic life of Alexandre Dumas.

Peter Arno's Parade (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

•

The young couple strolled out into the avenues of the forest. There, under the gigantic oaks, they plighted their troth. The Princess immediately telephoned her mother and father.—*The American.*

Probably told them she was phoning from a drugstore.

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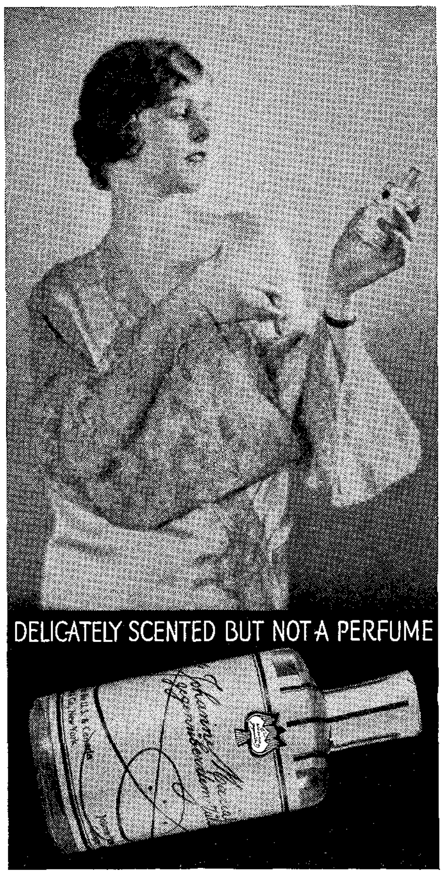

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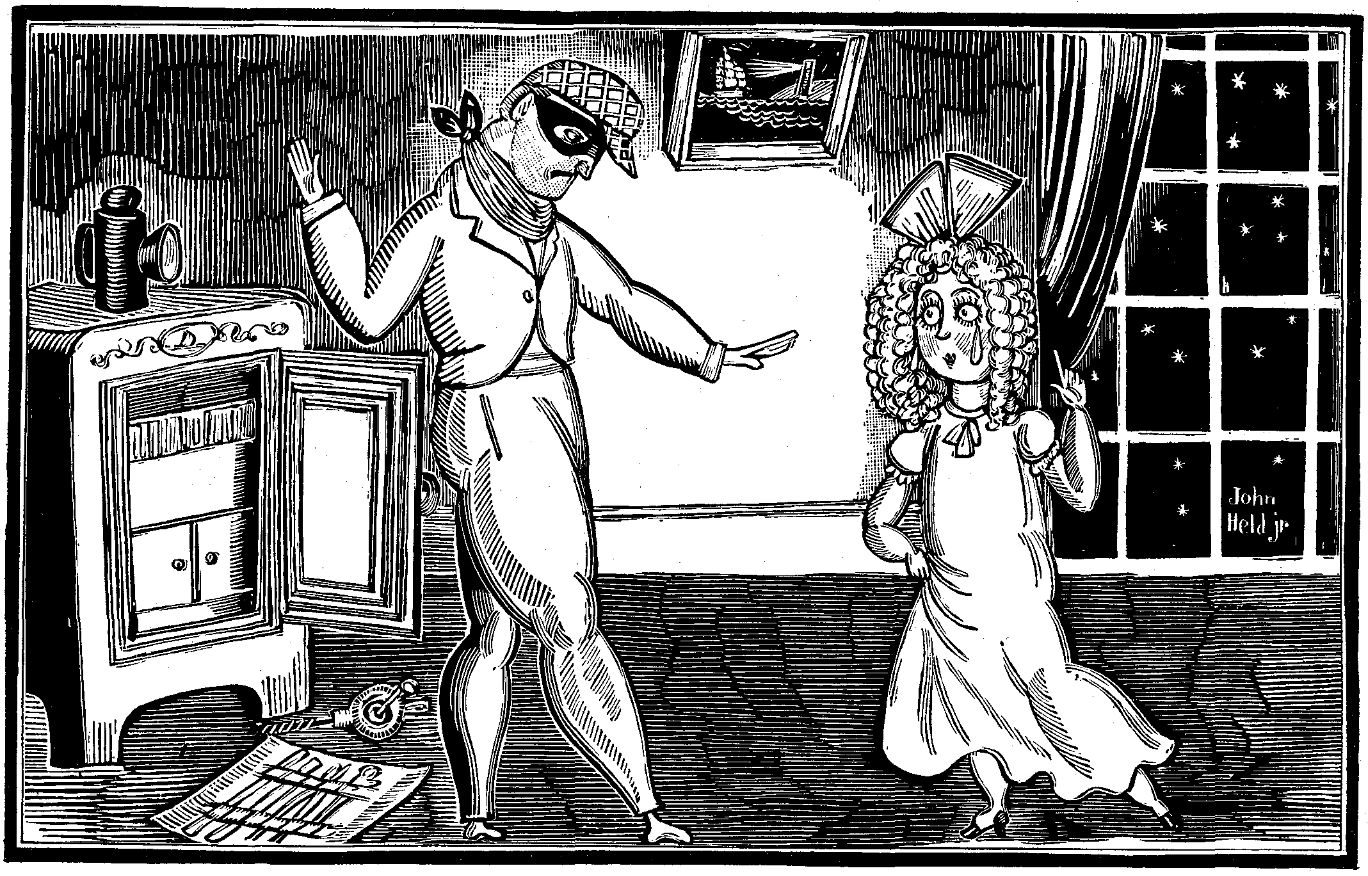
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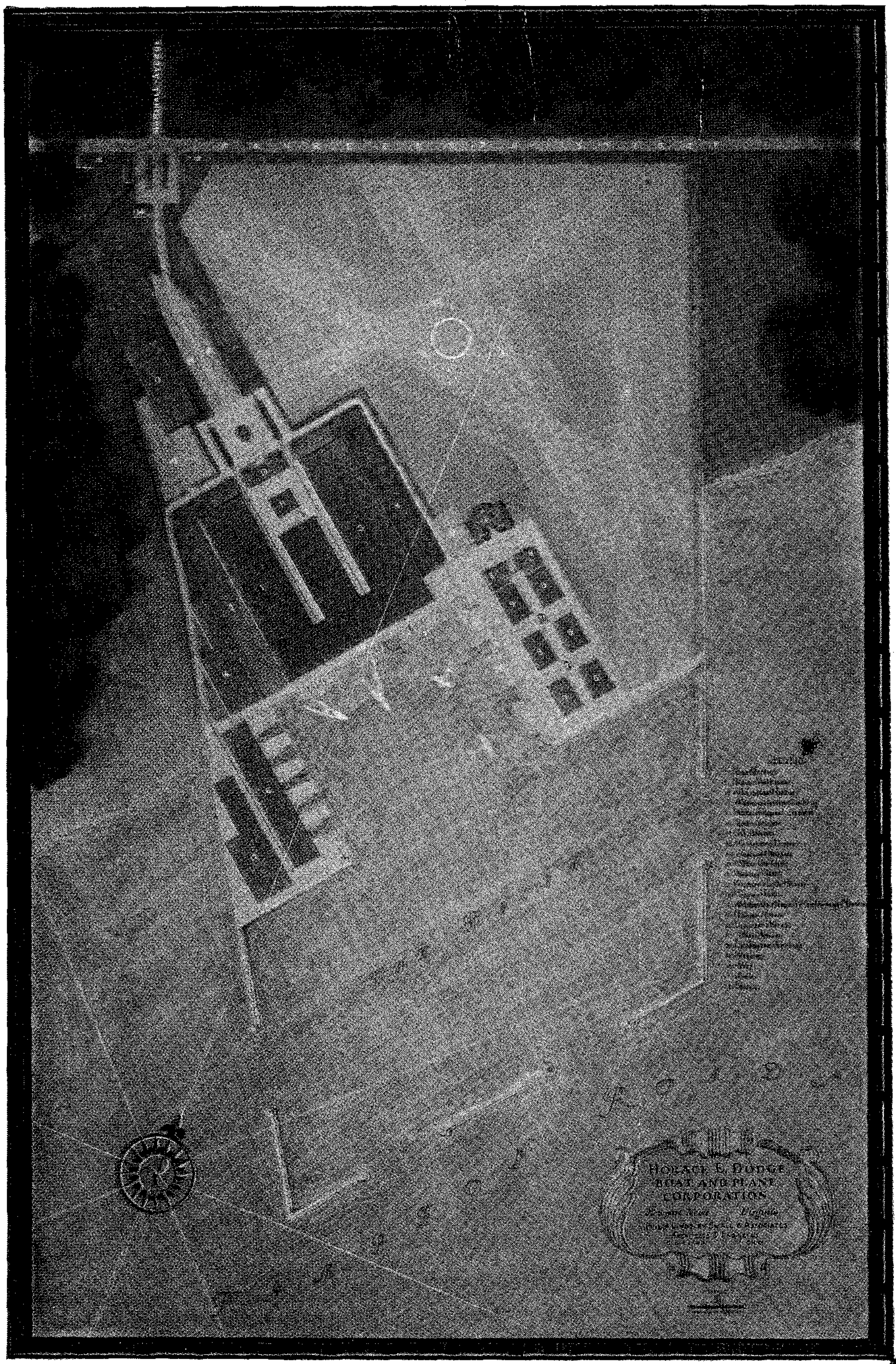

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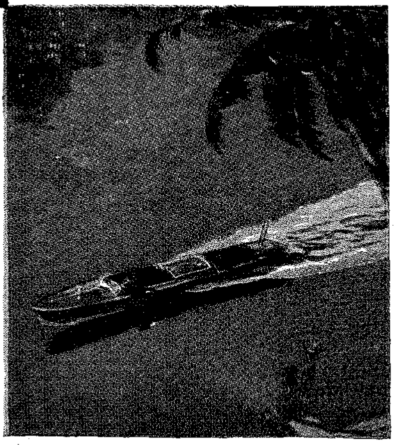

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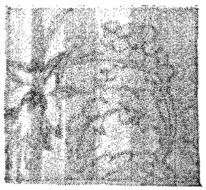

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